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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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SMITH'S BID FOR THE FARM VOTE

REVERSING THE COURSE OF LOCHINVAR, Alfred E. Smith has ridden into the West on his good steed Farm Relief, reputed to be the best in the border country, notes the Minneapolis *Journal*, and "it remains to be seen whether he will be able to elope with the bride, namely, the Presidency." "The objective of Governor Smith's western trip is to capture the comparatively small number of western States which he needs to eke out victory, on the assumption that he carries all or nearly all such doubtful Eastern States as New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, and Delaware," explains Mark Sullivan in the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*. When the New York Governor, speaking at Omaha on September 18, arraigned the Republican party for its failure to help the farmer, and proclaimed his purpose to correct that omission, if elected, the repercussions were watched with special interest in possibly doubtful agricultural States like Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa, and Missouri. While certain Democratic observers are already counting their party's gains from the Omaha appeal, observers in the other camp are equally confident in discounting them. Thus the New York *Times* quotes Democratic leaders as predicting that "the seed sown will prove productive in a large harvest of votes for the Democratic national ticket in Nebraska and other agrarian States"; and in the New York *World* we read that Democrats at national headquarters "believe that at one stroke Governor Smith has taken the campaign out of the trenches, where it has been the Republican aim to keep it, and has launched an offensive which may compel a complete change in Republican strategy." On the other hand, Senator George H. Moses, of the Republican Advisory Committee, dismisses the Smith appeal to the farmer in the following words: "His remedy consists of a plea to give him a chance. His promise consists in a pledge to appoint a commission to tell him what to do. Both his plea and his promise will prove ineffective."

Acme News picture

WINNING THE WEST

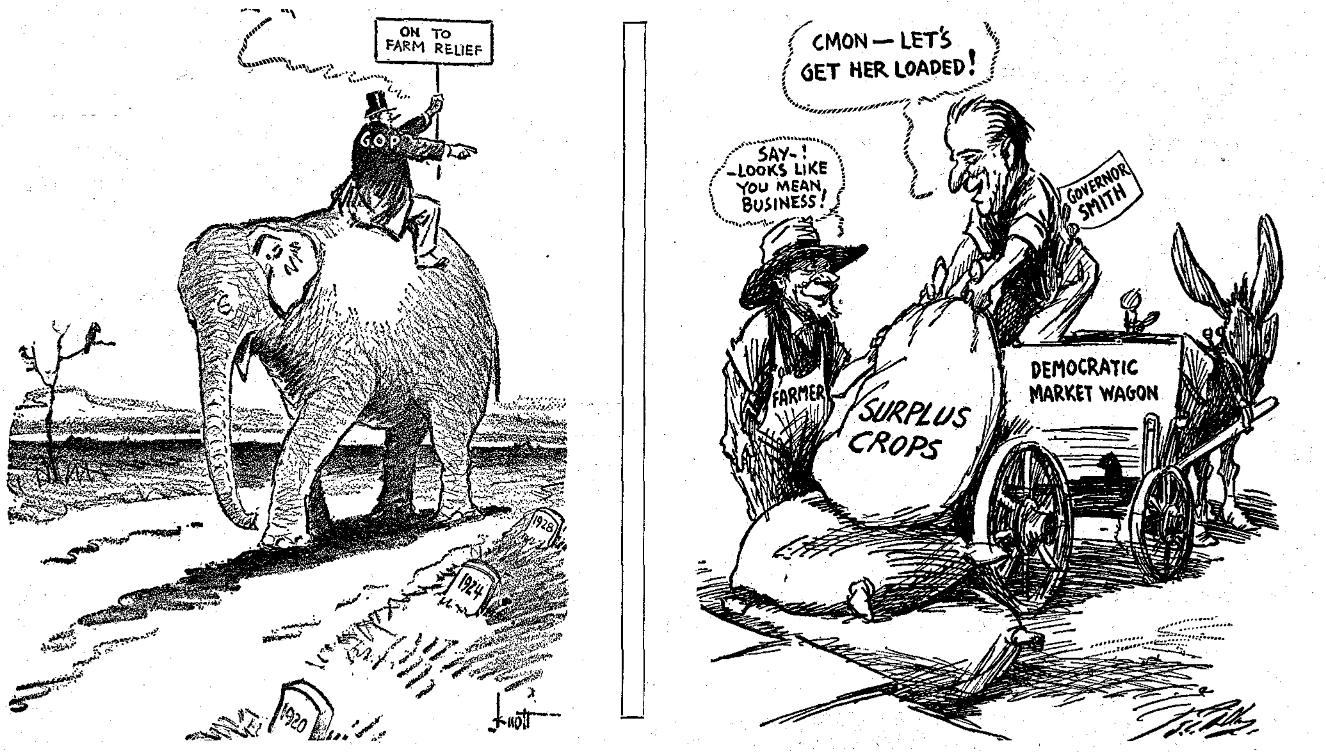
In the West, where the political importance of the Omaha speech must be measured, we find comment ranging from that of the Omaha *World-Herald*, independent but with Democratic leanings, which announces in an editorial that "Governor Smith has smashed the Republican hold upon the corn belt and wheat-belt States," to that of the Saint Paul *Pioneer* (Ind. Rep.), which with no less assurance declares: "The more Governor Smith talks about farm-relief, the more the Northwest is inclined to turn lukewarm from the hot enthusiasm which greeted his entrance into the field as rescuer of the farmer. He has foozled his shot and dubbed his drive in the agricultural game." But before examining further the reactions of the press in the agricultural West, let us glance again at the outstanding passages of the Democratic candidate's farm-relief address.

After telling his hearers that "the value of farm property between 1920 and 1925 decreased by $20,000,000,000" and that "there has been a decline in the purchasing power of farm products of 20 per cent. as compared with the pre-war period," he accused the Republican party, during its past eight years in power, of having contributed nothing but promises toward placing farming on terms of economic equality with other industries. And he went on to say:

"The great fundamental trouble with the farm situation to-day lies in the undisputed fact that the farmer buys in a protected market, from the hat on his head to the shoes on his feet. For everything needed around the farm not produced by himself he makes his contribution to the tariff system for protection of American industries, and when he produces the crop, he is compelled to sell it in an unprotected market.

"In the basic cash crops, the American farmer raises more than the whole domestic market can absorb. He is, therefore, compelled to offer his whole crop at the price of the surplus that is exported. Putting it in other words: The exportable surplus is offered first in the domestic market and drags down the price of the whole crop.

"It has been abundantly demonstrated that the tariff, standing alone, with respect to crops of which we have an exportable surplus, does not function. The presence of the exportable



EIGHT YEARS ON THE ROAD AND NO PROGRESS
—Knott in the Dallas *News.*

THE FIRST OFFER OF REAL HELP HE'S EVER HAD
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

TWO OF GOVERNOR SMITH'S POINTS PICTORIALLY PRESENTED

surplus in the domestic market prevents the farmer from getting the benefit of the tariff."

But, he continued, standing by itself, the tariff is not the solution so far as crops are concerned of which there is an exportable surplus:

> "Everybody knows that the tariff is not effective as to the basic cash crops without a supplemental device to make it work.
>
> "Mr. Hoover offers inland waterways. Very good. The Democratic party is in favor of inland waterways, just as strongly as the Republican party, but I think it is only fair to say that nobody would offer that as an immediate remedy.
>
> "He offers stabilization corporations. Stabilization corporations made up of voluntary associations of producers can no more stabilize agriculture than the banks of the country were able voluntarily to stabilize our financial system without the intervention of government in forming the Federal Reserve System.
>
> "He suggests aid to cooperatives. I strongly believe in cooperative marketing. It is clearly all right—as far as it goes. I have encouraged it in my own State.
>
> "The fundamental fact is that none of these methods can function with respect to the major cash crops unless they are coupled with the control of the exportable surplus, with the cost of lifting it out of the domestic market assessed back on the crop benefited."

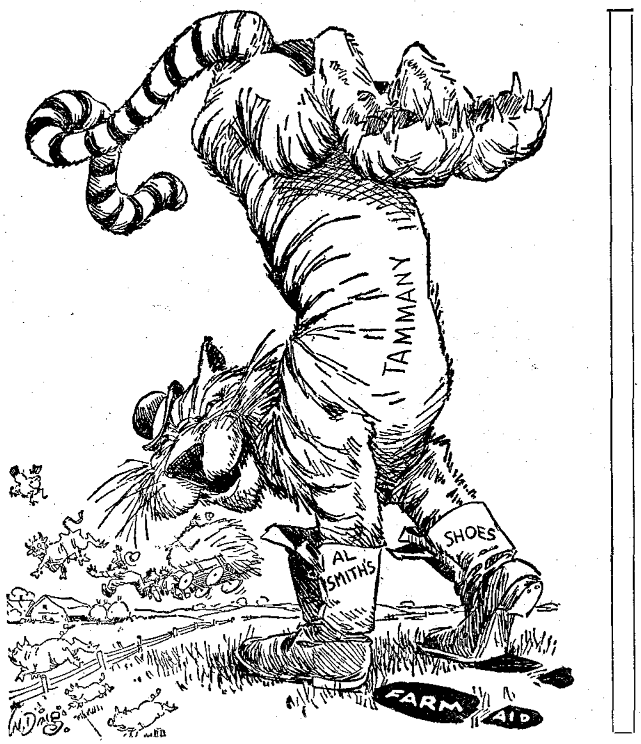
Turning then to a definition of his own program for farm-relief, Governor Smith concluded:

> "As I read the McNary-Haugen bill, its fundamental purpose is to establish an effective control of the sale of exportable surplus with the cost imposed upon the commodity benefited. For that principle, the Democratic platform squarely stands, and for that principle I squarely stand.
>
> "Here is a clean-cut issue, which the farmers and the voters of this country must decide. It remains but to work out the details by which this principle shall be put into effect, and I have pledged myself to name a non-partizan commission of farm leaders and students of the problem to work out these details. . . . This course alone gives promise of rescuing the farmers of this country from the complete ruin which threatens them to-day."

Turning now to the farm-belt press, let us hear first those that respond favorably to the Governor's appeal. We find the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.) remarking: "If Smith continues speaking out in plain every-day language as he did in Omaha, Hoover is likely to be smoked out into such discussion of real issues as his adherents feel he is capable of"; while in another independent paper, the Minneapolis *Star*, we read: "Whatever the outcome of the Presidential election, the country will be the gainer from this campaign, if Governor Smith will continue with the job of knocking some of the complacency and self-satisfaction out of the Republican party." "He is offering the American people something new in the way of a Presidential campaigner," notes the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.). "If the new campaigner lacks something in dignity, he gains in the impression of frankness and square dealing and the ability to deal with great public questions in an entertaining way." Says another St. Louis daily, *The Star* (Ind.):

> "Farm-relief is the weakest point in Republican campaign defense, and Al Smith knows it. Ignoring the question of whether the Government can help the farmer market his crops at a better price, it is possible, by merely quoting past Republican campaign declarations, the Congressional Record and statements by Mr. Coolidge and Candidate Hoover himself, to make Republican farm-relief promises of 1928 look like Joe Miller's Joke Book. Al Smith did that in his Omaha speech. He had, besides, no Democratic record on this subject to explain. The farmers' troubles have developed under Republican rule. He offered the only solution that can be offered, if it is admitted there is any government solution at all. That is some sort of control over marketing the exportable wheat surplus.
>
> "Al Smith's Omaha speech may or it may not win him the Mid-West farmer vote. Whatever happens in the farm belt next November, however, this speech has accomplished one desirable result. It has debunked the farm issue for this campaign. Hereafter farm-relief arguments must stand on their own legs. Being a New York City man, the Democratic candidate was dealing with a topic new to him. But with Al Smith the uncovering of political bunk is not new. He is the country's greatest expert when it comes to that. Republican farm-relief promises, in the light of past promises and failures to keep them, are bunk. Mr. Hoover's next speech ought to frankly admit that, and he should at once proceed to explain how, if elected, he is going to convert the leaders of his party to do anything different."

In Nebraska the Lincoln *Star* (Ind. Rep.) applauds Governor



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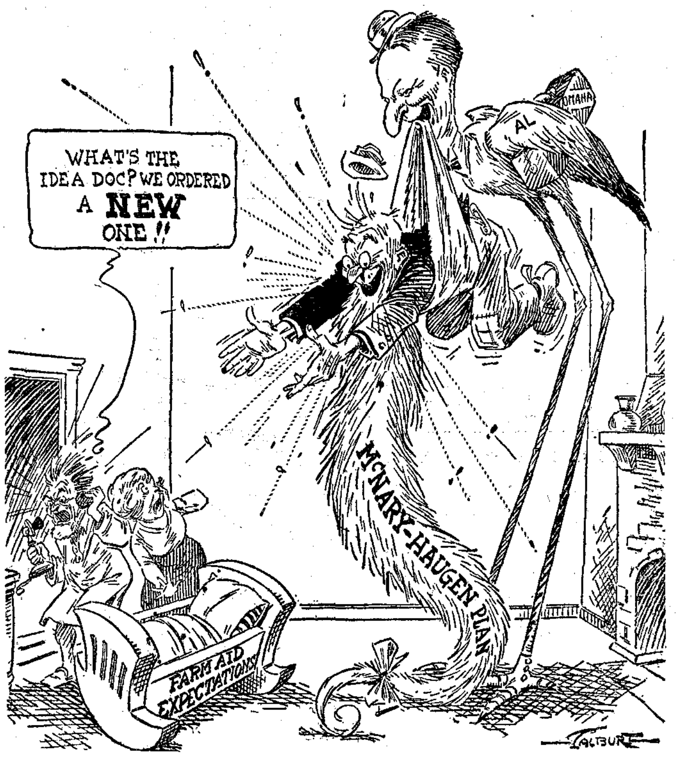
COMING WEST TO HELP THE FARMERS

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*



SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN, ISN'T IT, AL?

—Talburt in the New York *Telegram.*

SATIRICAL VIEWS OF SMITH AS THE FARMER'S FRIEND

Smith's courage in committing himself to the principles of the McNary-Haugen bill; and the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.), which we quoted earlier, says:

> "Agriculture, for eight years under the yoke of servitude, has found its champion; a champion able, fearless, and sincere.
>
> "With his pledge of economic justice and equality to agriculture he made every agricultural State fighting ground, and, this paper firmly believes, won for himself the eight electoral votes of Nebraska."

If Alfred E. Smith is beaten this time, remarks the Des Moines *Tribune*, "we shall see him out in the West again as the Democratic nominee, and the handshaking will be even more enthusiastic."

Hostile or critical journalistic voices, however, seem to outnumber the others in these agricultural States—a fact that is to be expected, perhaps, in a section where Democratic papers are not very numerous. In Nebraska the Fremont *Tribune* (Rep.) remarks jeeringly: "With his record of having never carried an agricultural county in any election in New York State, Governor Smith is about as graceful in his present assumed rôle as the savior of agriculture as an elephant." The Governor's approach to the farm problem is characterized as "gudgeon fishing" by the Lincoln *State Journal* (Ind.), which remarks: "Its weakness lies in the fact that the farmers are not gudgeons." "Al Smith has not dispelled the mist his party has thrown around the farm-relief issue, but has muddled it further by his prating about 'principles' and the formulation of 'mechanics,'" remarks the Omaha *Bee-News* (Rep.), which paraphrases his statement to the farmers in this sentence: "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on the way." Governor Smith has no scheme of his own for controlling the farm surplus, but will depend upon a conference of experts to supply one, notes the Detroit *News* (Ind.). Says another Detroit daily, *The Free Press* (Ind.):

> "He apparently would put over a paternalistic measure which would deprive the American farmer of the right to manage some of his private affairs, a measure designed to be beneficent, no doubt, but nevertheless paternalistic.
>
> "How does such a scheme really stack up against the plan of Mr. Hoover to bring about a condition under which the American farmer can run his own affairs and transact his own business on terms of equality with business and commerce?"

The Minneapolis *Journal* (Ind. Rep.), while glad that the West has had a chance "to bask in the sunny warmth of the Governor's famous personality," remarks: "He knows how to duck a problem he can not solve—and to do it with the appearance of great wisdom." And in the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.) we read:

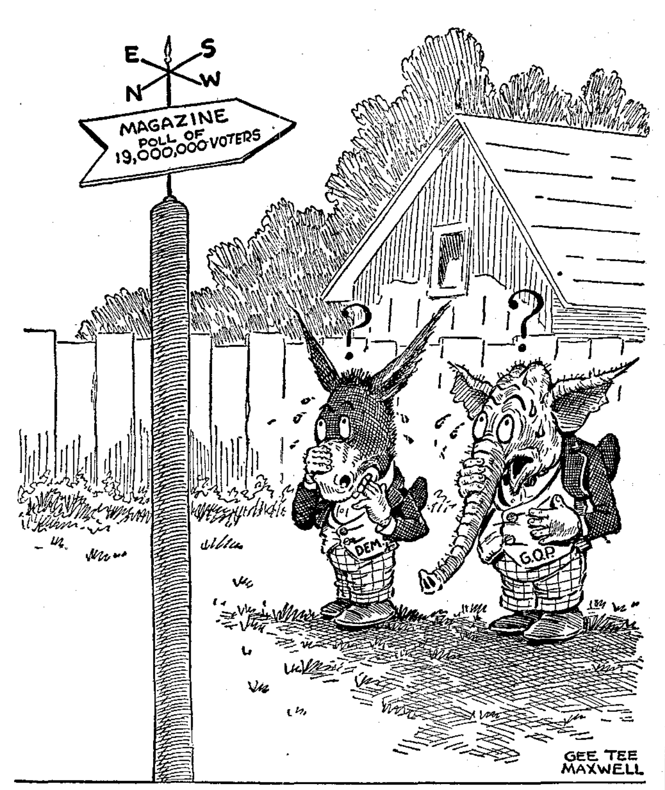
> "The problem of agricultural relief is a tangle of bewildering complexities, enormously involved, and enormously difficult, in its entirety to comprehend. The ramifications of the subject are endless; and it is full of treacherous cross-currents. The man who is to solve this giant problem, so terrifying in its difficulties, must be a person of extraordinary breadth of vision, range of experience, and organizing genius. The problem represented is of the sort that again and again only Hoover has succeeded where everybody else has failed at.
>
> "There is little in Governor Smith's record to affirm that he is not the man for the job; but there is everything in Mr. Hoover's record to affirm that he is. And that, it seems to us, is the important distinction between the two candidates."

When those interested in agricultural relief come to analyze the farm speech of Governor Smith at Omaha, remarks the Fargo *Forum* (Ind.), "they are going to wonder whether the Governor is for or against the equalization fee, and they will do a little checking on the Fordney-McCumber tariff and the Underwood tariff." His indorsement of the McNary-Haugen bill was "weasel-worded," declares the Grand Rapids *Herald* (Rep.); and the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) has this to say in defense of the Republican record in farm-relief:

> "Governor Smith did not mention the constructive farm-relief measures of the last six years, chiefly in the way of providing great credit facilities, and of promoting cooperative organizations. He did not speak of the striking recovery of the important live-stock industry. He did not discuss the blocking of a major farm program by the bipartizan combination that insisted on the equalization fee or nothing. This side of the picture was naturally left to the supporters of the Administration."

NEARING A MILLION VOTES IN THE HUGE DIGEST POLL

"THE FLOPPERS' YEAR OF JUBILEE," already hailed by numerous Democratic and Republican editors throughout the country, seems to be strikingly signalized by THE DIGEST'S Presidential poll, as the returns pass beyond three-quarters of a million. Mugwumps, bolters, and conscientious objectors swarm over the political fences on all sides. In the present tabulation of 752,810 votes, a new record for votes received at this stage of any DIGEST poll, more of Governor Smith's support comes from voters who supported the Republican ticket in 1924 than from Democrats of that year. On the other hand, 54,789 Democrats of the last Presidential election are now for Hoover. Since there are 100,419 bolters in Governor Smith's column, the Democratic party benefits considerably by the exchange. Of 12,734 voters who supported minor candidates in 1924, 6,232 go to Smith as against 4,269 for Hoover, showing a Democratic advantage here also. For these and other reasons, Democratic editors are not downhearted, despite the two-to-one total vote in favor of Mr. Hoover.



"WHICH WAY IS THE WIND BLOWING?"

—Maxwell in the Birmingham *Age-Herald*.

Twenty of the forty-eight States are now represented in the totals tabulated on this page. Approximately 68 per cent. of the total vote continues to go to the Republican candidate, a percentage which has remained fairly constant since the first published returns, two weeks ago. Arkansas, the first Southern State to be represented, goes to Smith by a small margin. New Jersey, supposed to be a Smith stronghold, increases its percentage in favor of Hoover. New York State, hypothetical keystone in the Smith arch, sends in 83,472 ballots for Hoover to 33,245 for Smith. Maryland and Wisconsin alone, thus far, show the Democratic nominee within striking distance of his Republican opponent. Nevertheless, even with the vastly increased vote shown here, it is noteworthy that the Democratic strongholds of the South are still to be heard from, as are the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, where the entire registered electorate will be polled. Also, the large vote for Hoover herewith tabulated from New York is altogether from the up-State districts, where sentiment is supposed to be Republican. Finally, the strong drift of Republican voters to Governor Smith continues at much the same rate shown in the past tabulations of the poll. Considering all these factors, observes the Democratic Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald*, "Republicans disposed to be elated over the first returns in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Presidential Poll should examine the figures carefully before waxing too enthusiastic. If they do so, they will find that the situation, as

THE LITERARY DIGEST 1928 PRESIDENTIAL POLL

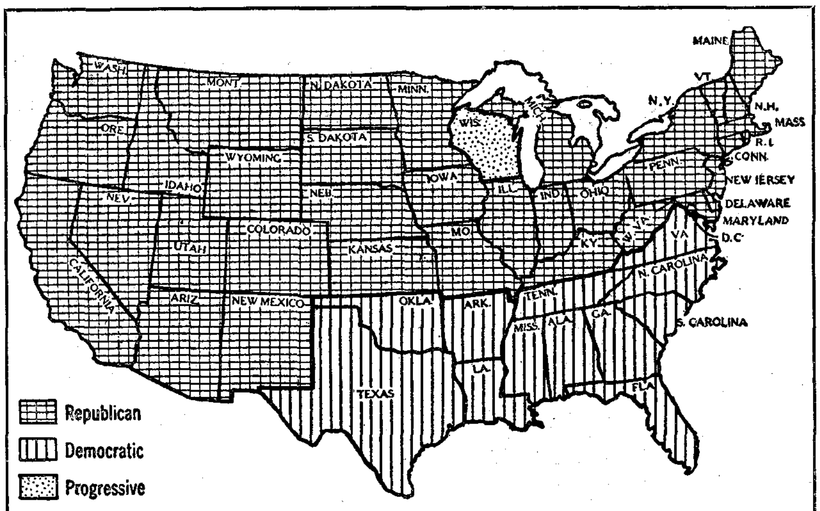
Votes received up to and Including September 22, 1928

	HOOVER							SMITH						
	TOTAL 1928 VOTE	HOW THE SAME VOTERS VOTED IN 1924						TOTAL 1928 VOTE	HOW THE SAME VOTERS VOTED IN 1924					
		Rep.	*Dem.*	*Soc.*	*F.Lab.*	*Proh.*	*NoVote*		*Rep.*	*Dem.*	*Soc.*	*F.Lab.*	*Proh.*	*NoVote*
ARKANSAS	1,800	745	811	5	1	1	237	1,955	147	1,569	7	....	....	232
CALIFORNIA	43,596	30,650	5,228	545	10	223	6,940	20,396	11,321	4,698	728	8	17	3,624
CONNECTICUT	12,931	10,481	647	41	1	8	1,753	5,655	2,363	2,219	110	2	1	960
ILLINOIS	33,680	25,501	3,174	261	8	16	4,720	15,628	6,941	5,791	404	25	15	2,452
INDIANA	37,018	25,992	5,547	121	7	36	5,315	17,365	6,269	8,047	217	9	13	2,810
MAINE	4,198	3,304	266	4	1	....	623	1,596	629	646	16	....	....	305
MARYLAND	13,111	7,090	3,613	106	5	8	2,289	8,206	2,030	4,386	202	3	1	1,584
MASSACHUSETTS	28,466	23,423	1,005	112	3	4	3,919	15,434	7,279	5,265	357	6	3	2,524
MICHIGAN	20,271	15,638	1,630	89	7	14	2,893	7,112	3,896	1,885	145	7	13	1,166
NEBRASKA	20,492	13,357	3,713	249	4	7	3,162	9,425	3,542	3,983	292	6	11	1,591
NEW HAMPSHIRE	5,125	4,117	314	14	....	1	679	2,035	731	892	21	....	....	391
NEW JERSEY	50,575	38,436	4,661	204	9	23	7,242	19,161	8,046	7,465	362	12	11	3,265
NEW YORK	83,472	65,435	6,058	246	19	52	11,662	33,245	13,567	13,843	488	33	18	5,296
OHIO	74,911	52,956	10,587	684	12	21	10,651	30,959	12,476	12,344	988	13	12	5,126
OREGON	9,480	6,668	1,297	67	2	14	1,432	4,646	2,390	1,329	141	2	1	783
PENNSYLVANIA	21,750	15,768	2,645	100	6	45	3,186	7,776	3,703	2,627	129	20	8	1,289
RHODE ISLAND	6,205	5,165	220	13	1	2	804	2,924	1,327	1,078	46	....	1	472
VERMONT	3,830	3,079	159	7	1	1	583	1,089	485	388	13	....	1	202
WASHINGTON	12,894	9,282	1,416	192	29	15	1,960	5,227	2,697	1,373	187	38	5	927
WISCONSIN	27,656	21,176	1,520	508	2	58	4,392	19,488	9,974	4,811	1,006	2	19	3,676
STATE UNKNOWN	2,936	1,783	278	18	1	5	851	1,739	606	564	34	2	1	532
TOTALS	514,397	380,046	54,789	3,586	129	554	75,293	231,061	100,419	85,203	5,893	188	151	39,207

presented by votes from an overwhelmingly Republican layer of political opinion, warrants conclusions that should warm the cockles of Democratic hearts." The figures on which the Birmingham editor bases his optimism are those of two weeks ago, but it will be noticed that the proportions remain practically the same, even tho the grand total of votes received has grown in that time from 32,000 to 752,810. The argument runs that, in spite of the 2-to-1 vote in favor of Hoover:

"The fact remains that 50 per cent. of Smith's strength is drawn from the ranks of the opposition. Here is shown in a striking manner which of the two candidates is the more attractive.

"Nor is that all. In this same group, the vote was, in 1924, 20,464 for Coolidge and 6,047 for Davis. That means that what was better than 3 to 1 four years ago has been reduced to approximately 2 to 1 in the current race. If, at this stage of the game, Mr. Hoover can not offer more emphatic warrant of his strength, what is to be expected as time goes on with its inevitable leveling process, such as The Digest has observed in the past? The first votes in the same magazine's 1924 poll gave Mr. Coolidge a superiority of more than 4 to 1."



HOW THE STATES VOTED IN 1924

For handy comparison with the poll figures for this year.

"Governor Smith exhibits an amazing capacity for reaching across party lines for converts to his cause." It is on this "switching," of course, comments *The Daily Courier-Democrat* of Russellville, Arkansas, "that the Democrats base their hope of success—

"And there will be more of it than in any previous election. Locally and in the South, we hear lots of talk of 'bolting' to the Republican side. And there will be lots of it—but not enough, in our opinion, to swing one State in the 'Solid South' to the Republican column. Take Arkansas, for instance, with 84,795 votes for Davis, in 1924, and 40,564 for Coolidge. Can any one believe this 2-to-1 majority will be switched to a Republican victory? On the other hand, a reasonable swing from the Republican to the Democratic in many of the doubtful States will put them in the Democratic column."

VOTES FOR MINOR CANDIDATES

	Thomas (Soc.)	Foster (Work.)	Varney (Proh.)
	Total Vote	Total Vote	Total Vote
Arkansas......	8	3	2
California	460	223	219
Connecticut...	107	37	13
Illinois.......	180	162	81
Indiana	216	119	97
Maine.........	17	5	9
Maryland.....	115	49	38
Massachusetts	238	91	88
Michigan......	89	101	37
Nebraska.....	141	96	63
New Hampshire	19	6	14
New Jersey...	456	157	67
New York.....	377	172	135
Ohio..........	446	387	114
Oregon........	115	59	36
Pennsylvania .	136	47	59
Rhode Island..	38	25	7
Vermont	10	14	11
Washington ...	128	56	75
Wisconsin.....	707	143	155
State Unknown	30	20	27
Total.......	4,033	1,972	1,347

However, until more States, and the larger cities, are heard from, argues the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* (Dem.), the poll "will be nothing for either the Smith or the Hoover people to blow about," and the editor of the Democratic New York *World* philosophically concludes:

"From the present totals one might suppose Hoover would win in a walk; from the evidences of drift, that a Smith landslide was impending. Differences of opinion make Presidential campaigns as well as horse-races."

Republican editors justify these ideas of differences of opinion by hailing the poll, even in its present inconclusive development, as decidedly favorable to Hoover. "That most famous of political seismographs, The Literary Digest poll," observes the New York *Herald Tribune*, "has just begun to function, and while its figures are still too small to register certainty, or even probability, the premonitory tremors all run in one direction." Equally optimistic is the New York *Evening Post*, another Hoover supporter, which finds that the Digest figures are even more comforting to the Republicans than The Digest's own analyses of them. Beginning with the complimentary observation that "The Literary Digest Presidential poll stands in the minds of many as a political barometer even more accurately prophetic than the September election in the State of Maine," this New York journal argues that:

"It points out that, whereas Hoover at this stage has a lead of 2 to 1 over Smith, four years ago at the same period in the poll Coolidge was 4 to 1 over Davis. It is therefore intimated that the present showing is not overfavorable for Hoover.

"We don't know about that. In 1924 at this date Coolidge had 16,071 votes, Davis 3,792, and La Follette 5,596. If we add the Davis and La Follette figures we have a total anti-Coolidge vote of 9,388. Coolidge, with his 16,071, thus had not a 4-to-1 lead over the total opposition vote but, roughly, a 2-to-1 lead, just as Hoover has to-day.

"Figuring, as we say, leads almost anywhere. Take The Digest's poll and 'poll your own.'"

Democratic sympathizers, "polling their own," may be privileged to argue that the La Follette figures represented practically a Republican vote, since most of the Progressive strength was drawn from Republican sources, and that therefore the Republican showing indicated even more than the 4-to-1 lead suggested by The Digest.

The presence of another Presidential candidate in the field, in addition to the five mentioned in the two tables presented herewith, and Mr. Webb of the Farmer-Labor party, mentioned in these pages last week, is pointed out in a letter from the New York headquarters of the Socialist Labor party. The candidate of this party is Verne L. Reynolds, and, according to the communication from the National Secretary, "The Socialist Labor party expects to appear on the ballot in at least twenty States, possibly more." Votes for Mr. Reynolds may be sent in by writing his name in the space left for minor candidates on the Digest ballot. The present totals for the minor candidates stand at 4,033 for Thomas (Socialist), 1,972 for Foster (Workers), and 1,347 for Varney (Prohibitionist).

A much wider representation will be shown in next week's tabulation, when the returns, it is believed, will run well over one million. Interest in the present poll has surpassed that of any previous Presidential poll conducted by The Digest. A new record for Digest polls, and for all polls, was established this week, when 248,159 ballots were received in one day.

HOOVER'S APPEAL TO THE WORKERS

A NEW KIND OF POLITICAL SPEECH is seen by sympathetic editorial observers in the Newark address of the Republican Presidential candidate. Delivered in the heart of an important industrial section, it was, they point out, devoted to the issues that appeal to the industrial East, to the section which the Democratic managers hope to carry, and feel that they must carry to win. Viewed through Republican spectacles, the Hoover address—the first since his acceptance speech and the West Branch, Iowa, address—was a summary of amazing social and economic progress, embracing the recovery of the United States from post-war depression; the reduction of unemployment, the increase in wages, the rise in the standards of living, the increased output of manufactured goods, and the promotion of foreign trade. In short, an appeal to preserve prosperity by keeping the Republican party in power. Weighed in Democratic scales, the address of Hoover, the candidate, is found to be lacking in the accuracy which used to characterize the statements and statistics of the Cabinet officer.

Herald Tribune photograph: Steffen

GREETINGS TO LABOR!

Herbert C. Hoover, the Republican candidate for President, as the highly industrialized section of New Jersey saw him.

There is one inescapable fact about the Newark speech of the Republican candidate, declares the neighboring Jersey City *Journal* (Ind. Rep.): "Mr. Hoover's address was remarkably free from the political bunk too often dished up to the electorate. He assumed that his audience was intelligent, and talked to them, not down to them. It was a talk to men and women who earn their living, and who would continue the prosperity which this country is now enjoying." He made scarcely any reference to the Prohibition issue, tho speaking in a section which is said to sympathize with Governor Smith's advocacy of a modification of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law. Instead, notes the independent Washington *Star*, Mr. Hoover "went straight to the matter of the economic welfare of the American people." Moreover, to this paper, published in the nation's capital:

> "This speech indicates plainly that the Republican candidate proposes to drive persistently upon the point of prosperity without digressing into other fields. On the subject of Prohibition he has spoken with sufficient plainness already, and the Republican platform itself is adequate expression of the party's position. If votes are to be won in the East, where the wet' sentiment is strongest, and where Governor Smith expects heavy support from hitherto Republican sources, they must be won, not by Prohibition arguments, but by a showing of the economic advantages offered by the Republican program. That, at least, would seem to be the reasoning inspiring the address, which may be viewed as typical of the Hoover campaign."

In his Newark argument to win the workers, Mr. Hoover held the Republican tariff to be essential to American prosperity, and intimated that a reenactment of the Democratic Underwood tariff would let in a flood of foreign goods, destroy employment, lower wages, and demoralize the farmer. In a survey of the press of the industrial East, we find the Republican Hartford *Courant* in the highly industrial State of Connecticut, saying:

> "Most of us will have no difficulty in recalling the disastrous results of the Underwood tariff, results which threatened to paralyze the whole industrial structure of this State. Calamity was averted only by the outbreak of the war, which stopt the flood of foreign importations.
>
> "Let Democrats who say the tariff is not an issue in this campaign tell it to the marines. They had better not tell it to those whose livelihood depends upon the uninterrupted operation of our industrial establishments."

Here are some of the key paragraphs of Mr. Hoover's appeal:

> "Real wages and standards of living of our labor have improved more during the last seven and a half years of Republican rule than during any similar period in the history of this or of any other country.
>
> "Full employment depends not only upon a strong and progressive economic system, but upon the sound policies of and the vigorous cooperation by the Government to promote economic welfare.
>
> "The Republican party has performed unparalleled service to the employees in our commerce and industry throughout its history, and notably during the last seven and a half years.
>
> "If we make a survey of the world's trade to-day, we shall find that the export trade of all countries is only 10 per cent. above prewar; our exports have increased by over $1,000,000,000 during the last seven years. This is an increase of 41 per cent. since 1922, and an increase of 58 per cent. over prewar.
>
> "Wages and standards of living have during the past six and a half years risen to steadily higher levels. This recovery and this stability are no accident. It has not been achieved by luck. Were it not for sound governmental policies and wise leadership, employment conditions in America to-day would be similar to those existing in many other parts of the world.
>
> "Real wages at the height of the war inflation were about 30 per cent. over 1913. Despite the great after-war slump they have risen until to-day they are over 50 per cent greater than before the war. Viewed in another way, while the cost of living to-day is about 60 points on the index above prewar, wages are 127 above. Parallel with this increase in real wages the average hours of labor have steadily decreased.
>
> "Moreover, our real wages and our standards of living are the highest in the world And I am again speaking of the real buying power of wages.
>
> "If we say that 5 per cent. of butter and 95 per cent. of flour form the basis of that useful mixture called 'bread and butter,' then the weekly earnings in each country would buy at retail in those countries the following total:

	Railway Engineers	*Carpenters*	*Electricians*	*Coal Miners*	*Weavers*	*Day Labor*
United States	717	731	778	558	323	259
United Kingdom	367	262	267	267	136	160
Germany	217	173	158	133	106	112
France	269	94	123	136	73	68
Belgium	150	96	76	94	94	65
Italy	166	151	152	95	75	110
Sweden	261	256	224	180	155	162
Japan	164	125	96	60	83	66

> "More than two million families in the United States earn their living to-day producing goods for export, and another million families earn their living in the manufacture of raw materials which we import in exchange for our exports. This increase in exports has brought a living to 500,000 families.
>
> "Before I discuss the policies by which this has been brought about, let me say that the Republican Administration makes no

> claim to credit which belongs to the enterprise, energy, and character of a great people. But all of these efforts would be incomplete and the margin of employment would have been less had it not been for the cooperative actions taken by the Government. We realized that we must energetically promote the sale of our farmers' surplus abroad, both in their interest and in the interest of labor. By so doing we increase the farmer's buying power and in turn his demand for the products of labor.
>
> "The first of our policies which have given security and expansion of employment has been the enactment of the protective tariff. The protective tariff has been a fundamental policy of the Republican party ever since the party was founded. The Democratic party has declared for a tariff that would maintain effective competition. That must mean a tariff which will maintain effective competition of foreign against American goods. That is not protection. That this is the meaning is borne out by references to the Underwood tariff of the last Democratic Administration as the ideal. The reenactment of that tariff would let in a flood of foreign goods, destroy employment and lower wages, and demoralize our farmers all over the United States.
>
> "The Republican Administration imposed restrictions upon immigration largely to protect the American workman. With the bars of immigration down, the flow of those seeking relief from the poverty of Europe would create a horde of job hunters around every employment office and every industrial gate in the United States. The pressure of this flood would break our wages toward the levels of Europe.
>
> "In the one instance we protect the American worker from the goods of foreign factories, made under the lower standards of living. In the other case, we prevent the excess labor flooding through our doors to reduce the American wage."

In the opinion of the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "there is no American citizen better able to discuss the momentous questions of labor, employment, and industry than Herbert Hoover." He speaks, as the Manchester *Union* (Ind. Rep.) puts it, "with the authority of his long experience in governmental affairs." "Addrest to Labor, his speech was a great compliment to the American workingman," thinks the Jersey City *Journal*, and in a Washington dispatch, John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, is quoted as saying:

> "Mr. Hoover's specific declaration in favor of high wages, free collective bargaining, restrictions on the use of injunctions in labor disputes, tariff schedules protective of American labor, continuance of immigration restriction, further expansion of our foreign-export trade, and governmental assistance to the deprest textile and bituminous coal industries, constitute a program that should carry an intense appeal to every thoughtful citizen. The entire address constitutes a whole-hearted recognition of the rights and ideals of Labor."

The address was that of a business man and administrator who has a clear and comprehensive view of this country's problems, notes the Albany *News* (Ind. Rep.). Democratic papers, remarks the Republican Boston *Herald*, "may shoot their darts at Mr. Hoover, but they can not controvert the facts which he sets forth."

The fact remains, however, that Democratic dailies in the industrial East lose no time in undertaking to do that very thing. Independent papers with Democratic leanings began to question the figures on unemployment, and Mr. Hoover's interpretation of the Democratic attitude on the tariff question. "The principle of protection for labor through protection of our industries from destructive foreign competition is accepted now by all," maintains the independent Buffalo *Courier*, and Chairman Raskob explains that "Governor Smith has never referred to the Underwood tariff as an ideal tariff. As regards immigration, the two candidates differ in no great detail. Neither the Democratic party nor its leader believes that this country should be flooded with cheap European labor." Furthermore, declares the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, an independent daily with Democratic leanings:

> "In his discussion of immigration, Mr. Hoover was guilty of deception. It is a misrepresentation of the immigration acts of 1921 and 1924 to call them Republican measures. Selective immigration was written into our national code in response to pressure from the American Federation of Labor and a horde of nativist organizations, and not in response to Republican political leadership. The immigration bill was passed by a non-partizan vote, and wears no party label.
>
> "For the foregoing reasons it is a misrepresentation to class the immigration law as a companion piece to the protective tariff, for the direct implication here is that this ancillary relationship was of conscious and intentional Republican making. It was nothing of the sort. Finally, it is a half-truth—and therefore a misrepresentation—to say that by the selective immigration law 'we prevent the excess labor from flooding through our doors to reduce the American wage.' Under the quota law, 158,070 immigrants were admitted during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1927. But the grand total of aliens admitted during that period was 538,001.
>
> "The important point that Mr. Hoover omits to mention is that our quota law does not apply to Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, the Canal Zone, or to any of the Central or South American countries. In failing to point out that as a protection to American labor the law is only about 25 per cent. effective, Mr. Hoover was guilty of a half-truth. In intimating that this law was exclusively Republican in origin and sponsorship, he was guilty of misrepresentation. In making it appear that he was defending this law against Democratic attack, he was guilty of deception."

Mr. Hoover, points out the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.), "extols an excessively high tariff as a guaranty of industrial advance, but he does not explain how our own export trade is going to increase with countries from which we must not buy, but to which we hopefully expect to sell." To quote a neighboring paper of the same political faith, the New York *World:*

> "Mr. Hoover states that our exports have increased by over $1,000,000,000 during the past seven years, and he claims that this great expansion is due to the efforts of the Republican Administration in general and to the Department of Commerce in particular. An honest statement of the facts would not have failed to note that the billion-dollar increase in our foreign trade has been accompanied by an increase of about one billion dollars in foreign investments. The American people, in short, have loaned the money to foreigners which has stimulated the increase in our foreign trade.
>
> "Mr. Hoover is quite right in saying that 'it is no accident which has brought about this unique situation in the United States.' It is not an accident, and it is not the Republican Administration, and it is not Mr. Hoover's department. It is primarily the fact that the United States, at the end of the war, found itself in the position of the world's creditor and was in a position to lend money to foreign purchasers, whereas the other prewar exporting countries have been compelled to borrow.
>
> "We find it hard to believe that Mr. Hoover is as careless with his facts and as unreliable in his interpretation of economic events as his speech indicates. We had supposed that Mr. Hoover might play politics about Prohibition and matters of that kind. But why he should distort the facts in a speech dealing wholly with economic affairs, we do not know.
>
> "In discussing unemployment during 1927-28, Mr. Hoover said: 'An accurate survey of the Department of Labor showed that, even including the usual winter seasonal unemployment, about 1,800,000 employees were out of work, as contrasted with five to six million in 1921.' Now the 'accurate survey' to which Mr. Hoover referred shows nothing of the kind. It did not measure the amount of unemployment existing last winter, but only indicated the shrinkage between the average number of employees in 1925 and the estimated number of employed in January, 1928. The estimated shrinkage was 1,874,050 workers.
>
> "Such a computation obviously ignores whatever unemployment existed in 1925. Likewise, it makes no allowance for the net arrival of immigrant workers between 1925 and 1928, or for the migration of labor from the farms to the cities, or for the natural increase of population in this period. And as to the 'five to six million' unemployed in 1921, *The World* has already shown that this is refuted by the report of the Conference on Unemployment of that year, of which Mr. Hoover himself was Chairman. Its carefully considered verdict was, 'We are not at all confident that 3,500,000 is not an excessive estimate' for the number of industrial and non-industrial unemployed.
>
> "To suit his purposes, Mr. Hoover has deflated the figures for 1928 and inflated those for 1921. And yet among those to whom he is not well known he enjoys a reputation as a statistician."

THE "WINDMILL" IN AVIATION

"SOMETHING BETWEEN A CAPE COD WINDMILL and a magnificent dragon-fly," is the way the Newark *News* describes the autogyro of Señor Juan de la Cierva, which the Spanish inventor flew across the English Channel in twenty minutes on September 18. Forty-eight hours later the "contraption," as some American editors insist on calling it, lay, a mass of débris, on the Le Bourget Field, just outside Paris; the Señor, it seems, had broken a part of the undercarriage in taking off, and, being no Chamberlin, had landed rather abruptly, even for an autogyro. But the Paris correspondents who witnessed the end of the flight from London and the landing which temporarily crusht the hopes of the autogyro's owner and the undercarriage of his machine, have been stirred to prophesy that the "flying windmill" will revolutionize the airplane industry. It is hailed everywhere as a new milestone in aeronautical development. The accident at Paris, in fact, is being used to illustrate how much worse the crash would have been had the Señor been flying the common or garden variety of airplane. To quote Leland Stowe, Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* and Cierva's passenger at the time the mishap occurred:

International Newsreel

THE INVENTOR

Juan de la Cierva, of Spain.

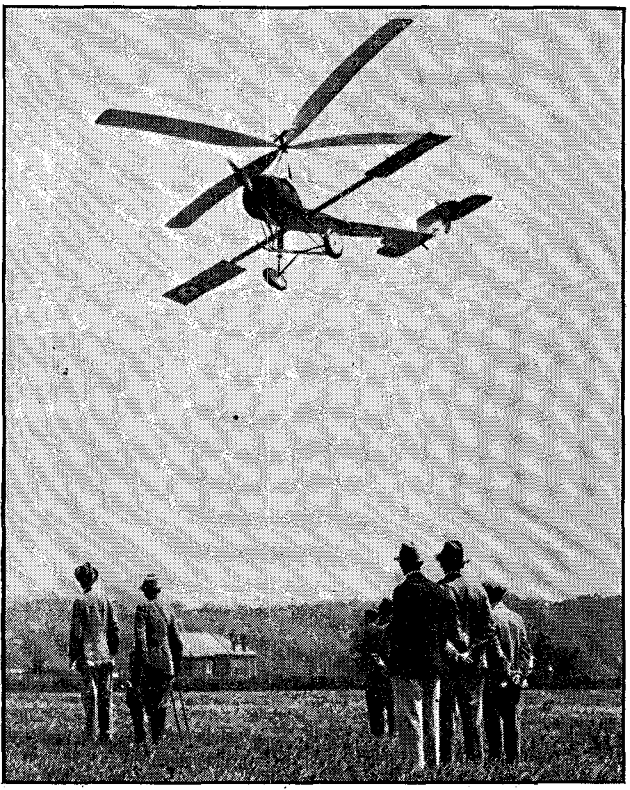
"The accident, Le Bourget officials agreed, detracted in no wise from the practical value of the autogyro to aviation. The crash was through no fault of the ship. It simply hit an unusually rough spot while taking off, and tore loose the cable which supports the landing gear. This weakened the left wheel sufficiently to cause the crash. But, as Cierva pointed out, the same minor mishap in an ordinary plane, swooping down at forty or fifty miles an hour, would have meant serious injuries, if not fatality."

Admitting that the autogyro is "the queerest aircraft that ever nosed its way into Le Bourget airport," Mr. Stowe says of the landing of the "autogyronauts" and their machine:

"Like a maple leaf drifting leisurely earthward, Señor Juan de la Cievra's near-helicopter eased down almost vertically to the soil of Le Bourget Field at 4:20 o'clock this afternoon, completing the longest flight ever made in this revolutionary type of aircraft.

"The young Spanish inventor of the 'windmill' had flown from Croydon, England, in stages, and had crossed the English Channel in only twenty minutes. Neither the blond thirty-year-old engineer nor his passenger looked as if they were concluding a flight quite as audacious as that made by Bleriot over twenty years ago, when he flew the Channel for the first time. They were as calm in their demeanor as the autogyro was in touching earth.

"It came down softly as thistledown in a gentle breeze. The wheels struck the ground with scarcely a bump, and within the space of a few yards the aerial curiosity came to a dead stop. Then Cierva wheeled it around, and, restarting the nose propeller, which had been shut off in the descent, taxied up the cement landing space."


Wide World photograph

THE "WINDMILL" PLANE IN ACTION

This machine, the invention of a thirty-year-old Spanish engineer, was first flown successfully in England. The British Air Ministry, imprest by the test pilot's accuracy in landing on a ground target only a yard square, has since ordered several of these "contraptions."

The autogyro, explains the New York *Times*, must not be mistaken for a helicopter:

"Helicopters are sustained in flight by a lifting propeller whirled by an engine; the autogyro resembles a monoplane, but above the propeller are four lifting wings looking like a horizontal windmill, and fastened to the top of the fuselage. When the propeller goes round, the windmill is sent spinning by the windstream."

To quote George R. Witte, in a New York *Evening World* article:

"Instead of having one or two sets of wide wings, such as every normal airplane has, the autogyro has a small wing resembling a large paddle on each side. But the outstanding features, and that which gives it the name 'windmill' plane, are the four narrow wing sections revolving horizontally about a central pillar mounted on the fuselage behind the cockpit at a point corresponding to the thorax of an insect. The area of the four blades is 160 square feet, and the rate of revolution about 135 per minute."

Of course, points out the New York *Herald Tribune*, editorially:

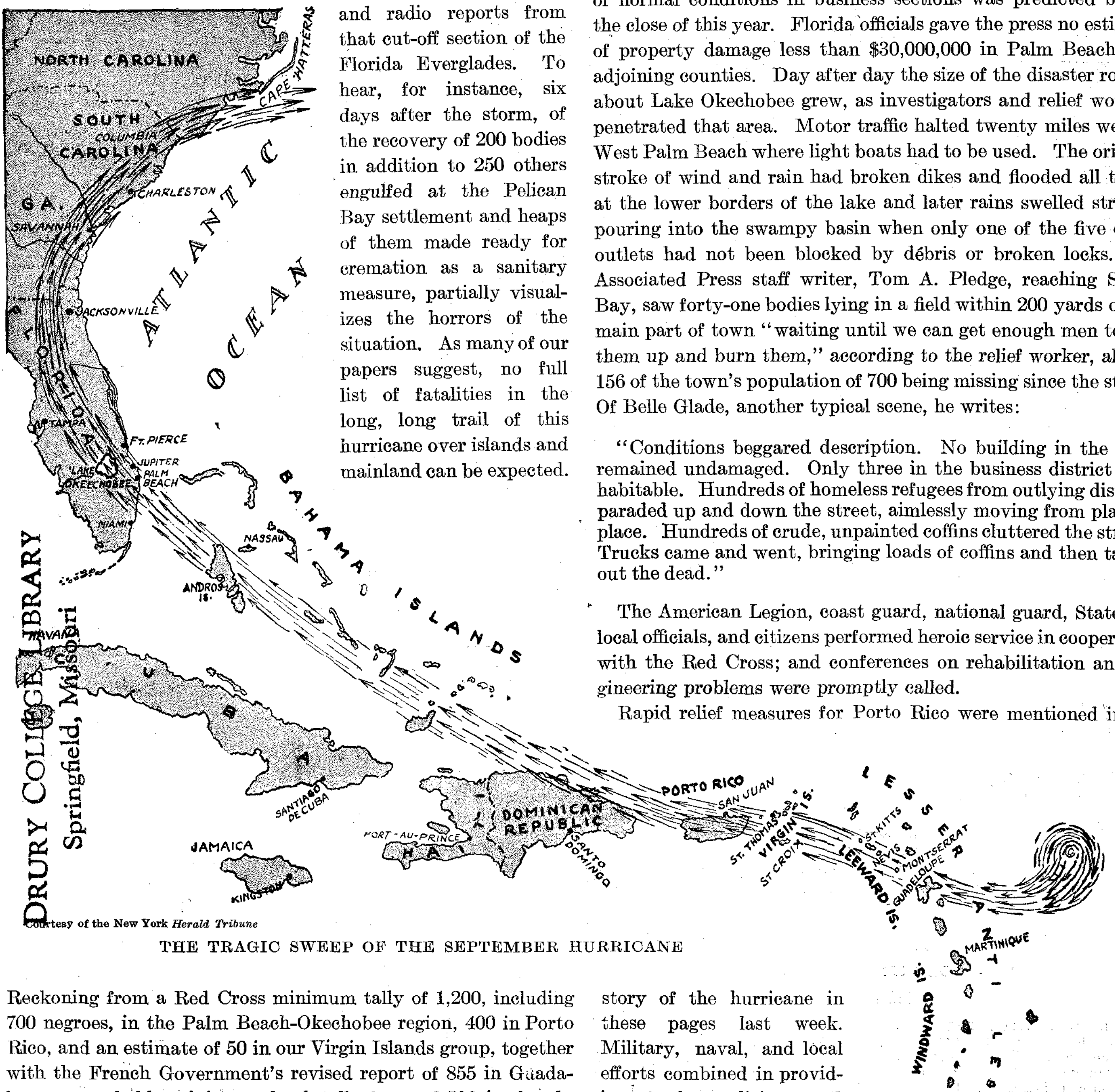
"Years must pass, no doubt, before the autogyro, or flying machines similarly designed, can supplant the now familiar airplane. Possibly it never will, the two types, instead, developing side by side and being employed for different purposes, the one for speed primarily, let us say, and the other where the factor of safety is the main consideration. Still, it is hard to believe that a machine that can pause in flight and rise or land vertically, or nearly so, floating to earth 'softly as thistledown in a gentle breeze,' will not in time supersede for almost every purpose the one that must take off and land at the speed of an express train and maintain its momentum in the air at all costs."

Both from the commercial and military view-points, observes the Washington *Post*, "such a machine, when perfected, would be of great value." Armies and navies could utilize it for observation purposes, and commercial aviation could use it to land in restricted areas. In the opinion of the Washington paper, "the scientific and aeronautical world will watch the further experiments of Señor Cierva with increased interest." And if they are successful? According to the Baltimore *Sun:*

"One of the chief drawbacks to air travel by planes now in use is that great open fields are required for starting and alighting. The Spaniard appears to have demonstrated the practicability of the autogyro in making vertical landings, and if the machine can be further developed and perfected it may make present aviation fields unnecessary and obsolete. It should soon make landings in the heart of cities on the tops of buildings feasible."

THE HURRICANE'S TRAGIC TOLL

THE SEPTEMBER HURRICANE KILLED more people—1,500 to 2,300 estimated by Governor Martin and others—in the Lake Okechobee region of Southern Florida than anywhere else, in its terrible sweep of the West Indies and the mainland up to Cape Hatteras. It was ten days after the blast hit our Virgin Islands and Porto Rico before this peak of disaster became clear, through airplane scouting, field survey by motor and boat, and radio reports from that cut-off section of the Florida Everglades. To hear, for instance, six days after the storm, of the recovery of 200 bodies in addition to 250 others engulfed at the Pelican Bay settlement and heaps of them made ready for cremation as a sanitary measure, partially visualizes the horrors of the situation. As many of our papers suggest, no full list of fatalities in the long, long trail of this hurricane over islands and mainland can be expected.



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Springfield, Missouri

Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

THE TRAGIC SWEEP OF THE SEPTEMBER HURRICANE

Reckoning from a Red Cross minimum tally of 1,200, including 700 negroes, in the Palm Beach-Okechobee region, 400 in Porto Rico, and an estimate of 50 in our Virgin Islands group, together with the French Government's revised report of 855 in Guadaloupe, a probable minimum death-toll of over 2,500 is already recorded. Other estimates run the figure 1,000 higher. Inside of a week the Red Cross established feeding stations for nearly 15,000 people in the Okechobee zone, concentrated about 5,000 refugees in three camps, and reported in Palm Beach County alone, 8,000 homeless entirely dependent upon relief measures for food, clothing, shelter, and medical service. Within ten days Red Cross officials found provision required for 15,000 in the Virgin Islands, principally on St. Croix. By that time, also, some fifty-two towns in Porto Rico had been reached over cleared roads, and representatives of approximately half of them had come to San Juan for relief conference, reporting 284,000 homeless in their territory. The same towns reported 210 dead and 2,771 injured. Health authorities were struggling with 15,000 cases of influenza and 5,000 other cases of malaria, etc., in Porto Rico. The Red Cross fixt $5,000,000 as the amount of needed contributions from Americans to meet the hurricane relief emergency and nearly $1,500,000 was secured in the first five days of the campaign. Press dispatches reported a French Cabinet appropriation of $4,000,000 for the Guadaloupe group sufferers, and a general appeal for contributions launched by the League of Red Cross societies of all nations.

Meantime, the big hotels at the Palm Beaches announced that they would be ready for tourists again by January 1, progress of repairs on great estates proceeded, and resumption of normal conditions in business sections was predicted before the close of this year. Florida officials gave the press no estimate of property damage less than $30,000,000 in Palm Beach and adjoining counties. Day after day the size of the disaster roundabout Lake Okechobee grew, as investigators and relief workers penetrated that area. Motor traffic halted twenty miles west of West Palm Beach where light boats had to be used. The original stroke of wind and rain had broken dikes and flooded all towns at the lower borders of the lake and later rains swelled streams pouring into the swampy basin when only one of the five canal outlets had not been blocked by débris or broken locks. An Associated Press staff writer, Tom A. Pledge, reaching South Bay, saw forty-one bodies lying in a field within 200 yards of the main part of town "waiting until we can get enough men to pile them up and burn them," according to the relief worker, all but 156 of the town's population of 700 being missing since the storm. Of Belle Glade, another typical scene, he writes:

> "Conditions beggared description. No building in the town remained undamaged. Only three in the business district were habitable. Hundreds of homeless refugees from outlying districts paraded up and down the street, aimlessly moving from place to place. Hundreds of crude, unpainted coffins cluttered the streets. Trucks came and went, bringing loads of coffins and then taking out the dead."

The American Legion, coast guard, national guard, State and local officials, and citizens performed heroic service in cooperation with the Red Cross; and conferences on rehabilitation and engineering problems were promptly called.

Rapid relief measures for Porto Rico were mentioned in the story of the hurricane in these pages last week. Military, naval, and local efforts combined in providing food, medicine, and temporary shelter as soon as streets and roads could be made passable again. The first train out of San Juan carried lumber for rebuilding ten days after the blow. Fortunately the loss of life appears to be smaller than feared or early estimated. Property and crop damage, however, still rated as high as $100,000,000, is held to be most serious, because of the condition of Porto Rico's finances, and the dependence of all classes upon the crops for wages and means of livelihood. The hurricane is said to have crumpled 1,000 concrete-walled one- and two-room rural schools, and leveled twenty of the largest school buildings. The New York *Journal of Commerce* quotes the San Juan Assistant Director of Agriculture on the chief crop situation as follows:

> "Sugar-cane fields, which were especially promising in the middle of August, suffered heavily and the crop was probably

reduced by 150,000 to 200,000 short tons. Last year's sugar crop was the largest on record, being officially placed at 749,000 short tons. All tobacco seedbeds and barns were totally destroyed There is still time to prepare seedbeds and plant the crop, but destruction of the barns will be a serious handicap to the curing of any tobacco produced during the 1928-29 season. Practically all of the remaining grapefruit and oranges were blown from the trees. This means that there will be a very small winter crop of grapefruit, which had previously been reported as promising. The coffee industry is in ruins with 90 per cent. of the plantations down. The minor crops, including rice and bananas, were completely destroyed."

For Porto Rico, substitute any other afflicted area, and life stories will read much the same as the following paragraphs from Associated Press dispatches:

"The country doctors of Porto Rico are proving themselves the real heroes of the crisis caused by the hurricane. Second to them are the nurses of the island and hundreds of teachers and other women who have volunteered to help the scattered physicians in all sorts of emergency medical work.

"The refugees are living where they can, in city halls, churches and schools. Father Martinez's church is filled with women and children, sick and injured. Beds have been made by putting the long, hard church benches face to face. From the backs of these are swung improvised hammocks for the infants. No one complains, and one old woman offered to share her lunch, which consisted of part of a baked banana."

Among the striking incidents of human interest told by press correspondents is the prompt action of St. Thomas's citizens in dispatching relief to smaller island neighbors and the heroism of Felicia Cartegena, girl telephone operator at Coamo, Porto Rico, who continued at her switchboard, giving warnings and asking aid until she was killed. Unusual tragedies included finding a mother with a child in each arm, all three cut "almost in two" by flying sheets of roofing at Cayey, Porto Rico, the same city where it was reported that a merchant, attempting to close his door after admitting a man who sought shelter, was blown through a window into the river and drowned. At Guayama fourteen persons seeking shelter were killed in a church under construction. At the little seacoast barrio of Guardarraya the public school was found in ruins, but with the blackboards still intact, on which were chalked the spelling lessons of the day of the hurricane. In the Palm Beach area, two days after it was struck, the last words of a two-column news story in the New York *Times* read, significantly, "amateur wireless is depended on for transmission of messages out of this area." And to amateur radio listeners in Brooklyn, New York, and Jacksonville, Florida, it is noted that we owe much of the information coming through.

Inland points of view are indicated by two editorials. The Chicago *Evening Post* observes:

"A tornado in Porto Rico is followed by one in Nebraska and North Dakota. On the heels of the latter comes the disastrous storm which cut its path of death and ruin through a section of Rockford. Simultaneously the eastern States reported violent electrical disturbances, with high winds and torrential rain. And now we hear of a typhoon off the Chinese coast in which 100 lives have been lost. These things have happened within a period of three days. It seems as if the good ship earth had suddenly run into a storm zone as it journeys around the sun. Is there any common cause for this coincidence of atmospheric violence, or is it merely coincidence?"

Pointing out that habitually "the tropical portion of the Atlantic is a breeding-ground for hurricanes," the Detroit *Free Press* says:

"Tropical storms are to Florida what earthquakes are to parts of California and tornadoes to sections in the Middle West. Their effect on real-estate values is less than it would be if there were not plenty of people willing to tempt fate by crossing their paths. As long as man sets up roofs for hurricanes to send hurtling through the air there will be a reason for the American Red Cross—and also a reason for the public to meet its appeals for funds promptly and generously."

OIL OUTPUT TO GO DOWN—PRICES UP?

THE END OF THE OIL WAR between American and Dutch interests, and—of more interest to the man in the car—a general rise in the market costs of petroleum products, is seen by the Dallas *News* in the recent statement of Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, that oil executives of America and Europe believe something should be done to curtail the production of crude petroleum throughout the world. "If the price of gasoline has been maintained through domestic curtailment in spite of foreign production, what will happen when foreign output also is greatly curtailed?" asks the Washington *Post*, a little apprehensively, and a writer in the New York *World* expects, as a result of the Teagle statement, that the next move in the oil world will be "the concerted action of the largest companies to curtail production throughout the world for the purpose of stabilizing prices." According to the Standard Oil executive, it was agreed at a recent conference in Scotland between representatives of the Royal Dutch Shell, Standard Oil Company of Indiana, Gulf Oil Corporation, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and his own concern that uneconomic production of crude oil the world over was progressively injurious to the entire petroleum industry, and in the end would adversely affect the consumer. They realized, however, admits Mr. Teagle, that the curtailment of output would require the cooperation of the large and small producers everywhere, and that "specific undertakings on the part of larger petroleum interests to correct this situation are impracticable." Nevertheless, says a New York *Herald Tribune* article:

"It is believed in the oil industry that there will be a conference soon of American producers at which measures to restrict production will be adopted. Mr. Teagle would not say that he intended to take the lead in arranging such a conference, but the opinion is that he will present to such a conference assurances from foreign oil executives that their companies will cooperate in a program to restrict output not only in America, but in Venezuela and Mexico as well."

Said Mr. Teagle upon his return from Europe:

"While our conversations revealed a unanimity of view that uneconomic production of crude oil the world over was progressively injurious to the entire petroleum industry, and in the end would adversely affect the consumer, it is manifest that specific undertakings on the part of larger petroleum interests to correct this situation are impracticable.

"Any attempt at regulation of overproduction of crude would obviously require cooperation of a vastly greater number and diversity of interests than were represented. The one result was a clear understanding on the part of us all of the desirability of action throughout the crude production industry to regulate its output to conform more closely to requirements of the consuming market.

"This, or course, can only be accomplished by voluntary, but more or less concerted action on the part of large and small producers in all important fields of the world, and by the postponement of opening new fields until the present period of overproduction is definitely past."

According to a writer in the New York *World:*

"In the past, most oil executives have held that the natural functioning of economic law is the chief remedy for such a situation. Overproduction brings low prices. Low prices discourage drilling operations. Reduced drilling restricts the supply and puts the price up. High prices then bring renewed drilling—and the old cycle is complete."

The question that now occurs to the Washington *Post* is whether or not gasoline prices at the present moment are fair, and whether or not world curtailment is to be undertaken in an attempt to maintain what it considers excessive prices. "The corollary to control of production," believes the Baltimore *Sun*, "will be increase in prices." In the opinion of this paper, the question is: "How can agreements to curtail production be permitted, and at the same time so safeguarded as to protect the public from exploitation?"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

That is to say, the Solid South is not liquid.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

For the brighter prospect of world peace America furnishes the Hughes.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Altho the elephant is a tropical animal, it can't be acclimatized in the South.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Many a Democrat is afraid that this year the G. O. P. is going to hit his party below the cotton belt.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Politics also makes strange students of the farm problem. —*Detroit News.*

Most of the whispering campaign is carried on in a stage whisper, however.—*Dallas News.*

Europe counts too much on being Yank-ed out of economic difficulties.—*Wall Street Journal.*

If the farmer had as many customers as he has friends all his troubles would be ended. —*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Girls have at least discovered a cure for the run in the stocking. They are going without.—*Boston Transcript.*

Middle-men, asserts agriculturist, are a burden on farmers—and so are meddlemen and muddle-men.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The Prince of Wales drove a golf ball from the top of the Great Pyramid. An Englishman just will have his tee. —*New York Evening Post.*

If war is not an instrument of national policy, let's not spend a billion on its apparatus—and cut down the taxes again.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

And there will be a lot less crime in the world when the average workman's annual income equals the cost of a Chicago gangster's funeral.—*San Diego Union.*

Contemporary says "Mr. Hoover discussed at length etaoii shrdshrdshrdlu." Evidently the matter discussed was political pi.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

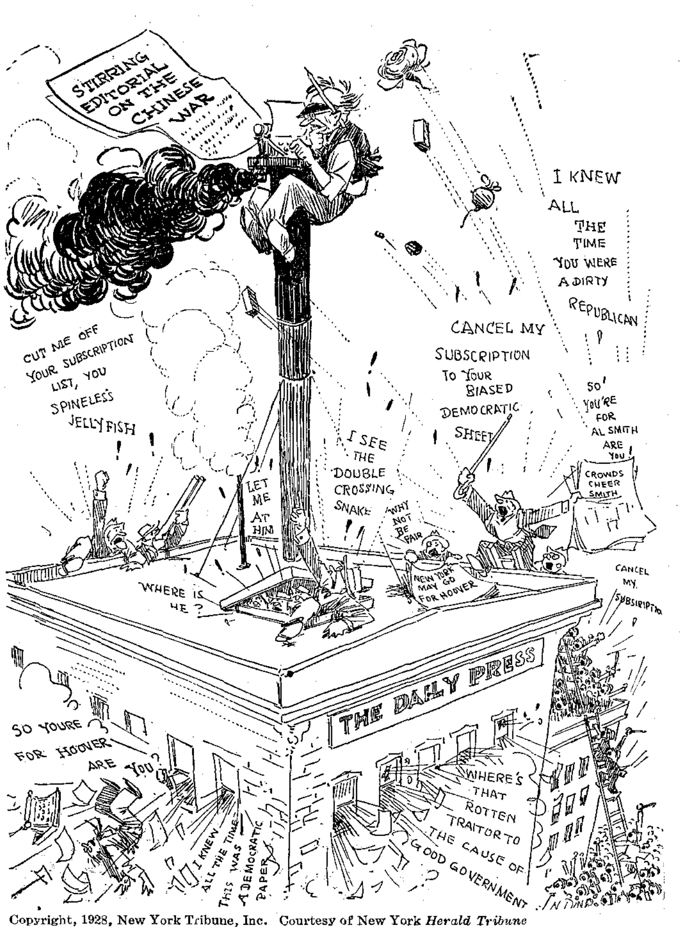
No doubt the fact is being driven home in certain quarters that all Work and no pay will not elect the Republican ticket. —*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

A murder farm has been discovered in California, and the next thing you know those murder farmers will be demanding relief.—*Indianapolis News.*

United States pays an annual crime bill of $10,000,000,000, says U. S. Attorney Tuttle, but the criminals act as tho we were millions in arrears.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

England is developing an appetite for ice-cream and all Europe has taken to chewing gum. So has America set the pace in making the world happier for democracy.—*Boston Transcript.*

We sometimes fear that the movement for absolute truth in advertising has not yet embraced the political managers, who say, for instance: Small contributions received just as gladly as large ones.—*Ohio State Journal.*


STIRRING EDITORIAL ON THE CHINESE WAR
I KNEW ALL THE TIME YOU WERE A DIRTY REPUBLICAN
CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION TO YOUR BIASED DEMOCRATIC SHEET
CUT ME OFF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST, YOU SPINELESS JELLYFISH
I SEE THE DOUBLE CROSSING SNAKE
LET ME AT HIM
WHY NOT BE FAIR
SO' YOU'RE FOR AL SMITH ARE YOU
CROWDS CHEER SMITH
WHERE IS HE?
NEW YORK MAY GO FOR HOOVER
CANCEL MY SUBSIRIPTIO
THE DAILY PRESS
SO YOURE FOR HOOVER ARE YOU?
I KNEW ALL THE TIME THIS WAS A DEMOCRATIC PAPER
WHERE'S THAT ROTTEN TRAITOR TO THE CAUSE OF GOOD GOVERNMENT

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THE EDITOR WHO TRIED TO RUN AN INDEPENDENT, NONPARTIZAN PAPER

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Marriage promotes thrift, says a financier. Exacts it, he means.—*Dallas News.*

Naturally enough, the infant industries want to milk the public.—*Cottage Grove (Ore.) Sentinel.*

The man who said that oil and water won't mix never bought any oil stock.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

"Woman, 101, has never seen automobile."—Head-line. Perhaps that's the reason she is 101.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

From now on to Thanksgiving the skin they love to touch is the pig-skin.—*Dallas News.*

Appeals to the Indian with a vote may convince him that he is the noble red man, after all.—*Boston Transcript.*

Many birds, reports ornithologist, fly across Atlantic, including, of course, Scotch "swallows." — *Wall Street Journal.*

It would seem that the undertakers who provide those $15,000 funerals are Chicago's real bier barons. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

Fifteen lifeguards at New York City beaches it was found could not swim a stroke. A case of "wade and found wanting." — *Chicago Daily News.*

Crime flourishes in Chicago because everybody except the criminals is so absorbedly interested in something else. — *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Says Edward Schill of East Orange, "If you teach a boy to blow a saxophone, he'll never blow a safe." Even so, it's not a thing to decide hastily.—*The New Yorker.*

Another reason why us militant Democrats are so rough on each other is that we've plum run out of Republicans down this way.—*Dallas News.*

Billy Sunday declares that a Wet voter is a "carbuncle on the neck of progress." This will make the Wets boil.—*New York Evening Post.*

Engineer predicts a fool-proof plane in another five years. However, the whole history of mechanics is that nothing is fool-proof as long as there's a fool.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The longest word in the English language, says an authority on the subject, contains twenty-eight letters. In Welsh, however, it is regarded as a mere grunt.—*Detroit News.*

A man has been arrested in Italy for making counterfeit American razor blades, which, we assume, are just as hard to get rid of as the genuine ones.—*New York Evening Post.*

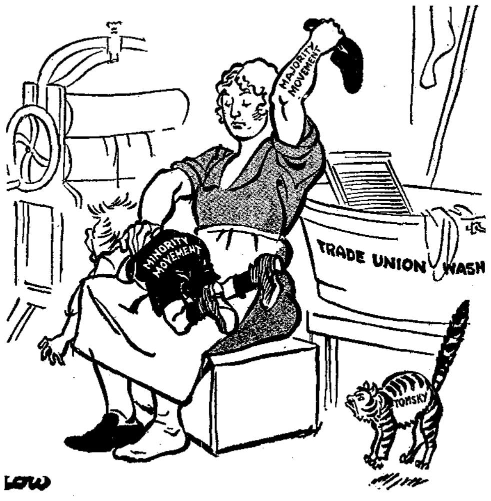
Now that a radio-television play has been broadcast successfully, we must find a shorter and uglier word for the thing. Perhaps a ravie; or, worse still, a moodio.—*The New Yorker.*

If we understand it aright, when the millennium arrives, you can go ahead and do to the road hog the things you'd give your right eye to do now and it won't be against the law.—*Macon Telegraph.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

BRITISH LABOR AT LAST ADOPTS AMERICAN EFFICIENCY

A WORD THAT APPEARS PROMINENTLY in reports of the recent British Trade Union Congress at Swansea is hailed as marking the opening of a new stage in industrial development. It is "rationalization," and it has to do with the policy of class collaboration adopted by an enormous majority of delegates, despite the violent opposition of the so-called "Red minority of Labor," led by Mr. A. J. Cook and the "Cookites," who declined to have anything to do with the Council's plan for industrial cooperation with capital on the ground, we are told, that it was inspired by Liberal ideas. At last British labor seems to be abandoning its attitude of hostility to its employers, and to be admitting that cooperation, efficiency, and other means of speeding up production may, after all, be good policy. The vote of the Congress gave authority to its General Council to proceed with discussions with the group of employers headed by Sir Alfred Mond, now Lord Melchett, on all questions of industrial relationship, and to take steps to join with this group in setting up a permanent machinery of cooperation.



"THIS FOR REMEMBRANCE"

Low, a famous British cartoonist, presents a Liberal view of the treatment given the Labor minority opposition by the Trade Union Congress in the project for industrial cooperation with capital.

—*The Daily News* (London).

In what is described as one of the most important debates in the history of the British labor movement, the tendency known as rationalization was freely discust, and turned out to be very much what Americans have long known and practised under the name of "efficiency." From an American point of view the methods contemplated are neither so startling nor so novel as they seem to be in the eyes of English commentators. But Great Britain, which is still in the slough of industrial depression and has tried to reduce its army of 1,300,000 unemployed by "transferring" some of them from one industry to another and by sending others to Canada, sees real significance in the new plans. A London Labor journal, *The Daily Herald*, goes so far as to say: "This country and the world are in the throes of a transformation as far-reaching as that which, a century and a half ago, led to the establishment of the factory system and large-scale production. An essential feature of this new phase is this so-called 'rationalization.'"

We turn for a definition of the word to *The New Leader*, the weekly organ of the Independent Labor Party, in which Mr. H. N. Brailsford declares that "rationalization means the economy of labor, sometimes by the closing down of uneconomic plants, sometimes by the adoption of labor-saving machinery, often by both methods at once," and he proceeds:

> "Rationalization, in the modern post-war sense of the word, is a process which is only beginning in this country, and as yet (because a deprest trade has difficulty in raising fresh capital for amalgamations or new plant) it is proceeding very slowly. It has not yet begun in the textile trades, and one does not know whether the attempt to form a cotton trust will succeed. It makes perceptible progress in the iron and steel trades and in engineering, tho they are still characterized, on the whole, by the survival of uneconomical small concerns with obsolete plant, and by lack of specialization. Only the new industries (electrical engineering, motor-cars, chemicals, and artificial silk) show the process in an advanced stage."

That the process thus begun is bound to continue, is admitted not only by Mr. Brailsford and *The Daily Herald*, but by observers of every political hue; and, such being the case, it is held to be greatly to the advantage of wage-workers that trade-unionists should take part, with employers, in making the new arrangements. "It is only through such discussions as Lord Melchett's Conference can provide now and the National Industrial Council hereafter," observes the London *Daily Chronicle*, "that the unions can hope to guide the applications of the new principle of rationalization in their members' interests. But the gain is also a national one, since industrial peace has become a vital national concern." The Manchester *Guardian* says:

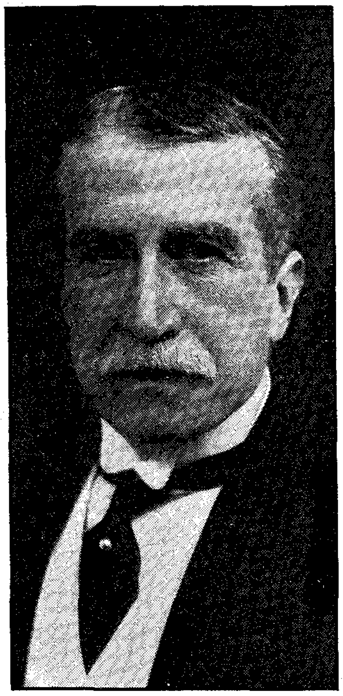
> "The 'Mond' conferences are a sign that a group of intelligent employers accept trade-unionism as an essential part of the organization of industry and are ready to discuss in full the part which trade-unions should play in reorganized industry. Now 'rationalization' is inevitable, not in order to save what is loosely described as 'capitalism,' but to save British industry itself. Moreover, rationalization is not really opposed to Labor aspirations; it is, in fact, a stage in an evolution long foreseen by Socialists and one which facilitates the transformation of great trusts into responsible corporations working in accordance with conditions imposed by the State."

Mr. Brailsford has much to say of the dangers to labor involved in rationalization. He finds its whole meaning in the fact that "the output of each worker is increased," and he warns that a continued expansion of output in any industry might lead to an actual decline in the number of workers employed. There is consolation for him, however, in the thought that the great increase in the pace of rationalization in the United States during the last decade has led to high wages and to mass consumption, as well as to mass production. But economic conditions in America are entirely different from those in England. If British labor is to be really benefited by the new principle, Mr. Brailsford argues, it must be through enhanced capacity to buy. This enhancement, he thinks, may be achieved in part by such expedients as a scheme of family allowances based on direct taxation, but in the long run, he says, "the State must step in to set wage standards, and to hasten the reorganization of industries which cannot reach them. Unless we call in the State, and arm it, through the nationalization of the key services, with the ability to control this new development, the prospect that confronts us is the domination of monopolist capital over a working-class which will have lost the power to fight."

The London *Times* does not venture to guess the final outcome of what it calls "this reciprocity in industry," but sees great possibilities in the movement.

CHILE AND PERU RECONCILED

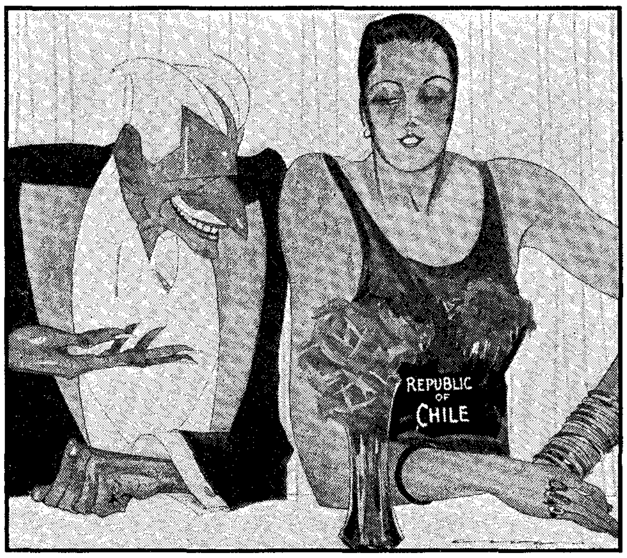
A DEFINITE SETTLEMENT of the long and bitter quarrel over the Tacna and Arica provinces has been promoted, many hope, by the recent resumption of diplomatic relations between Peru and Chile. Others fear that the end of the dispute is still far off. At least, as all would agree, an important advance in South American comity has been made. In Lima, Peru, the Chilean flag has been hoisted on government buildings in honor of Chile's national holiday, celebrating the 118th anniversary of her independence from Spain. All sections of the Peruvian press have published special Chilean editions. Chilean newspapers have responded with appropriate cordiality. "American nations," *El Mercurio*, of Santiago, notes, "are observing Chile and Peru closely. Their old controversy concerns them alone, but its importance, its possible effects and its difficulties of settlement involve a topic common to all American nations."



PRESIDENT OF PERU

Agusto B. Leguia, who hoisted Chile's flag to show his friendship.

The South American press give chief credit for bringing about the new rapprochement to Secretary of State Kellogg, but the United States Ambassador to Peru, Mr. Alexander P. Moore, is also said to have exerted considerable influence. The story of how the breach was healed was told in our issue of July 28. Earlier efforts had never seemed able to get anywhere. The change for the better has come, we are told, since President Carlos Ibañez took office, and conversations were begun through the embassies of the two countries in Washington.



A CHILEAN POINT OF VIEW

PRESIDENT LEGUIA, OF PERU, ADDRESSING CHILE: "I am old enough to be trusted by a lady. Please believe that I act now in good faith."

—*Sucesos* (Santiago).

Invited by the Department of State to resume diplomatic relations in order to end the impasse, both Chile and Peru accepted eagerly. Chile thereupon selected as its ambassador to Peru Emiliano Figueroa-Larrain, former President of the Republic and a man of brilliant achievements in the diplomatic field as Minister to Spain and as Ambassador to Argentina in 1910. His appointment was greeted with enthusiasm, not only in his native land, but also throughout South America. Peru reciprocated, a few weeks later, by appointing Cesar A. Elguera, former Minister to Brazil, and the event led to wide-spread comment in both countries. *El Mercurio* hails a "new day" full of promise:

> "The American suggestion to Chile and Peru to try a direct settlement of the problem in order to promote the future well-being of the two countries has found a hearty welcome in Chile, and we do not doubt it will be received in the same spirit also in Peru. Tho the problem belongs exclusively to our two countries, it is undoubtedly gratifying to our peoples to see that the entire American continent is interested in the resumption of diplomatic relations.
>
> "We indeed believe that the only way out of the tangle is to reestablish mutual good-will and open a new era in which Peru and Chile can increase their mutual bonds of interests and friendship. The first step to this effect is the resumption of diplomatic relations which herald a new day full of promise."

PRESIDENT OF CHILE

Carlos Ibañez, who won great acclaim by his friendly gesture to Peru.

La Union, of Valparaiso, is no less optimistic in regard to the future possibilities of the rapprochement between the two countries, and gives full credit to President Ibañez and his Secretary of Foreign Affairs Gallardo for the restoration of friendly relations with Peru. This paper looks forward to "increasing economic interchange" as a factor that will work toward closer relationship.

La Nacion, of Santiago, refers to the votes of thanks given to the Government by countless non-political organizations as a proof that the people of Chile are pacifists at heart, and predicts that a pacific ending of the Tacna-Arica dispute, which has been hanging over Chile for forty-seven years, will bring great credit to President Ibañez.

Turning to Peru, we read in *El Comercio*, of Lima, an account of a speech delivered in the Chamber of Deputies by Representative Carlos Valverde, of the Commission of Foreign Relations, which is said to have voiced the opinion of his Government. Mr. Valverde is quoted:

> "Peru gives a new proof of its pacific policies in accepting the suggestion advanced by the arbitrator, tho it is thoroughly convinced, as is the arbitrator, that this step does not affect our rights. Peru hopes that Chile will reciprocate with the same sincerity and lofty purposes, in order to reach a solution harmonious as well as just.
>
> "We trust that Chile will

not hold on to her past mistakes. Times have changed. An irresistible current of harmony sweeps over the Americas, and nobody can oppose it without falling into an abyss. We have faith in the solution of the conflict because we know that our rights will be well defended by our Government.

"Let us, then, welcome the resumption of relations and welcome also the Ambassador of Chile if he brings with him, as the American continent and ourselves hope, peace and justice. The hour of continental justice and harmony is approaching, and our duty is to cooperate to this end."

The Peruvian Congress approved unanimously the creation of an embassy in Chile, and voted at once the necessary credits. In this connection *La Prensa*, of Lima, speaks of "great hopes" and "momentous negotiations." *La Crónica*, also of Lima, makes the comment: "Let us honestly and frankly applaud the steps taken by both Governments. They represent the only method of reaching a prompt and just solution of the age-long quarrel."

In the neighboring country of Brazil, *O Jornal*, of Rio de Janeiro, declares that "the one really troublesome international problem existing in America is now in a fair way to a definite solution"; and it continues: "While the failure of the plebiscite and subsequent events led us to despair of the possibility of reaching a ground of understanding, we see now with pleasure mixed with pride that Peru and Chile are eager to give the world an example, and, by the elimination of their old grudge, to show the old continent how international peace can be achieved without treaties or secret pacts."

TO MAKE THE SAHARA DESERT BLOSSOM

AN ENGINEERING SCHEME which, for boldness of conception, rivals Ferdinand de Lesseps's achievement in making the Suez Canal, is now under the consideration of the French Government. Mr. Albert Tardieu, Minister of Public Works, Mr. Painlevé, Minister of War, Mr. Briand, Foreign Minister, and Mr. Jules Cambon, are all said to have exprest themselves favorably on the subject; while Mussolini has referred to the project as "a Roman idea," and has asked to be kept informed of its progress. The originator of the scheme is an American, Mr. Dwight Braman, of Boston, who was responsible for great irrigation works in California at the end of the last century. He proposes to redeem for cultivation an area of some 10,000 square miles in the Sahara Desert by letting in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea through long canals, and by damming the rivers that now flow south from the Atlas Mountains. The new inland sea, stretching from Biskra to the eastern coast of Tunis, would, it is expected, promote rainfalls and serve as a ready means of transport for the fertile lands to be opened up on its borders; and the building of dikes in the hills would enable trees to be planted where no vegetation has grown for 2,000 years. In short, as the London *Morning Post* expresses it, the anticipation is that "a barren and uninhabitable region would be converted into a land flowing with milk and honey, sheep and oxen, and inhabited by a prosperous population." *The Morning Post* continues:

"The prospect of supplying Europe with a new granary is certainly an attractive one; and it is not surprizing to hear that such a scheme put forward by so serious and responsible an undertaker should be under the consideration of the French Government. Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco would all be affected immediately, and apparently to their great economic benefit; but those who accepted responsibility for such an experiment would be bound to satisfy themselves that all the consequences had been measured. So audacious an interference with physiography might well raise misgivings in timid minds. Does not the Prophet Amos declare that who 'calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth, the Lord is His name?' And it is impossible not to reflect that it might be easier to do this thing than to undo it. On the other hand, some of man's greatest triumphs have been in the direction of modifying his environment to his needs and of reclaiming waste spaces to his use.

"Nor is it in the tradition of the French any more than of the British or the American genius, to shrink from great engineering enterprises. But what would be the effect, not only on North Africa, but on Southern Europe? Neither the engineers, nor the physiographers, nor the economists can answer that question confidently."

THE WORLD'S PLAGUE OF NOISE

AT A TIME WHEN THE BOLDEST American criminals are known as "racketeers"—men, that is, who even in the midst of the general hubbub manage to make a racket—there is more than usual significance in a campaign being waged, in England and other countries, against what one indignant commentator calls the most "malignant plague" that civilization has ever confronted. "The noise question," says Prof. Henry J. Spooner, of the London Polytechnic School of Engineering, in the *Nineteenth Century*, "is a world problem, and a very comprehensive one at that, involving interrelated factors of a wide range and great importance—factors that, strangely enough, have hitherto received little or no attention from the authorities responsible for the health of the community." Professor Spooner goes on to call attention to the fact that a resolution was unanimously passed at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association at Cardiff, last July, about the effect of noise on public health. A few days later, the Home Secretary, in reply to a question by Sir Robert Thomas, M. P., relating to street noises, promised to discuss with the Ministers of Health and Transport whether anything could be done. Further, Professor Spooner is informed that the Society of Medical Officers of Health in England has forwarded a suggestion to the Medical Research Council that "the effect of extraneous noises on health" is a suitable subject for early investigation and research. And, best of all, he has reasons for believing that an appeal will soon be made to the Medical Organization of the League of Nations to consider the abatement of preventable noise in the cause of humanity.

The assumption that traffic and industrial noises can not be abated is vigorously disputed by Professor Spooner. "This common fallacy," he says, "can not be too emphatically denounced, as such statements display a lamentable amount of ignorance as to the pathological powers of the modern engineer. The regrettable fact is that engineers have very rarely been called upon to design machinery of any kind from the standpoint of noise; and doubtless future generations will look upon these times as being barbaric—an age of folly vulgarized by an absence of quietude and repose, and notorious for uncontrolled devastating din that tortured the thinkers, deprived countless invalids and workers of recuperative sleep, impoverished owners of traffic route properties, increased the overhead costs in modern business, and shortened the lives of countless sufferers." In this connection Professor Spooner explains that his deep and lasting interest in the prevention, elimination or reduction of unnecessary noise was first aroused by some very pathetic cases of nervous breakdown that came under his notice while he was professionally engaged on industrial noise problems many years ago. He continues:

"Had I not witnessed day by day and month by month the almost paralyzing effects of intermittent nerve-shattering noise on men who were physically strong, I could not have believed it possible. Since then I never pass a hospital or nursing home situated in a busy thoroughfare without a feeling of pity for the poor sufferers within, whose very lives may be dependent on the recuperative powers of undisturbed sleep. If 'the advance of civilization means but the enhanced capacity of the human race for suffering,' that capacity of the ordinary citizen is being severely taxed daily by the effects of noise and vibrations in traveling to and from his work-place. Too often also when engaged on his daily work, and in the shelter of his home, he is distrest and tortured by the penetrating din from the streets outside. This aspect of the noise question is very extensive and important, calling for serious attention in a constructive spirit, for 'what man has caused man can cure.'"

The urgent need in dealing with this problem, according to the author of a special article in the London *Times*, "is for the evolution of ways and means which will coordinate the ever increasing use of the roads with more efficient safeguards against existing traffic dangers, a partial recovery, at least, of the peace of the countryside, and a reduction, which should shade down to a vanishing point during the normal hours of sleep, of the raucous cacophony which assaults those who live near busy thoroughfares." *The Times* editorially makes the comment:

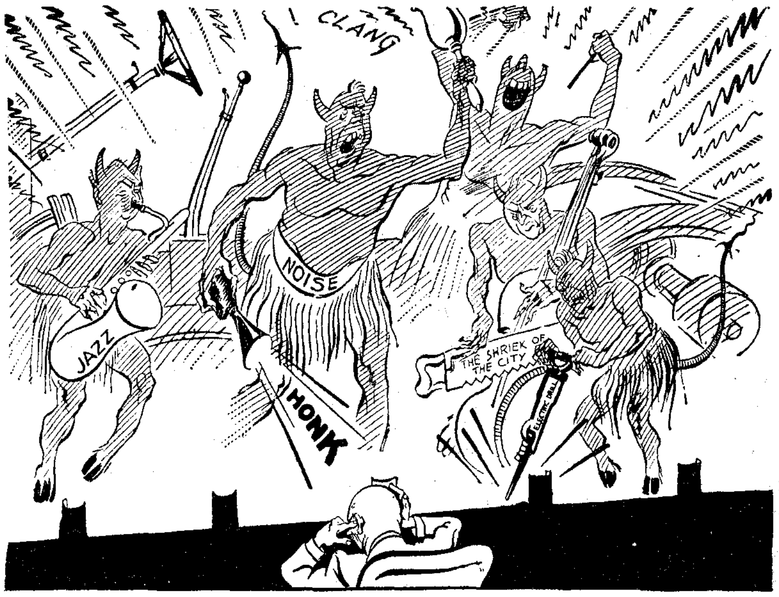
"In no previous age has the din been so hideous and so universal as it is to-day. Since the war the noises that torture and shatter the nerves and sap the health of the community have grown more intolerable every year, *pari passu* with the steady increase in the speed which, improperly used, kills and maims the body. For it is to the passion for hurry that nine-tenths of the mischief is due. The modern Frankensteins who have evolved and developed the internal-combustion engine have created a monster which, tho an invaluable servant when under effective control, may prove in careless or incapable hands a tyrannous and destructive Robot. . . .

"Foremost among the offenders are the great mass of heavier types of commercial vehicles, whether motor-driven or not—traction-engines, trailers, tram-cars, omnibuses, motor-coaches, lorries, and drays—which roar and clang and throb and thunder along the streets and roads, and even the narrow lanes of the whole country, shaking the houses by the wayside to their foundations as they go, and in many cases adding to the chorus of discordant noises due to their bulk and weight and their too, too solid tires a wholly unnecessary obbligato of the groaning and rattle of loose gears, loose parts, loose chains, and loosely packed freights, to say nothing of the maddening grunts and hoots of their horns, the sound of which not even the hoarse whir of the pneumatic drill can drown. With vehicles of this type, running in urban districts, the problem is in fact almost wholly concerned with the nuisance caused by the noise and vibration which they set up; in the more crowded streets, thanks to the watchful eye of the police, the instinct of self-preservation, and the skill and experience of most of their drivers, instances of reckless and dangerous driving are on the whole comparatively rare. It is different with the motor-vehicles, light or heavy, private or commercial, which tour the countryside. Here, outside the towns, in cases without number the lust for speed, aggravated by the temptation of the more open roads, leads to a constant disregard for the nerves and lives of other people that is fast becoming a criminal habit. In the mad desire to hurry from one place to another furious drivers and riders of cars, lorries, motor-coaches, and motor-cycles dash round corners and across highways and byways, cut into moving lines of traffic at blind bends or on inclines, and generally break all the obvious rules of safety first, without a thought for the waste of human life."

Among those who have written letters of protest against the "plague of noise" to *The Times* are Lord Cecil, Professor Spooner, Prof. William Bone, Selwyn Image, Lord Riddell, and Harold Begbie. In the opinion of Dr. Spooner and of several other correspondents, it is only by an Act of Parliament, carefully thought out and adequately discust, that the nuisance can be abated. At present, however, this is a view which does not seem to commend itself to the powers that be, and *The Times* thinks that a better and quicker means of relief lies ready to hand in the draft of the Road Transport bill prepared by the Ministry at the beginning of last year. "It would serve as a basis for the legislation that is needed," *The Times* declares, "and if amended and amplified would go a long way to bring about the end which, for the welfare of the whole community, is generally demanded."

FROCK-COATS IN AFGHANISTAN

SWEEPING CHANGES IN THE COURT and social life of Afghanistan, as a result of King Amanullah's recent visit to Europe, are hailed by the press of many countries as a new illustration of that "Westernization" of the Orient which is so striking a sign of the times. From a brief dispatch from Kabul, the old capital of the country, to the Allahabad *Pioneer*, it appears that these innovations have been even more drastic than was at first reported. The King, we learn, has not only provided himself with a triennial parliament, but insisted, when it convened recently in Paghman, the new capital, on its members, the tribal headmen, appearing in suitable parliamentary costumes. At the gates, says *The Pioneer*, these deputies had to exchange their turbans, flowing robes and broad sashes for frock coats, top hats and trousers, thoughtfully supplied by "mass production" at the royal order. The legislators were even instructed to relieve themselves of their beards and whiskers. Meanwhile the ladies of their families, under the Queen's example, are discarding veils, and some of them drive their own motor-cars. By another decree only visitors wearing European dress henceforth are to be admitted to the public gardens and theaters of Kabul and Paghman. When inside they must no longer sit cross-legged on the ground, but on the benches and chairs provided.



THE DEMON ORCHESTRA

Dedicated to any scheme to restrain our present nerve-shattering din.

—*The Daily Chronicle* (London).

Afghanistan, the London *Daily Mail* exclaims, "is clearly hustling." The same paper continues:

"Not, however, more so than some other Mohammedan States. Turkey is at present in the throes of learning the alphabet and Kemal Pasha has decreed that the Latin characters shall be used instead of the beautiful, time-honored, but obsolete and inconvenient Arabic script; and the Dictator brightens up a Cabinet meeting by himself giving Ministers a few lessons with a blackboard.

"Persia is moving too. His Majesty Shah Riza Khan has sent to Europe on a special mission his Court Chamberlain, a highly accomplished gentleman, who speaks several European languages, travels by airplane, and astonishes Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay by his knowledge of international politics. . . .

"It seems that the East is going to adopt all our mechanical devices and most of our fashions and customs, political and other. It will change its outward form mightily in the next few years. Will there be a corresponding change in its spiritual outlook? Is the soul of the East to be transformed as well as the body? And, if so, what will the reflex be on the civilization of our own Western world?"

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

EFFECT OF FOOD ON THE TEETH

DECAY OF THE TEETH is popularly believed to be favored by improper diet; and food also is given credit for their defective development, especially in childhood. That both these beliefs rest on sound scientific foundation appears from the results of experiments cited by *Nature* (London). Deficiency of lime and of certain vitamins would seem to be the determining factors in the production of defective and easily decaying teeth. Says the writer:

"There appear to be three ways in which diet can affect the teeth: food lodged in their crevices may undergo changes which lead to alterations in the enamel and other structures; the diet may alter the composition of the saliva and thereby affect the teeth indirectly, or it may alter the structure directly, in a comparable manner to its effect upon other tissues of the body. In the first two cases the agent attacks them, from their outer surface; in the last, the changes depend upon an alteration in the composition of the blood and lymph.

"There is probably general agreement that caries [decay] is initiated by the fermentation of carbohydrate food stagnating between the cusps of the molar teeth, between the teeth themselves, and round their necks. According to J. Sim Wallace, diet cleanses the teeth mechanically, by initiating the secretion of ptyalin and by controlling the bacterial flora which digests remnants of food remaining between them. Efficient mastication is necessary both for keeping them clean and for ensuring their proper development, together with that of the jaws. Inefficient mastication, leaving stagnating mucus on and around the teeth, encourages the development of tartar. On the other hand, the consumption of soft, sticky carbohydrate food leads to the production of acid, and this attacks the enamel. Thus starchy or sugary foods favor decay, while the more fibrous foods, such as fruits or raw vegetables, and fish and meats, tend to cleanse the teeth. Little is known about the possibility of altering the composition of the saliva by changes in the diet.

"In general, it may be said that the proper development of the teeth usually shows a close relationship to that of the bony skeleton. In producing imperfect calcification and structure of the teeth, deficient intake of calcium or phosphorus, or an improper ratio between these two elements in the diet, has most often been associated with a deficiency of vitamin D also. J. A. Marshall, however, found that pups exposed to sunlight and kept on a diet containing an adequate amount of vitamins, but with improper quantities of calcium and phosphorus, developed gross changes in their teeth.

"Probably the most important factor in producing alterations in the teeth is a shortage of vitamin D, with or without accompanying defects in the diet. Grieves found that caries was worse in rats when the diet was deficient in fat-soluble vitamin as well as calcium than when it was deficient in calcium alone. In puppies, May Mellanby has shown that the most important variables affecting the formation of the teeth are variations in the amount and type of cereal in the food, in the amount of fat-soluble vitamin present, and in the degree of exposure of the animals to ultra-violet light. The less vitamin and the more cereal present in the diet, the worse was the structure of the teeth. It seems possible that the influence of carbohydrates upon dental caries is not only due to their fermentation in the mouth, but also to their effect, in association with the fat-soluble vitamin, and after their digestion and absorption, upon the structure of the teeth."

How far are these results applicable to human beings? The writer says it is possible that defective structure is due to deficiencies in the diet, but that this is unproven. Where it has been possible to control the diet, a definite relationship between it and the spread of decay has been observed. About thirty children in an institution were divided into three groups, and each group given a carefully selected diet. The results were:

"One of the diets was the ordinary hospital diet; on this the average number of teeth per child in which caries had spread was 2.9; on a diet containing less milk and no butter, but more oatmeal, the spread of caries was represented by 5.1; while on a diet containing more milk and no oatmeal, the figure was 1.4 only. Thus there appears to be a close relationship between the diet and the spread of dental caries in human beings.

"More recently, May Mellanby has published some work on the structure of human teeth, the results of which suggest that diet plays an important part in producing defects of structure More than 1,000 deciduous and more than 250 permanent teeth were examined. Of the deciduous teeth, 14 per cent. were found to be perfectly calcified, 21 per cent. were slightly, and 63 per cent. definitely, hypoplastic. The incisors were the best calcified, 49 per cent. being normal: 8 per cent. of the canines, 7 per cent. of the first molars, and only 1 per cent. of the second molars could be so classed. Slighter defects appeared among the remaining incisors and canines, and the more severe degrees of hypoplasia were observed in the majority of the defective molars The teeth obtained from private sources, as opposed to those from dental clinics, were less defective in structure. Of the permanent teeth examined, none was normal, and 92 per cent showed definite hypoplasia.

"These results also indicate that there is less chance of interference with calcification before birth than afterwards, and that the more rapid the development of the tooth, the more defective is its structure likely to be. The defects in structure are probably to be correlated with the diet during the time the teeth are developing in the jaws: thus before birth, even if the mother is on a deficient diet, the fœtus can obtain its requirements of salts and vitamins by the sacrifice of the maternal stores. After weaning, the child has to depend entirely on its food and on its own stores, which are likely to be low if the mother's diet has been poor. At the same time, the diet frequently contains a large amount of cereal products, the influence of which is exerted against proper calcification.

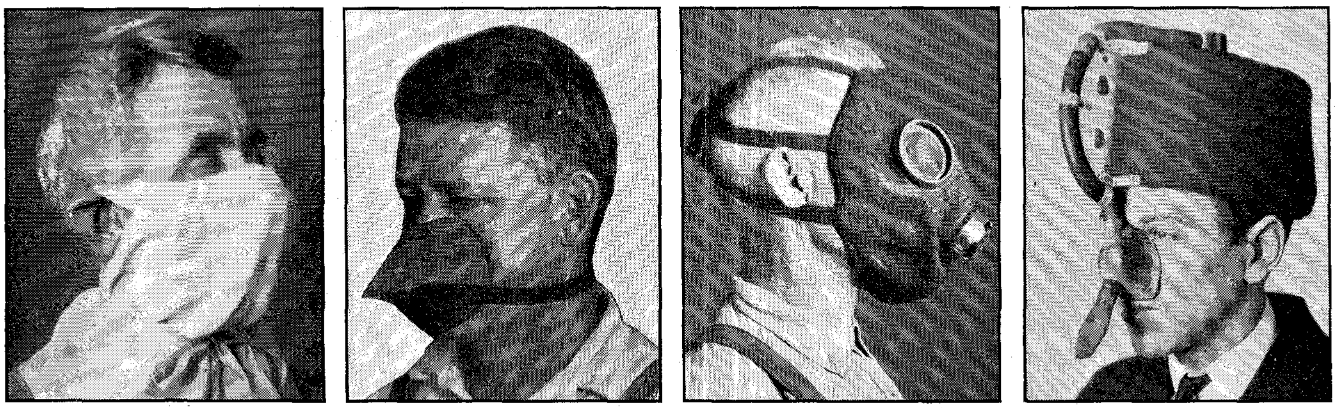
"In conclusion, it may be said that diet affects the teeth as it affects the other tissues of the body, and that the teeth, like the other tissues, respond more easily to some defects in the diet than to others. A diet can affect the teeth locally by causing alterations in their environment, the changes in the teeth then starting from their oral surfaces.

"In any case, caries will not be initiated unless acid is present on the oral surfaces of the tooth. It may be pointed out that it is difficult to produce caries in animals unless at the same time the conditions are such as to lead to defective structure also."

OUR NEW GEYSER—The greatest geyser now active in the world, and with the exception of old Excelsior Geyser, extinct since 1888, the greatest geyser of all history, burst forth into furious and explosive activity recently in Yellowstone Park, we are told by *Science* (New York). We read:

"It has since been under scientific observation, preliminary to the opening up of a special road or trail to make it accessible to the touring public. Superintendent Horace M. Albright, Dr. Arthur L. Day, director of the geophysical laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and Dr. Eugene T. Allen, of the same institution, together with a corps of photographers, have been conducting the investigation of the new phenomenon from the dual point of view of public administration and scientific inquiry. The new geyser is a Titan of its kind. Its crater is a huge ellipse, 100 feet by 120 feet in its two diameters, and 8 feet deep. It erupts in great explosive outbursts, hurling water in all directions and reaching an average height of 60 to 75 feet. Occasional spurts reach a height of 100 feet. It keeps this up at 15 or 20 seconds intervals for a total of three hours or more, and stages two of these long eruptive periods every 24 hours. The volume of hot water it ejects is tremendous. The run-off pours through a four-foot gap to a depth of eight inches, at a rate of 120 feet per minute. When an eruption ceases the geyser crater is dry with the exception of a small fissure and several boiling mud springs along the north edge."

Springfield, Missouri



Courtesy of *Industrial Engineering* (New York)

"A GREAT VARIETY OF QUEER-LOOKING CONTRIVANCES"

Used to protect workers from breathing injurious dust, and all of them doing it more or less efficiently. "In some types of respirators, wet sponges are depended upon to catch the unwelcome dust particles. Paper, made of various fibers, is the chief filtering material used in other makes. Felt and other cloths are used in still other types. Fly-screen is also used. Cheesecloth respirators, made at home, have been used to advantage in the white-lead and other industries." At the right is the improved type devised in the U. S. Bureau of Mines, and described in the article.

DUST MASKS FOR WORKERS

THESE HAVE BEEN IN USE for some time in the industries where injurious dust is necessarily produced. An improved type, devised in the U. S. Bureau of Mines and designed to protect the skull as well as to filter out noxious particles, is described by M. E. Clements in *Industrial Engineering* (New York). We read:

"The numerous industries in which workers perform their labor in atmospheres charged with unwholesome and poisonous dusts or gases will be interested in a device developed by the Federal Bureau of Mines, which serves all the purposes of a hat, and at the same time intercepts the dangerous dust particles that would otherwise penetrate the lungs of the wearer. When the device is worn by miners, it should tend to ease the blow of any dislodged piece of rock that might tumble down upon the head of the worker.

"Poisonous dusts, such as those bearing lead or arsenic; some rock dusts, such as silica; metallic dusts, including those produced in grinding and polishing shops; and many other dusts, including some organic dusts, such as those in textile mills, are injurious when constantly breathed. Hard-rock miners, stonecutters, glass-workers, potters and metal grinders are especially exposed to the dust hazard. Dusty atmospheres are occasionally encountered by every one, and discomfort is experienced, even if no special harm is suffered.

"Any dust inhaled into the respiratory passages or lungs can be considered harmful, even if it is not especially dangerous, the Bureau of Mines investigators point out. The body has a limited capacity for removing dust particles, but when this capacity is exceeded the lungs become gradually charged with the dusts. As much as thirteen grams of silica rock dust, numbering twenty million millions of particles, have been found in the lungs of miners who died from silicosis. Most of these particles of dust were about one twenty-five thousandth of an inch in diameter. Only a powerful microscope can make such particles visible to the eye. About fifty placed in line would be needed to equal the diameter of a human hair. When such very small particles are dispersed in the air, they are carried about like smoke, and they settle very slowly from quiet air.

"In the type of dust respirator devised by the Bureau of Mines chemists, a filter is built into a square brimless hat or cap, a rubber tube connecting the cap with the nose cover. As the wearer breathes, the inspired air passes first through the outer filtering material to the interior of the cap, then through a mica-disk check-valve in the top of the cap, then through the tube to the nose cap. The mica-disk check-valve prevents back flow of exhaled air. The cap filter is built on a wire frame which is lined up with fabrikoid, to prevent dusty air being drawn over the wearer's scalp and hair. Canton flannel, which has less tendency to clog with deposited dust than most materials, is the chief filtering material employed. Between the linings of the cap is a filler about one inch thick of sterilized curled hair like that used by upholsterers.

"The entire respirator weighs twenty-one or twenty-two ounces. The weight is balanced on the head, and is not oppressive, because the head is free to move in any direction. In order to avoid the discomfort caused when the face is covered, the part touching the face has been reduced to a minimum. The mouth is uncovered, so that the wearer may talk freely.

"In the progress of its investigations the bureau found that a great variety of queer-looking contrivances was being employed for the purpose of combating unwholesome dusts. In some types of respirators, wet sponges are depended upon to catch the unwelcome dust particles. Paper, made of various fibers, is the chief filtering material used in other makes. Felt and other cloths are used in still other types. Fly-screen is also used. Cheesecloth respirators, made at home, have been used to advantage in the white-lead and other industries."

PHOTOGRAPHS POOR CHARACTER GUIDES

READING FORTUNES IN FACES is impossible for practical purposes, according to two psychologists who have conducted an experiment to determine whether vocational aptitude and success can be judged by careful study of photographs. Says Science Service's *Science News Letter* (Washington):

"College graduates destined to become famous lawyers or surgeons carry no shining mark of success upon their youthful faces in photographs, at least none that an employer can rely upon. College boys who will never rise beyond a clerk's desk in a law office are apt to look just as keen and promising at graduation time.

"The psychologists, Dr. Carney Landis and L. W. Phelps, of Wesleyan University, selected the five most successful lawyers, doctors, teachers, and engineers in a big university class that graduated twenty-five years ago, and also the five graduates who have attained the least worldly success in each of these fields. Photographs of the forty men taken at graduation and twenty-five years later were shown to psychology students, who judged the success or failure of each and the line of work that would suit him best.

"'In practically every case the observers disagreed and the same subject might be assigned to from ten to fifteen different vocations,' the psychologists state, in reporting their investigation to *The Journal of Experimental Psychology*.

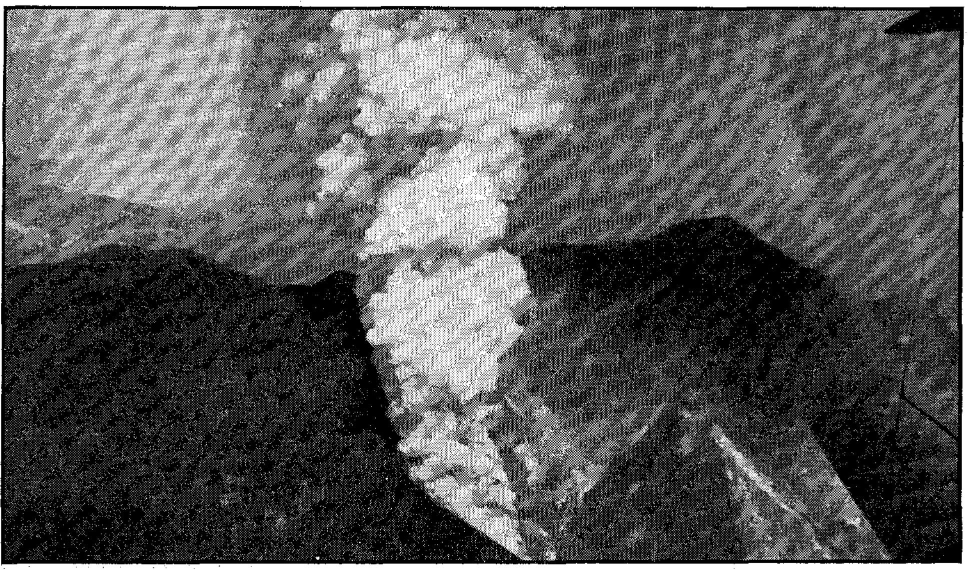
"One successful engineer was thought by ten of the twenty student judges to be a clergyman. Six of them thought he was a successful clergyman, and four decided that he was a failure at his church career. Another man, who, twenty-five years after graduation, holds a minor teaching post, was rated as a successful banker by six of the judges.

"The popular belief that we can judge a man's ability and personality from seeing his photograph is not borne out by the evidence, the psychologists conclude. A photograph included in a letter of application for a job will not enable an employer to gain any positive idea of an individual's talents or his character, the investigation indicated."

FOREST FIRES KINDLED BY SMOKERS

SMOKERS HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE for over a third of all the man-caused forest fires in the national forests of Oregon and Washington, according to a report just issued by the U. S. Forest Service. With a total of 293 man-caused fires so far this season, 100 were started by careless smokers. According to a press bulletin just issued by the Service, every time a careless smoker throws a burning cigaret into the dry grass or needles of a forest floor he is giving the fire demon odds of one to nine that it won't start a fire. We read:

"These odds, coupled with the fact that there is smoked and discarded in the United States the amazing total of 171,232 cigarets per minute, day and night, during the entire year, are believed to account for the large percentage of man-caused forest and brush fires that are started by smokers. Even if only one-third of the cigarets consumed throughout the country were smoked out-of-doors, there would still be over 50,000 chances a minute of a fire, foresters point out.



Courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

NOT A VOLCANO

But a forest fire in the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, snapt by an airplane camera.

"To determine the fire hazard from smoking materials, P. D. Sale and F. M. Hoffheins, of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, recently made a series of tests with nine brands of cigarets and eleven brands of cigars. The tests were made by placing the lighted cigar or cigaret butts in a dry grass pad attached to a screen.

"Some tests were made in still air; others with winds of various velocities generated by a small electric fan. From measurements of butts found on concrete floors, pavements, and bare ground, it was estimated that the average cigaret butt is about one and one-fourth inches long; so half-length cigarets were lighted and burned down to one and one-fourth inches for use in these tests. Cigar-lengths used in the tests ranged from the whole to any length sufficient for relighting and testing.

"In fifty tests each with cigars and cigarets in still air no ignition of the grass pads took place. In a wind of one to three miles per hour the ignitions of cigarets amounted to 41.2 per cent.; in a three-to-four-mile wind 85.3 per cent.; in a four-to-five-mile wind, 50.8 per cent.; and in a five-to-eight-mile wind, 57.7 per cent.

"In cigar tests in a one-to-three-mile wind, the ignitions were 18.5 per cent.; in a three-to-four-mile wind, 8.1 per cent.; a four-to-five-mile wind, 25.4 per cent. The ignitions increased to 39.3 per cent. in a nine-to-twelve-mile wind, which was the highest in all the tests that were made.

"Cigarets took from 19.2 to 33.5 minutes to burn their full length; cigars from 2.3 to 5.17 minutes. The average time the cigarets took to ignite the grass was 5 to 9 minutes. The cigars took on the average for the various wind velocities and lengths all the way from 1 minute, 18 seconds to 4 minutes and 28 seconds.

"Foresters are seriously concerned over the smoker's hazard."

ANIMAL MYTHS

A COLLECTION OF THESE, suggested by questions received by the staff of the New York Zoological Garden, is given by Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the Department of Mammals and Reptiles, in an article, originally prepared as a radio talk, printed in *Science and Invention* (New York). Interest in animal life in this country is increasing, Mr. Ditmars tells us. He writes:

"There is a developing, humane, and sympathetic interest that is clearly indicated by the increasing mail received at the Zoological Park. We have to answer every kind of a query, from elephants being afraid of mice, through the mazes of hoop-snake myths, to toads producing warts. Let us consider a few of these superstitions:

"The first to be cited is that of the hoop-snake, alleged to take its tail in its mouth and roll down-hill—or propel itself along a road. There is no serpent in the world that in its habits even indicates a basis for the story. When alarmed or excited, some snakes may thrash around, and it is quite possible that they might accidentally grasp their tail in their mouth, but never with an idea of rolling away to safer regions. Nor has any snake in the world a sting in the tail. When correspondents have become insistent about the hoop-snake and power to sting with its tail, we have offered to pay a thousand dollars for even a young specimen that would perform. Twenty-five years of repetition of this offer have produced no hoop-snakes. In a similar fashion we dispose of the enthusiastic correspondent who insists he has records of seventy-five-foot boa-constrictors in the tropics. But in this instance the price being of alleged noble size, we are willing to increase the offer—even offering a thousand dollars for a dried, rolled skin.

"Next in order of the snake myths is that of the milk-snake. Many farmers firmly believe there is a specific kind of snake that lurks around the barns and steals milk from the cows by actually milking the stock. Some blame the black snake for this pernicious habit. There is no doubt that certain snakes may warrant suspicion by their persistent lurking around barns and dairies. They are rodent-destroying species, and gather near human habitations owing to the abundance of rats and mice around the farms. A fair-sized serpent, if it were to crave milk, would be limited to contain not more than half a pint of fluid within its stomach. As serpents feed, it would not repeat the meal before a week. An amount like this would produce no effect upon even a scrawny cow.

"Another query we receive is about horsehairs falling into a well and turning into snakes. This is explained by a singularly slender aquatic worm, technically known as *Gordius*, quite active, sometimes over a foot long and appearing like an animated horse-hair.

"A common query is about rattlesnakes committing suicide when cornered. There is a story to the effect that if a horse-hair lariat is thrown in a circle and a rattler placed inside that it will not cross the rope, but, striking its fangs deeply into its body, quickly dies from the deadly venom. All venomous serpents are immune to their respective poisons. In the excitement of capture they often strike this way and that, and wound themselves with the poisonous fangs, but there is no bad effect from such injuries.

"I have tried the horse-hair lariat experiment a number of times and have seen rattlers calmly crawl over the rope—in fact have not noted that they even hesitated. This also eliminates the myth about the sleeping cowboy on the plains, seeking protection from prowling rattlers by sleeping within a large ring of his lariat.

"We still have a few pet theories about snakes. One is that the mother serpent, accompanied by her litter of young, will 'call' them and quickly swallow the litter when threatened with danger. I have not an atom of belief in this persistently alleged habit. In the first place, the young serpents do not 'accompany' the mother. They are fully provided to look out for themselves and immediately scatter into the world, each for itself. It happens sometimes that the mother serpent, lured from the rocks by a genial sun, may be incidentally surrounded by some of her offspring. I have seen such serpent families, but as the observer approaches, there is a general gliding of each member of the group for respective shelter—every reptile for itself. If the mother were to hesitate and 'call' her brood, the time consumed in getting a parade of snakelets down her throat would be fatal.

"Incidentally, snakes do not 'call.' They have no power of hearing, as ordinary sounds go. I have never noted affection among parent serpents, either wild or in captivity, and am quite convinced that if young serpents ever reached the parent's stomach, they would be immediately smothered in the powerful gastric juices.

"Equally fallacious is the idea that a serpent charms a bird. Observations of an apparently benumbed bird near a serpent relate merely to a keenly alert, parent bird luring a snake from the nest. Many of us have noted an apparently wounded bird in the grass, dragging a wing, keeping a short distance ahead. Try to pick her up and observe how alert and quick she is, but she has accomplished her object in trailing you away from a litter of helpless young—as she does the snake.

"Another supposition is to the effect that if a snake is killed the mate will soon appear—and if it is poisonous, will seek vengeance upon the slayer. It seems a shame to explode this romantic theory and also to shatter the strength of a perfectly good poem which we hear recited nowadays, concerning the dreaded Dukite snake. The truth of the matter is that snakes do not travel in pairs, and where one is killed there is every indication that the victim has selected good ground to prowl for food, and other serpents may have scented prey and are covering the same grounds.

"A very common belief is that toads, if handled, will produce warts. This is a myth. While there is an irritating poison in the skin of the toad which produces a burning pain in cuts, and an inflammation that may last a few hours, no warts ever result from handling toads. This story probably originated in the warty appearance of the toad's skin.

"And now for a few fallacies regarding the larger animals. There is the old-time story about the elephant's fear of a mouse. I have never noted any indication of this, but have, on the contrary, seen mice and rats running through the hay in the elephant paddocks, and the big animals paying no attention.

"There is a query that we get by 'phone sometimes that sounds weird and creepy. This relates to singing mice. I put the question just as we receive it: Can a mouse sing? Many claim they have heard them, set a trap, caught the mouse, and it sang while in the trap! Here is a myth that isn't a myth. A mouse can not sing voluntarily, but certain mice become afflicted with a curious bronchial trouble that appears to become chronic, yet not serious enough to weaken the animal. The trouble in a way is similar to asthma, as it occurs at times—and during these periods the mouse wheezes, whistles, even appears to trill in a way that is quite musical."

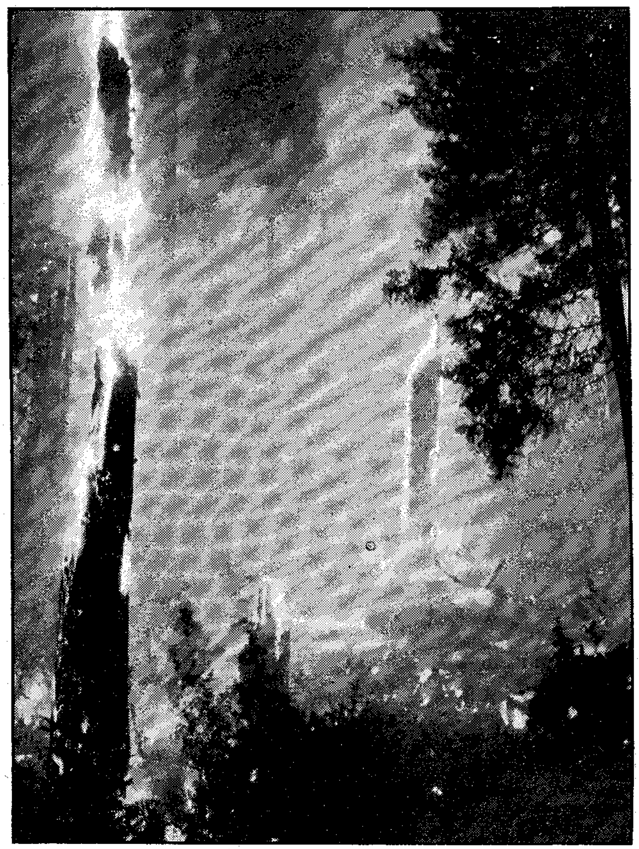
GERM-INFESTED SHIRTS—Sanitarians have found, according to *The Scientific American* (New York), that repeated washing with soap and water and drying in the sun constitute perhaps the best method that we have for eliminating infection on a large scale. It says:

"Recently, Gladys P. Winegar, of the University of Nebraska, determined to find out how many bacteria accumulated on underwear worn for a long period without washing. After the underwear was worn one day, the average count of bacteria per square inch was 400,000. The germs found were those usually found on the skin, particularly the pus-forming organisms that are associated with pimples and similar skin infections. More and more underwear is being eliminated from the modern feminine costume and the one-piece dress is worn with but a minimum of clothing beneath. This top dress is not washed or cleaned daily; in fact, not even weekly or monthly. Yet for the most part it is the garment which comes into constant contact with the skin of the shoulders and the upper portion of the chest. The increasing amount of minor infections of the skin of these regions may be associated with this constant contact of heavily germ-laden wearing apparel with the skin in the regions concerned."

PRESERVING NIAGARA

BEAUTY SPOT OR POWER PLANT? The modern answer appears to be "a little of both." Use the falls as far as possible for power development without injuring them as a spectacle. The engineer's old contention that beauty should be entirely sacrificed to utility has been abandoned, according to an editorial writer in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York). Says this paper:

"Many divergent views have been exprest on the preservation of Niagara Falls and the amount of water that may be diverted for power purposes. Some of these views came to the front at the recent meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers in Buffalo. But the most important part of the discussion there was the first official publication of the Special International Niagara Board's interim report. The board recommended the immediate undertaking of certain remedial measures in order to divert water from the center to the flanks of the Horseshoe Falls and to the American Falls, but it failed to express itself on whether more water may be diverted for power purposes without harm, after the remedial measures have been taken. This latter question ought to be answered squarely in the board's final report, since it is an inseparable part of the subject for whose study the board was instituted. The beauty of the Falls is at issue only because water is being drawn for power development, and because it is desirable to draw still more if it can be done without injuring the impressiveness of the great natural spectacle. The day is past when many people will agree with the view exprest by Lord Kelvin that the Falls should be laid bare to provide the maximum amount of power; but, on the other hand, few will go to the other extreme of maintaining that the Falls should be left untouched even tho they may be seriously injured by erosion, and even tho proper engineering measures will enable great amounts of power to be obtained without detracting from their beauty. It is only the extremists on either side who do not realize that the waters of Niagara have two distinct values, the esthetic and the power value. Somewhere between the two extreme views lies a point at which both purposes can be served without undue injury to either, and one of the greatest services the Special International Niagara Board could render would be to attempt to determine where that point lies."



Courtesy of the U S Forest Service

A FOREST FIRE AT NIGHT

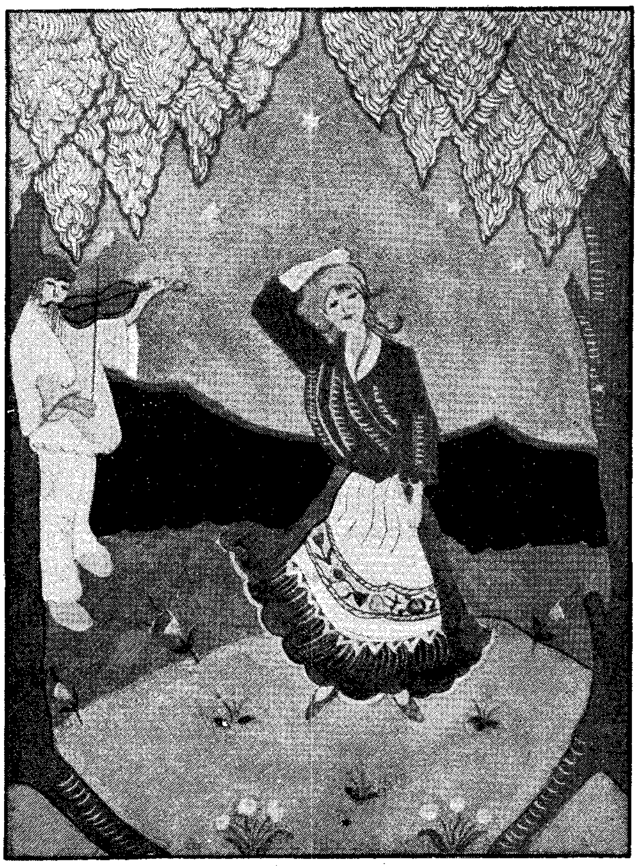
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

MUSIC OF THE "RAGGLE-TAGGLE GIPSIES"

HUNGARY IS THE ONLY EUROPEAN NATION which has not, except for short intervals, separated the gipsies from the rest of humanity and denounced them. This statement is made by Konrad Bercovici in his recently published "Story of the Gypsies" (Cosmopolitan Book Company). Yet the newspapers have of late recorded the fact that now Hungary is putting forth repressive measures to compel these people to cease their nomadic life and conform to the habits of the rest of the population. This, according to Mr. Bercovici, is one of the worst things that can happen to these liberty-loving people, who lend a fleeting color to the countryside of both continents. Health, and with it music, disappears from them under such conditions; and gipsy music has reached the highest expression in Hungary, according to the writer, of all the countries harboring these people without homes. There they have been welcome guests in the homes of peasants and the castles of barons, at the inns of villages as well as at the festivities of kings and princes. "The splendor of a wedding was reckoned by the number of gipsy musicians playing at it. At the balls of the barons and princes, the most famous gipsies led orchestras as large as those playing to-day in the great symphony halls of the capitals of the world." While listening to the greatest composers we are hearing unaware the music of gipsies. Mr. Bercovici writes:



Courtesy of the Cosmopolitan Book Company

THE GIPSIES HAVE COME TO TOWN

With music and dance they beguile the days, but our cold modern civilization would make mere citizens of them.

"Liszt, Sarasate, Brahms, Schubert, and other great composers have popularized gipsy music under their own signatures. Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies are but transcriptions of gipsy melodies that he had heard on the Hungarian and Roumanian plains.

"Some time ago, a gipsy band was playing at the Ambassador Hotel in New York. I went there one night with a group of friends. The men played beautifully, and my guests were very enthusiastic. Mr. Horace Liveright, the publisher, leaned over and said to me:

"'What they play is very beautiful and very touching. But, to enable me to judge of their quality as players, I should like to hear them play something I know. Would they play Liszt's "Rhapsody"?'

"I called the leader, and repeated to him my friend's wish. The eyes of the Tzigane gleamed with pleasure. He spoke to his band, five of whom were his own brothers. When the first chord was struck, the walls of the hall seemed to disappear. The ceiling was transformed into a blue sky sprinkled with silver. The music took us down into the very depths of the gipsy race. Our own veneer of civilization cracked. We were then lifted out of the depths by one powerful swing, and brought to such heights our dizzy heads pierced the skies to float above ethereal dream gardens. Never before, and seldom since, have I been so moved or shaken by anything I have heard or seen.

"When the music stopt, the last chord dumping us back on to this world, Horace Liveright, always a critic, remarked:

"'It was beautiful, marvelous. But it was not as Liszt wrote it.'

"I repeated these words to the leader. He raised himself to his full height, and said with great passion:

"'Is it my fault that Liszt was not able to put down the music on paper as he had heard it played by my fathers?'"

The gipsies of Hungary have held to their musical integrity, and made no effort to express the sentiments of their neighbors for whom they played. We read:

"Caring for no one but themselves, appreciating no one's feeling and no one's sentiments, the gipsy musician has exprest only his own sentiments, and exprest them so often and with such force that he has succeeded in imposing them upon his audiences.

"The character of the Hungarian was largely formed by the Tzigane musician. The Magyars have listened so often to gipsy music, it has transformed them into gipsies. Gipsy melodies have had an even greater penetrating power than intermarriage on a large scale would have had. And because, in some nebulous long ago, the two races once were one, the gipsies have succeeded in awakening such of the Magyars' dormant feelings as corresponded to their own.

"There is a sensible difference between the music of the Hungarian gipsies and that of the Roumanian gipsies.

"Unable to make themselves understood and appreciated with their own music, the Roumanian gipsies made concessions to the spirit of the people for whom they played, rhyming their own melodies to the conventional dance-figures of the Roumanians, and to the pastoral spirit of their songs. The rhythmical movement of the music of Roumanian gipsies is totally different from that of Hungarian gipsy music. In Hungary, the gipsies have not found it necessary to adopt other rhythms; they have sung their own Iliads, just as the *rhapsodos* of Greece once sang poems of Homer."

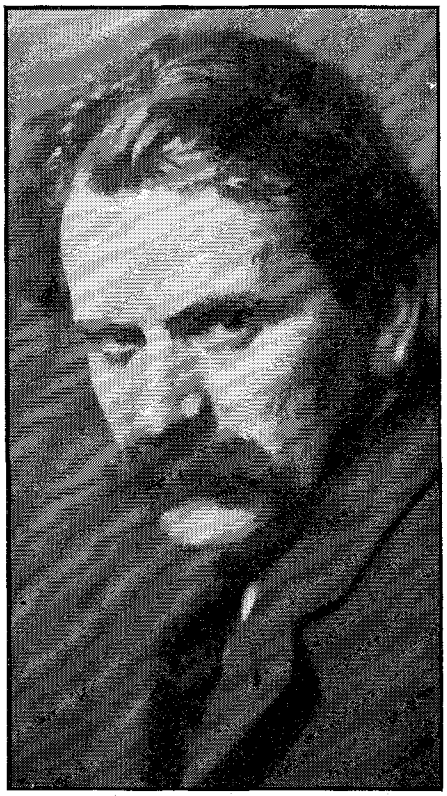
Csermack was a gipsy violinist and composer who gained great fame and much wealth, but these he suddenly forsook to wander through villages and towns, playing at inns and street corners for a piece of bread and a glass of wine. His story continues:

"Count Etienne Fai, a great admirer of gipsy music, who had known Csermack when the gipsy was at the height of his fame, told the following story:

"'Some time ago I listened with several musicians to a mass ordered by Count François Deszofy, who was himself a very fine organist. In the midst of the solemnity there appeared a man in rags. With burning eye and wild gesticulation, he tore the violin out of the hands of the orchestra leader, and, to the stupefaction of all present, played the rest of the music as if it were an inspiration of his own. At the end of the mass, when the stranger had put down the instrument of which he had possest himself, and was asked who he was, he answered with great pride, "Csermack!" We threw ourselves at his feet, begging him to come back to us.

"'Count Deszofy took him to his home and gave him garb more befitting such a man than the rags he was wearing. Far from being grateful, Csermack looked at us with disdain, and refused to play. It was only after we had got him half drunk with Tokay wine that he again took the violin in his hands. Paganini had never imprest me as much as Csermack did that day. The agility of his fingers and the perfection of his tone, the somber despair of his melodies sung more than the despair of a single man, more even than the despair of his race. It contained the despair of the whole world!'

"Yet Count Deszofy could not hold the violinist long. An unfortunate love-affair had wounded the gipsy's heart. Csermack, with his violin under his arm, continued to beg from house to house. When people were hospitable, he paid them with the divine tunes of his bow. When the hospitality of a home was more generous, he stopt for as long as they would have him, even doing menial services in the kitchen or the stable. But he seldom stopt longer than a few days, and never consented to sleep indoors. Nothing in the world could make him return to civilized life and end his wandering."



Courtesy of Doubleday, Doran & Company

THE GIPSY "CHAL"

Or friend, Konrad Bercovici, who has traveled far and wide with gipsies and learned more of their secrets than any other writer.

"DAVY'S" RANCH—They call "Davy" in the intimacy of the family circle, and if we were not showing on our cover a scene from his Alberta ranch, where the Prince of Wales retires when he can to escape the restraints of his official life, we should never think of referring thus familiarly to the future King of England. Mr. Leonard M. Davis, the American painter, born in Winchenden, Massachusetts, has done some thirty different canvases from scenes on the Prince's ranch, five of which the Prince purchased. Mr. Davis has been as far afield for his subjects as Alaska and the Canadian Rockies. The Montreal *Daily Star* thus speaks of him:

> "Mr. Davis is first and foremost a colorist. He has a remarkable eye for delicate nuances in morning mists, evening shadows, the glory of dawn and the burning splendor of the sunset. But it is in the skill with which he succeeds in making the beholder realize the spirit of the scene depicted that his work is most impressive. There is about these pictures a vivid atmosphere that proves almost magnetic. You find yourself realizing the landscape on canvas; you are not merely looking at a picture; you are feeling it, too.
>
> "If the E. P. Ranch holds a tithe of the beauties Mr. Davis shows on his sketches, it is small wonder the Prince finds it a good place to enjoy recreation and rest. To those who have never seen the Canadian West, the colors may seem too vivid, too rich, too gorgeous, in some instances, but those who have traveled through the West will realize that Mr. Davis has been guilty of no exaggeration, but has set down the truth as he saw it. There is a feast of beauty in the paintings, which, incidentally, are all palet knife work, Mr. Davis using no brushes."

GIVE AND TAKE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

ENGLAND AND AMERICA have the misfortune of speaking the same language; consequently we can't understand each other. Or perhaps we understand each other too well for amity. So a distinguished English writer thinks, and he explains how we get on better with Frenchmen and Italians because we never fathom the *arrières pensées* behind their politeness. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has provoked this retort from Mr. Stacy Aumonier by an indictment of the English manner of treating Americans humorously. Mr. Lewis gives a "straight talk" in *The Evening Standard* (London) on the subject of the English *Babbitt*, whose journalistic habit is that of "thrusting everything with which he is unfamiliar into pigeon-holes, and then of being funny about it." Mr. Lewis's "world copyright" warning at the end of his article forbids us to quote at any length, but he will probably permit us to cite one of the effusions that stirs his wrath. It is the imaginary conversation between certain English persons and an American tourist on an English railway train, the American representing not the era of *Martin Chuzzlewit* but the present of Thornton Wilder and James Branch Cabell and Ezra Pound. Here is how the English think we talk:

> "'Say, bo, that's some baby. Let him spill the beans. It's all hunky-dink with me. I'll tell the world I'm used to questionnaires. . . . Buddy, don't you savvy English? . . . Say, mister, you ain't neglectin' the kid's education, I hope? It gives me the willies when a kid ain't wise to the good old mother-tongue. . . .
>
> "'Yale was my college, mister, and if we don't larn English thar, pure and undefiled, you can dog my cats. . . . You've slobbered a bibful, mister. I'll tell the world. Put it thar! England and the States will fight side by side in the next war, you bet.'"

We are to understand that this American learned his English at Yale—"a recent frontier institution only 225 years old—and in tradition, since its founders and its first dons were themselves English university men, quite as old as Oxford." Mr. Lewis tries his hand in reprisal, asking what would be the reaction in his English readers were he to present a graduate of Oxford as saying:

> "'Ow, blimy, so I ayn't heddicated, ayn't I? Ow, not 'arf! And me as tuk honners in Hoxford and as plys cricket better than wot Jack 'Obbs do!'
>
> "Would you regard it as uncommonly funny? Or would you hint that tho I am a kind husband and an admirable motorist, as a humorist I was not so happily cast?"

Even *Punch*, "the most literate as well as the cleverest of all humorous weeklies," makes an American address his son in such weirdly accented English as this:

> "'Say, Junior, cut that out. RE-member you're in ancient England, and probably ASS-isting at a medieval cere-MONY!"

Mr. Lewis contends that accuracy might be employed even in humor, and believes that "if Britain and America are ever to attain a real partnership, it must be based on reality." He will grant us one more quotation, representing his personal address to his hosts:

"We Americans are not, 100 per cent. of us, the tall, brave, idealistic, hospitable innovators that your politicians describe at love-feasts of the English-Speaking Union. But also we are not, 100 per cent., the gold-toothed, beaming, loud-mouthed clodhoppers that so very much of British humor makes us. And you, thank heaven, are neither the intolerably saintly heroes that the Anglo-Maniacs find you, nor the unfriendly snobs that your enemies pretend to think you."

Mr. Lewis traveled through England in a gipsy van, and picked up here and there what he regards as the real English spirit. Mr. Aumonier says he should have settled down in one country-side and let the English heart reveal itself through continued intimate association. He writes:

"To get to know English rural life it were far better to go on foot, and to stay at some small village for several weeks, so that one not only gets to know the people a little, but they get to know you, and become confiding.

"It seems strange that right away in the heart of England he remains sensitive, indeed one may say touchy, not about himself, but about America. His ear seems to be forever on the ground listening for insults against his native country. And suddenly he blazes up into a fury because he comes across a vulgar parody of an American in one of our satirical journals. He forgets his genuine love of England, he forgets that he is studying our rural life, he becomes the real 'Red Lewis.' He wants to fight and chastise. . . .

"But in this attitude there seems to lie one of the essential differences between Englishmen and Americans. In England, it has become so ingrained in us that, taking things for all in all, we are the most superior race in the world, that the opinion of the foreigner on this subject does not interest us. We are only interested sometimes to see whether some particular foreigner has the wit to appreciate the fact. But the American is always on edge to know what you think of America. This betrays a strange lack of confidence.

"The fact is that the average modern American is too modest. He doesn't think enough of himself. That which is often called American swank is for the most part sheer nervousness. He is like a man on a dark country road, who, because he is afraid of the dark, sings or shouts in a challenging voice. This touchiness of Sinclair's is symptomatic of the whole race. Americans must try to think more of themselves."

Mr. Aumonier thus dwells on the handicap suffered in the two peoples speaking the same language:

"There are differences in the vernacular, but generally speaking we understand the meaning of what each other writes and says. And in this respect the nice things are taken for granted and become dispersed, while the unkind and tactless things are looked out for and have a way of accumulating. If you go to a foreign country where you don't speak the language, and you spend your time nodding and smiling at the natives, and they nod and smile back at you, you come away feeling that you and your country are extremely popular there.

"But this sense of popularity becomes more diluted the more you understand of the language. I am quite sure, for instance, that if the hundreds of thousands of English tourists who pour into France understood half the things the French say about them, the *entente* (to say the least of it) would not be so *cordiale.* as it is. The situation in this case, however, is slightly eased by the fact that Frenchmen never come to England. If they have to, for some business or enforced reason, they seem to prance about the country in a state of panic. The only thing that appears to interest them over here is the time of the next boat-train back to Paris.

"But Americans do come here. They come very often with feelings of awe and reverence, and then they find that we can't make coffee, that we don't drink ice-water, that the food in country hotels is appalling, that the manageresses of these hotels are female crows, that our plumbing is out of date, that we have no central-heating, in fact, hardly any of the comforts of modern life. It is no good telling them that we like things like that. We are so darn superior we don't bother about food, we don't drink coffee, we don't like overheated rooms, the plumbing that was good enough for Nelson is good enough for Mr. Baldwin. They just won't believe us, and then they come across a jibe about themselves in a comic paper and they offer up prayers of thankfulness for the Declaration of Independence. I don't know I'm sure what's to be done about it."

BACK TO THE "PURPLE PATCH"

TO CALL RHETORIC a "noble art" is to set one's self up as a target for the shots of the realist. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, however, dares to speak in its behalf. "It has for a long while been fashionable to decry 'tall-writing' in serious prose or even more damningly to dismiss it as a taken-for-granted fault," he writes in the London *Daily Mail.* Intellectual weeklies, he points out, will run such condemnation "alongside the most exorbitant language about a concert in Queen's Hall, or a new contraceptive novel, or anything suggested to a new poet by something in a pond." Sir Arthur, being a lecturer on rhetoric, does not sit by gladly and see his profession decried. So he writes:

"For the present rhetoric is under the weather, save on political platforms—the humbug of which most decent Englishmen have learnt to despise, and the more to despise when they see former hopes chained to a body of corruption. But, apart from this, the mass accumulation and press of business forbid rhetoric in Parliament. There was never quite enough time for a Burke in the British Senate. There is now no room. Even in the ordinary County Council, on which more and more business is being heaped, the quarterly agenda-paper with reports of committees will occupy some hundreds of pages—all to be disposed of at a sitting. What room for oratory here?

"Then take sermons. Can we, in these days of Sunday golf and escape-from-business, even conceive of that appetite in our forefathers which drew them to throng and stand on their feet and listen rapturously for an hour and three-quarters to a sermon by Dean Donne in Old St. Paul's? Take the theater. Shakespeare's audiences loved rhetoric so much that all listened expectant when, for example, *Wolsey* was left solus and—he pausing a moment, the theater hushed—began his farewell to all his greatness. Rhetoric was coming, with such elocution and gesture as the actor could compass, actor helping playwright to pay this due which custom prescribed. . . .

"Thus there grew and persisted a fine tradition of oratory on our British stage—until 'realism' destroyed it. Conventional it may have been: unsuited to modern drama, whether to the woes of mechanics or to smart back-chat, it undoubtedly is; but at least it was articulate, it rendered the accent and music of Shakespeare audibly, and from the lips of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson or Dame Ellen Terry (*hodie deflenda*) it was a delight to hear. (I recall a performance of 'Romeo and Juliet' in which, barring the shaky yet distinct vocables of Ellen Terry as *Nurse,* not one articulate line reached the stalls during the three acts I had the fortitude to endure. All others in the cast, who should have been 'matched in mouth like bulls,' mumbled confused, hard-hearted noises. They were afraid of Shakespeare.)

"Rhetoric, in fine, persists among us, but in that most conservative of all our institutions, the Law Courts, protected by wigs and protracted to a fine Athenian length by fees. In our prose writing we funk it as our actors funk Shakespeare: and the 'purple patch' has become anathema."

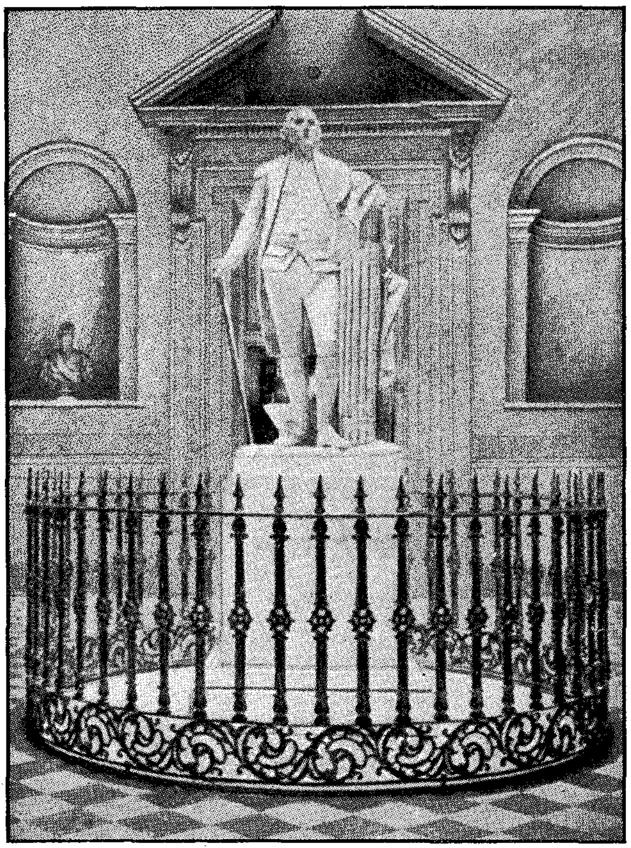
Sir Arthur quotes Longinus, "who worshiped noble diction, and has left us a priceless little tractate upon it":

"'Elsewhere I have written that "sublimity of speech is the echo of a noble soul. . . ." It is by all means necessary to point this out—that the truly eloquent must be free from base and ignoble or ill-bred thoughts. Great accents we expect to fall from the lips of those whose thoughts are dignified.' The late Earl of Oxford and Asquith exemplified this virtue for us.

"By temperament, however, he avoided as a rule the purple patch; and it is the purple patch I would defend here, as I tried to defend it some two or three years ago in my preface to a certain 'Oxford Book of English Prose.' Literature, after all, is memorable speech: just that and no more (as I am always preaching at Cambridge to those who honor me as listeners), words worthy to be stored up in memory, writing, print, for our mental or spiritual improvement, language being the divinest of human gifts and apart from music and the pictorial arts the one vehicle more malleable than either, of expressing his deepest thoughts and emotions. In this simple conception nice distinctions—definitions, for instance, of the 'proper' limits between poetry and prose—simply disappear. It suffices that something has been said which in itself or for its manner our fellows hold worthy of record, for their good. And in practise literature, even prose literature, will be found much more on the side of the purple patch than most people nowadays assume."

SETTLING THE STATUS OF HOUDON'S "WASHINGTON"

THOSE WHO GO IN SEARCH of the statue of Washington by Houdon may find it in various places. We were under the impression that this work was to be found in Washington, and so stated in an article on the famous sculptor, in our issue of September 8. Such, indeed, is the case, but it is only a bronze replica of the original marble which stands in the State Capitol at Richmond, Virginia. Perhaps it was worth while making the blunder to elicit the patriotic protests of loyal Virginians who have written us, claiming credit for the original ownership of the Washington statue. One correspondent has furnished us with a photograph of the statue, which we reproduce for the benefit of our readers. Another has kindly given us a transcript from the statute books of Virginia, showing how the statue has gone forth from its original home, and also how its replica may be secured to grace the halls of any other commonwealth who covets the likeness of the Father of his Country.



Courtesy of Southern Bargain House. Inc.

WASHINGTON IN RICHMOND

The original by Houdon, from which replicas have been made for other places in the United States and France.

"The original marble, being Houdon's statue of Washington made from life, is located in the rotunda of the Virginia State Capitol at Richmond.

"This statue was made by Houdon in pursuance of a resolution for procuring a statue of General Washington, passed by the House of Delegates of Virginia, June 22, 1784, and approved by the Senate of Virginia, June 24, 1784, set out in Henning's Statutes at Large, Vol. 11, page 552. This statute sets forth the inscription to be placed on the monument, which inscription is now on the pedestal of the monument in Richmond.

"Subsequently, by Act passed March 21, 1851, set out in Acts of Assembly of Virginia for 1850-51, page 212, an Act was passed authorizing plaster casts to be taken from the said statue to be distributed among the several collegiate institutions of the Commonwealth, so as to guard against any mutilation or destruction of the original statue.

"Subsequently, by Act, passed January 14, 1853, set out in the Acts of Assembly of Virginia for 1852-53, William J. Hubard of the City of Richmond was given the exclusive right to take such casts for a period of seven years, with the reservation to the Legislature of Virginia to take such casts, and with the provision that the Act could be repealed at the pleasure of the General Assembly.

"Subsequently, by Act passed March 8, 1856, set out in Acts of Assembly of Virginia for 1855-56, the Governor of Virginia was authorized to contract with said Hubard for a bronze cast of Houdon's statue of Washington, to be placed at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and was authorized to pay $10,000 for the same.

"Subsequently, by Act passed March 13, 1903, and set out in Virginia Acts of Assembly for 1902-3-4, page 81, a commission was appointed to furnish a statue of General Lee to be placed in the National Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington.

"Subsequently, by Act passed February 20, 1908, set out in Acts of Assembly for 1908, page 49, the said 'Lee Statue Commission' was continued with power to have made a replica or a modified copy in bronze of the Houdon statue of George Washington, with a suitable pedestal and suitable inscription, and have same placed in Statuary Hall at Washington.

"Subsequently, by Act passed March 17, 1910, set out in Virginia Acts of Assembly for 1910, page 534, the General Assembly of Virginia appropriated $4,000 for the purpose of procuring a replica of the Houdon statue from the molds owned by the State, and presenting the same on behalf of Virginia to the Republic of France.

"By Act passed March 14, 1912, set out in Virginia Acts of Assembly for 1912, page 675, the Rector and Visitors of the University of Virginia were authorized to have a bronze statue cast of the Houdon statue for the grounds of the University to be made from the molds owned by the State, and in the custody of the Gorham Manufacturing Company at Providence, Rhode Island.

"By Act passed March 24, 1914, set out in Virginia Acts of Assembly for 1914, page 413, the Gorham Manufacturing Company was authorized to make reproductions of the Houdon statue of Washington from the molds in its possession for any national, State, territorial, county, or municipal government, or for any university, college, art gallery, etc., or for any patriotic society, etc., provided that there shall be on the plinth of every such copy a facsimile of the great seal of the State of Virginia, together with an inscription reading: 'Copied from the original by Houdon in the State Capitol at Richmond by special permission of the General Assembly of Virginia'; and provided that the approval of the Governor of Virginia be first obtained, and provided that the Gorham Manufacturing Company shall pay $500 to the Treasury of the State of Virginia for the credit of the Library Fund for each copy so made.

"It is therefore evident that the original marble statue of Washington made by Houdon is in the Rotunda of the State Capitol at Richmond, and not in Statuary Hall at Washington.

"I have listed some of the Acts of the General Assembly of Virginia in regard to this piece of marble, thinking it might be of interest.

"Very truly yours,
"CHARLES HALL DAVIS."

North Carolina, it seems, once claimed the first statue of Washington, having engaged "the great Canova," in 1816, to make one. But this claim is rebutted in a letter to the Greensboro *Record:*

"Knowing as I did that the famous Houdon statue of Washington was erected at a much earlier date, and that the spirit of Virginia had prompted action immediately after the close of the war, but not certain as to exact dates, I wrote to Dr. McIlfaine, State librarian of Virginia, requesting him to give me the information I lacked.

"I copy his reply: 'Captain Ashe is evidently mistaken. We have in our capitol here in Virginia the Houdon statue of Washington, which was modeled from life. Houdon arrived at Mount Vernon the third of October, 1785, and returned to Paris in January, 1786. The contract made by the State of Virginia allowed him three years to complete the statue. He completed it in 1788. The new capitol was not, however, ready for its reception until 1796. It reached Philadelphia in April, 1796, arrived in Richmond in May, and was erected on the 14th day of May, 1796.' B. B. BOULDIN."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

RELIGION AS BEAUTY

RELIGION IS ESSENTIALLY a problem in esthetics, claims a devotee of the beautiful, and the failure to perceive this, he believes, explains what he calls the drag that seems to have been laid so heavily on religious life in America. It is a new insight into the causes of our delinquencies, and is worth our examination. None, perhaps, will deny that the fulfilment of the Christian life is a complete expression of beauty, a complete harmony, or that its opposite is a sin of bad taste at the least. John Hyde Preston, who is an author and a frequent contributor to *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, which is published at the University of Virginia, links esthetics, religion, and philosophy together as different manifestations of the desire to live beautifully. The true mission of the clergy and the Church, then, he writes in the Virginia quarterly, is to assimilate the qualities and forces of life and to turn them for men into materials of beauty. "The failure to do this is incompetence, the failure to face life eagerly and with insatiable curiosity." Man's greatest joy, we read, comes from the beautiful and the pursuit of the beautiful—"little matter whether his joy be in art, in science, or even in a fine game of tennis." As Mr. Preston sees it:

> "It seems, then, that a primary and vital emphasis of the Church must be on the importance of outward beauty and esthetic ritual—without which no faith can survive for long the onslaughts of modern logic. For man must build into his churches the essence of all the beauty that he knows, that which gives his soul its clear delight—the beauty of far seacoasts, of deep, majestic forests, of mountains and streams and sunlight, and long, strange nights when there is a moon. It is a memorial to his capacity for love. And it returns all that he has put into it—as a legacy for future generations."

It is its conception of beauty, says Mr. Preston as a non-adherent, that gives the Roman Catholic Church such a strong and definite appeal. "We may not be able to accept all the premises of the Roman Church," he says, "we may not, perhaps, be able to accept any of them; but we can and do accept its magnificent transformation of the baser metals of life into what Pater loved to call 'the beauty of holiness.' The appeal to the senses and to the emotions is stronger in most of us than the appeal to the intellect. To the first, Catholicism directs its best energies: the first is what American Protestantism comparatively denies, and instead attempts to make its address to logic and the moral idea." But no logic, says Mr. Preston, "can prove the truth of so delicate a thing as faith; it can only serve to help direct our attitude toward life, to purge impurities of reception; it is, in short, but a branch of esthetics." Man loves ritual, believes Mr. Preston, and he quotes Carlyle as saying that "decoration is the first spiritual want of the barbarian." As for himself, Mr. Preston writes:

> "I do not wish to exaggerate the importance of esthetic ritual; but if I should, it would be a rare error indeed, for the general tendency in America is to underrate it *ad absurdum*. I would not say that the lack of it is the main weakness of religion in our country; I say it is one weakness; but I say further that almost the whole weakness is in some defect in the larger esthetics. I do maintain, however, that the material beauty of the church—the beauty of the music, of the liturgy, of the flowing garments of the priests, and certainly the beauty of the architecture—is a vital essence of faith which it is totally mortal to ignore. Jesus knew its importance; He is one of the few men who have. Of all people, He would be the most disgusted with the charity organizations which modern men call religions. You will remember how, shortly before His death, Mary Magdalene came to Him and poured priceless perfumes in His hair; and when the disciples protested, saying that its cost should go to the poor and the sick, Jesus waved them away and spoke of how much greater were the spiritual needs of man than the material, and pointed out how the woman's act was a form of religious love. That is a vital starting-point of Christ's outlook. But many people do not like to hear of that incident; they do not wish to understand it. They think that if a donkey lives in a bare stall, there is no reason why he should not worship in one also. The logical followers of creeds of morality are satisfied at least with lecture halls, wherein to expound the Gospel. But Bible-bouncing is not faith, nor a means to faith; it is only a piece of unintelligent hokum. Misconceiving the very basis of their religion, these people only serve, for the most part, to make it ugly and rather repellent; and of all religious sins, I can imagine none so unforgivable.
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> "That is a failure in outward esthetics surely; but principally it is a failure in the inward, or spiritual, esthetics, thus affecting the outward. It is not good logic even, because logic is impossible without a background of governing esthetics to direct and temper the materials of thought. It is simply bad taste, or what I like to call vulgarity.
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> "A famous Church of England man, whose life had been almost entirely spent among the social workers of London's haunting East End, said to me once, while we were listening to the organ at St. Thomas's, that church music is 'a sacrament—one of the greatest of all sacraments.' All the suffering and hideous mortality he had seen had not killed, but only strengthened, his faith in that."

But modern Christianity, says this writer, has conceived a mass of "outside" obligations, a mass of moralities, a mass of "surfaces."

> "We do not reflect that this is probably just as far from the real Christianity as were the contorted and grotesque superstitions of Medievalism. Perhaps the advance of science will show this much to us; perhaps not. At least it will serve to destroy some absurdities. The people who fear science are only those whose whole faith is based upon religious conventions and formalities. The people who do not fear science are those whose faith is based upon what science can not touch—the mystic experience, the adventures of the soul, and the needs of man's esthetic nature.
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> "It is on these last things that the edifice of religion in the modern world must stand. The artificial foundations and the jerry-built houses of those who professionally misconceive the mission of faith, science will sweep away. Perhaps when the storm of modern revolt has cleared the sky, we may see much that we thought holy devastated, and we shall have left only the great, eternal properties, on which we may build anew our belief.
>
> "And the groundwork of all our building must be esthetics. Beauty is the only permanent, yet ever-exciting, satisfaction known to man; and religion, to endure, must be exactly that satisfaction. If it were not, and had not always been, beautiful—and had depended instead upon mere transitory misconceptions of it, like philanthropy or social service—it would centuries ago have been ancient history; for it would have been a duty, not a creation; and no duty, however seeming-noble, can hold men's minds for long. But the creative process (which religion must be) has the fascination illimitable and undefinable, and in it man finds his profoundest ecstasy and 'that content surpassing wealth.' Our whole skill lies in sifting the best from our spiritual and material being, in a kind of Epicurean discrimination, and then erecting our true life upon that. . . .
>
> "As St. Francis found God in his beloved birds and fields, so we can find God in what we love best among the functions and adventures of this life, and only there. For what is true of life is true of religion also; and there can be no true life or religion without a vital 'starting-point,' or what I have called the esthetic foundation. For when our esthetics falters, our religion falters also. It is only at the point where life may be conceived of as a great work of art, as a labor of the artist's hands, and as an everlasting memorial to the spirit of beauty in all things—it is only at this point that man can find at last his religion and his only true salvation."

OPPORTUNITY IN DISASTER

THE APPALLING HURRICANE DISASTER in the Caribbean and our own southeastern peninsula reminds us that beyond the emergency relief immediately demanded arise social problems which necessitate not only prolonged constructive relief in mitigating suffering and poverty which will continue long after the elements have finished their havoc, but the building of a better order out of the chaos. Referring to these problems, James L. Fieser, vice-chairman of the nation's great relief agency, tells us in *The Red Cross Courier*, published by the American National Red Cross in Washington, D. C., that "every disaster, large or small, is attended by economic displacements which have a direct bearing upon the families who make up the community or neighborhood life of the affected areas. These disturbances, in greater or lesser degree, influence transportation, communications, finance, agriculture, trade, employment, and security of land and home ownership. At the same time there is shock to family life, education, religion, recreation, sanitation, and normal living in other phases." The social fabric is tumbled about and disjointed in wholesale. For instance, in the field of agriculture, in a disaster primarily rural, merely feeding and repairing, says Mr. Fieser, is not sufficient. The population is dependent for its long look ahead upon what crops it can raise. It may depend upon cotton, wheat, corn, fruit, truck, cattle, poultry, or some one other thing for its money crop. For this reason, we read, the Red Cross had a major concern in the productivity of the 1,800,000 acres in the Mississippi Valley which were planted with seed purchased by it. Where necessary the Red Cross even helped with insecticides to preserve the crops. It had vital interest in the rescue, care, and return of 200,000 head of cattle, and countless work animals in the seven States. It was interested in diversified crops. If one failed, the others would help hold the family line of support. It preferred to give fewer but better cattle, hogs, and chickens. Where it was not possible to paint them, it whitewashed the repaired and new houses. It was interested in the ultimate educational value of these and hundreds of other similar steps because, in the long run, rehabilitation would be more certain to last longer. The standard of living is another social problem. For example:

"In some disaster areas, such as some of the plantation country or the eastern Kentucky flood, many families invite pellagra by a normal diet consisting of the 'three M's'—meat, meal, and molasses—and fat meat at that. The consumption of fresh vegetables and other vitamin-laden foods, many of which can be grown in the shadow of the average house, is, in many places, actually a matter of education to new standards, through the use of spare time on gardening and backyard fruit growing, within the reach of practically all.

"Many of these economic factors apply to the city also. I, however, stress the country deliberately. After visiting many hundred communities and every State in the Union, I do not hesitate to say that the slums of America and poverty and illiteracy are by no means confined to our cities. City social problems have no doubt been materially increased by the great migration from the country to the city which is still at high tide. Social understanding and intelligence in rural America is part of the need in agricultural advance.

"The necessities of thousands of refugees to be housed temporarily, perhaps a hundred miles from home, are brought into bold relief by the process. Some of the 330,000 refugees of the Mississippi flood were housed in our larger camps. Looking back at it now I can see the social problems incident to suddenly building a city of from 5,000 to 30,000 rural people—men, women, and children—where no city stood before, and making it work at once without the benefit of years of experience in living together or the benefit of city ordinances and the other things we build up as safeguards in our town and city life. The new citizens of these emergency towns were rural-minded. They usually represented two races and often two languages, English and French. They frequently were illiterate, and were without experience in cooperative living, such as we have built up for self-preservation in our cities. To match this problem we must provide food and shelter, control disease, conduct health examinations, immunize against communicable disease, get parking space for cattle and household effects, put in water supply, drainage, lay out the fields into city blocks, set up sanitary provisions, organize refuse disposal, bathing and laundry facilities, fire protection, policing, lights, recreation, opportunity for meetings by church and other groups, where possible, start some educational activities and pick out leaders from the refugees themselves, who will help us to produce service for these thousands by to-morrow that our town meetings and city councils have been arguing about for decades."

Fox News from Acme

IN THE HURRICANE'S TRAIL

The problem of relief is not one merely of rebuilding. In addition to the material disturbance, there has been "shock to family life, education, religion, sanitation, and normal living in other phases," which must be met. The photograph is of a débris-strewn street in San Juan, Porto Rico.

Any disaster, says Mr. Fieser, lifts the lid off the social structure and permits us to see what makes the wheels go round or what prevents their motion, as the case may be. "No community hit by a disaster," we read, "will ever be the same again because the public at large and the people affected discover things which they never knew before or about which they were indifferent. They start to progress through new wants and new standards of social and economic life." To continue:

"In time of disaster one can often, with lasting benefit, meet social problems in bulk or wholesale instead of retail. The record of the Midwestern tornado and the Florida hurricane in health preservation was enlarged upon in the Mississippi flood States. Our people immunized 410,000 people against typhoid. Smallpox vaccine was administered to 163,000. Malaria was attacked with millions of quinin capsules, trainloads of crude oil, thousands of screens where none had been before, and mosquito netting by the storeful. Pellagra was fought by a distribution of hundreds of thousands of packets of garden seed, and by what was probably the widest use of raw yeast by any comparable group of pellagra victims to date. Daily inspection was made in camp. Communicable disease victims were hospitalized or segregated. Why wait for disaster to do some of these?

"Health interest generally took a step forward with the result that the United States Public Health Service, the Rockefeller Foundation and the State Boards of Health, working in coöperation with local authorities, have organized almost 100 county health units, each on a basis of assured financial support for an eighteen-months' period. As in many other disasters, health as a social objective is better understood and supported than ever before. In disasters the progress has been toward better child care, milk control, and in corrective clinics for those injured. . . .

"It is gratifying to see the progress in social understanding brought about through disaster work. Thousands of people, annually, through service on disaster committees, become volunteer spokesmen for social-work principles where social work never existed before. This helps to bring us all closer together as one family concerned with human betterment. These mounting reinforcements to our numbers are helping to turn disaster relief measures into assets whose dividends are certain through the years."

COMMUNIST CRITICISM OF THE CHURCH

THE CHURCH IS A PRETTY conscienceless institution, if we are to believe all the crimes charged against it by the Young Communist International. For these youthful zealots, who were prevented by the Dutch and German governments from attending the recent convention in Eerde, Holland, of the World Congress of Youth for Peace, charge the Church with being an organ of bourgeoisie reaction, with aiding the classes in exploiting the masses, and with manufacturing sentiment for both sides in the World War. It is the familiar Communist cry. However, this heavily burdened indictment may be turned to good advantage in that we may learn the point of view of Communist youth, and thus be able, we read, to point out the errors under which they labor. On the other hand, it enables us also, we are told, to see that some of the criticism is valid. Writing in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist), Walter W. Van Kirk, Associate Secretary of the Commission on International Justice and Good-Will of the Federal Council of Churches, suggests that we permit these Soviet young people to speak for themselves, and he gives us some paragraphs from the "Reply of the Young Communist International to Questions Regarding Religion and Morality," which was sent to the Congress in Holland. To begin with, the youthful Communists state that "the toiling youth of the Soviet Union is now, to a large extent, inclined toward atheism," and then turn to the attack:

> "All present religions and religious organizations are organs of bourgeois reaction, and serve for the protection of exploitation. The bourgeoisie itself in no way allows itself to be directed, in its business affairs, by the morality, humility, and meekness preached by the Gospels. But it urges this morality on the masses.
>
> "The masses of the people must know how the religious organizations have worked in the epoch of imperialist wars, how effective they have been in the name of religion and holy morality for the interests of the capitalists.
>
> "The imperialist war was a war for interests foreign to those of the toiling masses, it was for the interests of the capitalists. This made it necessary for the classes interested in the war to conceal the real aims of the war. Political and religious agitation was one of the means used for this purpose. This agitation gave the ruling classes the opportunity of obscuring the minds of the masses, and prevented their realization that the war was being conducted for interests foreign to their own. The religious factor played a big rôle in all past wars, and particularly in the imperialist war. In the conquest policy of Russian absolutism in the nineteenth century, the slogan was very often issued: 'Fight to free the sepulcher of the Lord!' In the imperialist war, the following slogans were issued: 'For God, Kaiser, and Fatherland!' 'God be with us!' 'For Culture, Civilization, and Morality!' and these slogans likewise were a means of veiling the real character of the war.
>
> "Community of religion, nevertheless, never prevented Christians from warring on Christians. During the imperialist war the religious organizations carried on a tremendous agitational and propaganda activity, both in the hinterland and at the front. This included prayers for victory over the enemy, blessing of weapons of destruction, offering of church and monastery property for war purposes, manufacture of miracles (the Mother of God in the clouds calling for struggle, crosses in the sky, etc.), tales about the persecution of the devout by the enemy, of the profanation of churches, etc., agitation for war loans, work among the youth of military age, agitation for war in the religious press."

Not only did the Church not resist war, but, on the contrary, in all countries, continues the statement, it adapted its religions, religious actions, teachings and texts to the purposes of war. "We see, therefore," say the young Communists, "that the pacifism of the sects is very sharply contradicted by their real actions. In reality, sectarianism serves the exploiters, and at the proper moment they will find plenty of Bible passages to justify robber wars." The statement goes on to say that the Christian pacifist's prayers for peace effect no good so long as the bourgeoisie prepares for war. The masses, we are told, are merely deluded into submission to the capitalists. Finally, then, we read:

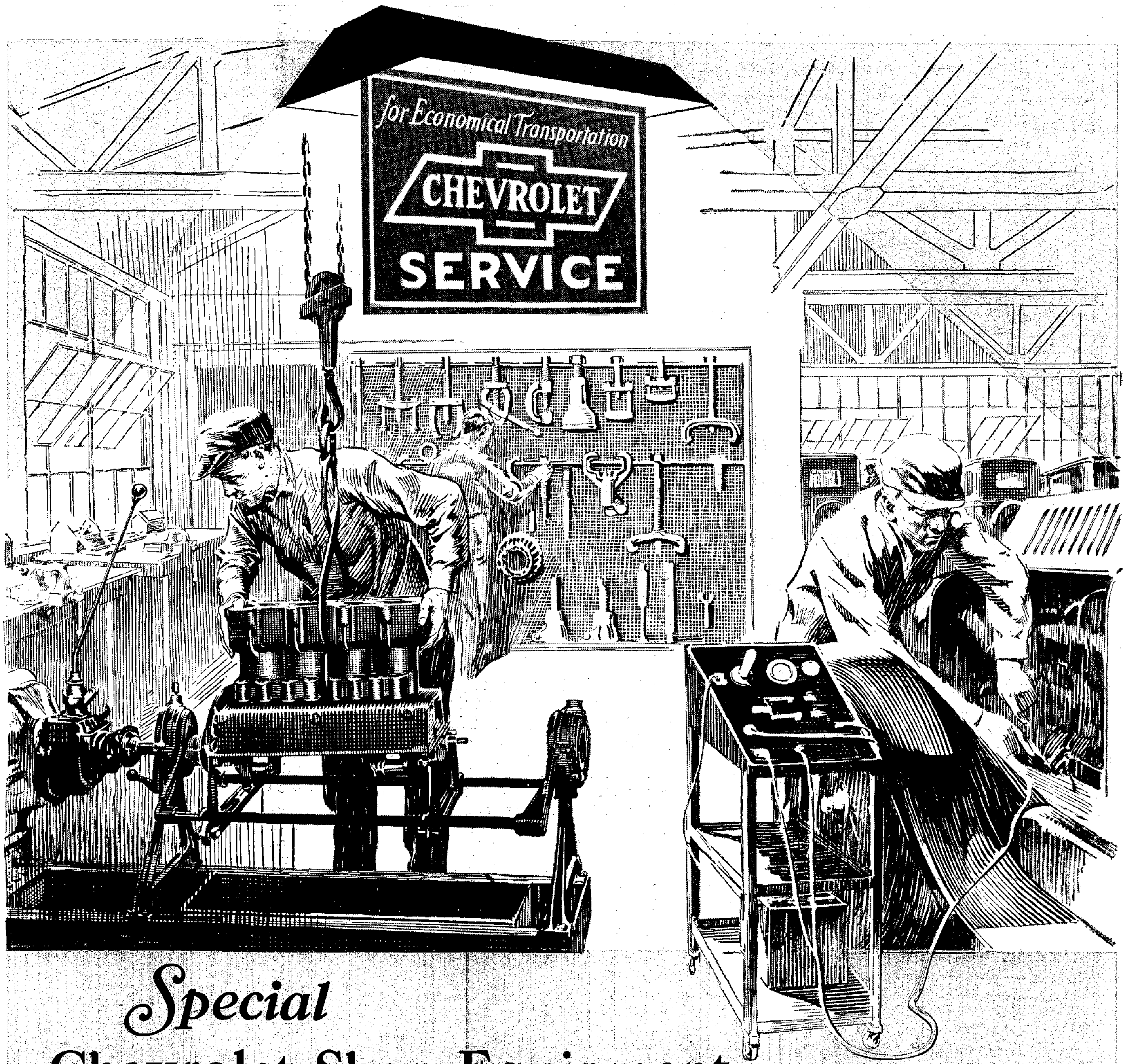
> "The task of the youth consists in recognizing clearly the class rôle of every religion and of all religious organizations which directly or indirectly defend the exploitative order, which opposed the labor movement, and which ratify both war and colonial plunder. The idea of resisting war through the means of religion is a harmful Utopian notion. In so far as the exploiting class has State power in its hands, and through this State power controls and directs the ideological life of society, the ruling class is always able, whenever necessary, to exploit religious convictions in its own interest, as we have seen also during the imperialist war."

Obviously, comments Mr. Kirk, much of the calumny directed by the Soviet Youth against religion and the organizations of religion is based upon misinformation. As he tells us:

> "Many of the assertions made are simply not true. No recognition is given to the pacifist witness of the Quakers. These young Communist critics of the Church were evidently unaware that a Conference of Pacifist Ministers was then being held in Amsterdam. There is not the slightest indication in the paragraphs quoted that these particular Russian young people are familiar with the 'No More War' movement that is just now developing such marvelous momentum within the churches of Christ throughout the world. They had not heard, it would seem, that the churches of the United States had protested, and not without success, against the big-Navy bill recently presented in Congress by the Secretary of the Navy, and that in England, too, and on the Continent strong and influential anti-war movements were being sponsored by the Church."

On the other hand, Mr. Kirk thinks it is only fair to admit that, in many respects, these youthful Communists, in their bitter attacks upon the Church, "are standing on the solid ground of fact and truth." For, he asks:

> "Who can deny that 'the religious factor played a big rôle in all past wars, and particularly in the imperialist war,' or that the 'community of religion never prevented Christians from warring on Christians,' or that 'not only did the Church make no resistance to the war, but on the contrary in all countries it adapted its religions, religious actions, teachings and texts to the purposes of war,' or that 'the pacifism of the sects is very sharply contradicted by their real actions'? Little wonder, then, that these Russian youth should conclude that 'the idea of resisting war through the means of religion is a harmful Utopian notion.'
>
> "The thing for the Church of Jesus Christ to do under the circumstances is not to call down the wrath of heaven upon the Communists, but rather to remove the swords and battle-axes from the House of God and divest war of all religious sanction. So, too, must the religion of Jesus be denationalized.
>
> "Let the Church clearly and uncompromisingly and eternally wash its hands of the whole business. Let all killing in the name of God come to an end. The Communists will then be silenced and their invectives against the Church will lapse into futility."



Special Chevrolet Shop Equipment *assures* Better Service *for* Chevrolet Owners

One of the finest and most satisfactory features of Chevrolet ownership is the "after-sale" interest maintained in every Chevrolet car—not only by the Chevrolet Motor Company, but by every Chevrolet dealer throughout America.

A notable instance of this is found in the special shop equipment provided for servicing Chevrolet cars. Designed under the supervision of Chevrolet factory engineers—this special equipment enables Chevrolet dealers to perform every service and repair operation with maximum efficiency and speed, and makes possible the same close limits of precision employed in the building of Chevrolet cars.

And combined with this highly specialized equipment is the skill of factory-trained mechanics . . . the quality and dependability of genuine Chevrolet parts . . . and the economy of a flat-rate system of charging—all provided to assure the utmost degree of satisfaction and convenience for Chevrolet owners everywhere.

GENUINE CHEVROLET PARTS

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

FOR sustained descriptive power, this in *The Spectator* (London) ranks high:

IN ANGLESEY

By E. E. H.

Alight the gorse from shore to shore,
And widely rolls the empurpled moor—
The sea birds pipe, the sea-gulls soar,
The sedges whisper evermore,
In Anglesey.

Here is a land of aeons old,
A land of mysteries untold;
The windmills stand like sentinels
Above the haunted rocky dells
Where fairy flowerets cling and creep,
And wistful conies play and peep;
Still Eadwine's warriors vigil keep.

For robed in purple, crowned with gold,
The hoary rocks stand where of old
The fierce sea kings in battle wrought—
Their chieftains slumber where they fought;
About the lonely silences
Hover their brooding presences.

Is it the shrilling of the wind?
Is it the murmur of the sea?
Or does a band of white-robed men
With brows oak bound, wind up the glen,
Deep throated chanting seem to rise,
A harp's wild music and the cries
Of victims borne to sacrifice?

'Tis but the droning of the bee,
The curfew wails along the lea;
The sea-gull sweeps towards the sea;
The plaintive lapwing calls to me.

As dim the headlands one by one,
Royal pageant holds the westering sun;
And far and fast the shadows fly
Between a wondrous sea and sky;
The twilight deepens—and awhile
Soft dusk enfolds the ancient Isle;
The homing spirits fills the air,
Their questing o'er, they seek rest where
The thund'rous waves for ever cry,
And rushing winds eternal sigh
In Anglesey.

As the advice is administered to "a man," we must assume it is inspired by the grievance of a woman. *The Herald Tribune* (New York) would scarcely recommend this as a new way to curb the militant sex:

WRY ADVICE TO A MAN

By Elizabeth Sanderson

Pluck her pinions while she sleeps,
She will never know her wings
Have become unwittingly
Ugly, useless, drooping things.

Pluck the golden feathers now,
Make her earthbound suddenly.
Never give her time to think
Anything regretfully.

If she is unbearable
With her grief and loneliness,
Make a pair of tricky wings
Such as those of Icarus.

Wings that melt too near the sun—
Wings that break eventually.
Make her see her winging soul
Fall to earth relentlessly.

Never risk a girl with wings,
She will rarely linger long.
Pluck her pinions while she sleeps—
Close the throat around the song.

Something for the animal lover that Chesterton serves up in *G. K.'s Weekly* (London):

OLD FRIENDS

By A. Muir

O! sure am I, when I come to die,
And through Death's portals go,
Those cats, and dogs, and little white mice,
And birds, I used to know,
Shall all come rushing to welcome me,
Their friend of the long ago.

And the cats will purr, "We've missed you, sir,
And we know you missed us too."
And the dogs will bark, "Good morning friend,
We've waited long for you."
And the little white mice shall squeak with joy,
And the birds will chirp, and coo.

And happen what may, on the Judgment day,
I shall not affrighted be,
If the cats, and dogs, and all weak dumb things
That on earth were dear to see,
Should receive from God the gift of speech,
For I know they'll plead for me.

Not as a tomb, but as a medicine, the sea is perhaps sought here by this weary pilgrim uttering himself in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin):

DONEGAL COAST

By R. N. D. Wilson

I know that at the end,
obedient to the sea,
I shall come
to this last utter coast,
blinded with light.

All colour gone,
but the swift spate of silver,
the grey mountain shoulder
wave-commanding,
and my hope in its fastness!

Divided, forsaken,
what should I cling to?
Thought, memory,
the nets of religion
break like a shoal in the sundering tide-streams.

Here, then, I stand
as night before morning,
the sea at dawn
and the long waves breaking:
O bright Homeric waters
I pray you receive me!

Not as a stranger,
not as an outcast,
I come as thy pilgrim,
I call thee to claim me
by the sands on my feet—
by the salt in my heart!

The Century celebrates a lending library, but the borrowers are perhaps not all the futile and defeated imagined as its beneficiaries:

LOAN LIBRARY

At the Corner Drug-Store

By Molly Anderson Haley

No trick of chance assigned to it a place
Between the tonics and the beauty creams,
This shabby slowly-turning shelf of dreams!
The tired heart as surely as the face
Has need of make-up—crippled pride its brace
As much as shattered limb. No lotion seems
As potent as romance—sheer magic streams
From the scuffed circle as its creaking base.

That girl who measures ribbons fold on fold,
For whom from its unending bolt of gray
Night measures loneliness—he whom the sting
Of failure taunted, tottering now and old,
For them this is no shelf, but the sure way
To all the lost white wonder of the spring.

Hasten on to the third line of the third stanza, and do not think this in *The Harp* is an anti-Prohibition document:

HELEN OF LAUGHING LEDGE

By Robert Haven Schauffler

Young Helen's beauty has its source
Within the tumbling water course
Whose leagues of ripple, race and pool
Have put this woman-child to school
With rainbow streamers in the mist
Where rapids grind their feathery grist;
Woods mirrored upside down and wet,
The current's velvet clarionet,
The sob and chuckle of the eddy,
Cool river gusts—well-spiced and heady
With incense of torn bark and tones
Of fluent log-drive xylophones—
Bearing the cataract's organ-shout
With every single stop pulled out.

Poised for a dive, she can compare
With a young birch, and her crisp hair
Centers the sun, as birch leaves hold
Something of all September's gold.

The blur of down upon her skin
Suggests a muted violin
That hums of melting frost of dew
On iris leaves when dawn is new.

Prisoned in city walls, I think
Of her when thirsting for a drink
Poured by the loveliness of Maine.
Dreaming of her, I know again
Iced runnels from Katahdin slides,
Shelves where the broody partridge hides,
The hush of lappings in a cove
Where herons wade and otters rove,
The whole dear gamut of wild water
That knows young Helen for its daughter.

The world is so much for the young that any seeking compensation for age will thank Harry Kemp and *Munsey's:*

TO ONE COMPLAINING OF TIME'S ADVANCES

By Harry Kemp

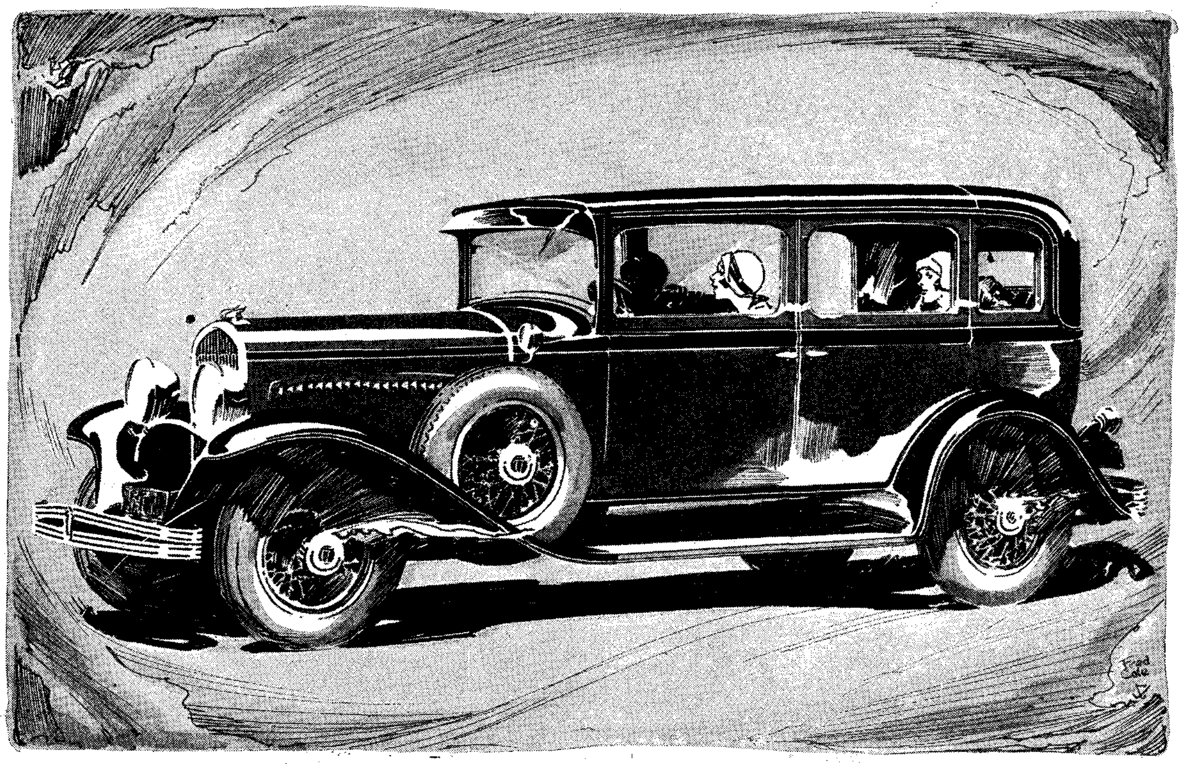
Time has taken hostage from me surely
Of many things most glorious to my heart;
He took youth first; I sickened when I heard it—
My door shut by him—his swift feet depart!

Once you were young; why, then, not hold your tongue—
Say, is it nothing, once to have been young?
You'd have no need to pine in age's school
If you had seized him by the forelock, fool!

Time observes continually my going
And coming: always while my days exist
On every citadel his spearheads showing,
Bid me beware my long antagonist!

Bid me beware the swift, innumerous sally
At gates the moment open for a breath,
Continual assault of powerful armies
As ineluctable and sure as death.

Yet, Time must not defeat but come upon you,
A greater foeman put you still to rout—
When, one by one, the marching stars beginning,
Captain Eternity draws up, without!



New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, $1535
(wire wheels extra)

Chrysler Style a Triumph of American Originality

Heralded as America's greatest original contributions to motor car style—no wonder the new Chrysler "75" and "65" have captivated the nation .... ¶ The first expressions of fervent admiration are invariably followed by the exclamation, "And so beautifully original!".... ¶ For the alluring modishness of the new Chryslers owes nothing of its style supremacy to the conceptions of Old World designers.... ¶ Chrysler genius—escaping the traditions of Europe—has given the world an altogether original conception of motor car beauty ....

¶ Today Europe, as well as America, recognizes that Chrysler style has obsoleted all earlier automobile design.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—*Royal Sedan, $1535; 2-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535, Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655 (6-ply full-balloon tires.) Wire wheels extra.*

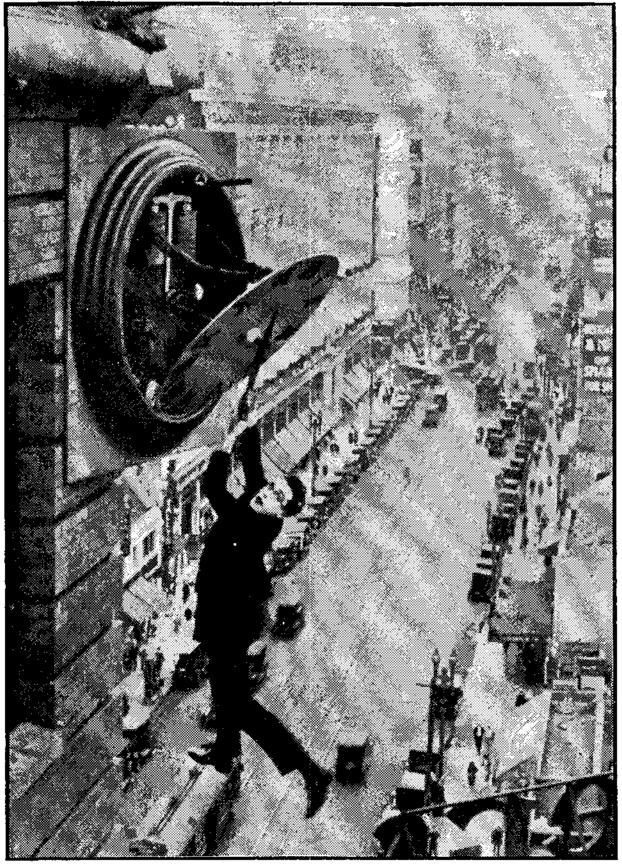
New Chrysler "65" Prices—*Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2 Door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.*

Chrysler

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

FAME AND FORTUNE FROM A PAIR OF GOGGLES

A LIGHTED BOMB WAS HANDED to the comedian by the gag man, in response to the photographer's exclamation, "Now shall we try some of the gag pictures?" The comedian stuck a cigaret in his mouth, fondled the bomb in his right hand, smiled through his famous glassless goggles, and proceeded to light his cigaret from the sputtering fuse. Neither he nor the gag man doubted that the bomb was a mere property grenade, incapable of doing any real damage. But, as the event proved, some one had blundered, and the bomb with which Harold Lloyd was lighting his cigaret was packed with enough red ruin to imperil the career of one of Hollywood's brightest ornaments. The tale of how it all happened, concluding with Mr. Lloyd's painful recovery in a hospital, is set forth, with much other entertaining matter, in the goggled comedian's memoirs, "An American Comedy" (Longmans, Green), which proclaims itself on its title-page as having been "acted by Harold Lloyd, directed by Wesley W. Stout."



Illustrations from "An American Comedy," published by Longmans, Green & Company

SAFETY LAST, INDEED!

When Harold Lloyd clung to the clock, in the movie with the above title, he dislocated one shoulder—a small price for a thrill.

In leading up to the affair of the loaded bomb, Mr. Lloyd tells us that several members of the company belonged to the Uplifters Club, and "five weeks before the studio had made two bombs for some stunt suggested by the news from Russia, or the war, at a club outing at Bear Lake. They were papier-mâché, rounded and painted black to represent the bombs anarchists always are to be seen on the verge of tossing in newspaper cartoons. The property man was not an explosive engineer and overdid the charge. When one shattered a heavy oak table at Bear Lake, the stunt was called off and the other bomb returned to the studio." Evidently it was then that the blunder occurred, for we read on:

All explosives were supposed to be kept under lock at the studio, and how this bomb got into a bin of property grenades, we never have learned. How the fuse came to be changed is more inexplicable. The two bombs made for the Bear Lake outing carried stock fuses. Property grenades are dummies carrying a special fast smoky fuse to heighten the comedy, and the one Terry brought along had such a fuse. He had no thought, of course, of finding a true bomb among the properties, and, had he, his suspicions would have been disarmed by the fuse. The weights of the true and the false varied, and I believe that I would have detected the mistake had I gone for the properties myself, but I held the thing in my hand for the first time at the Witzel studio, the fuse already lighted, and my mind on the pose.

The smoke blew across my face, so clouding the expression that the photographer, whose head was buried under his black cloth, delayed squeezing the bulb. As he continued to wait and the fuse grew shorter and shorter, I raised the bomb nearer and nearer to my face until, the fuse all but gone, I dropt the hand and was saying that we must insert a new fuse, when the thing exploded. Had I not lowered my hand at that instant, I should have been killed instantly, my head probably blown off. The force of the blast was principally upward. It tore a hole in the sixteen-foot ceiling, burst all the windows and, incidentally, split from end to end the upper plate of a set of false teeth in Terry's mouth. The photographer fainted dead away.

Blinded, bloody, and stunned, I staggered outside. A man was just alighting from a small car at the curb.

"Take this man to a hospital quickly!" Terry shouted, steered me into the back seat, and followed himself.

The stranger drove furiously to the Methodist Hospital, where they put me to bed in a ward, and drew a screen around the cot. The pain by now was excruciating. I have heard that taking ether is a ghastly experience and that patients fight against the anesthetic. I found it as grateful as a glass of cool water to one perishing of thirst.

The pain was considerable for days, but trivial beside my mental state. In a few weeks my salary was to have been raised to $1,000 a week, the boundary between little and big money in films, with one-fourth interest in the pictures—a total of not less than $1,500 a week. The first of the two-reel pictures had not yet been released and the possibilities of the glass character were just dawning.

At twenty-six, after six years of incessant hard work and little money, I had stood on the threshold of, to me, breathless possibilities, only to be cut down in a moment by some one's carelessness. I was scarred and torn beyond all thought, of course, ever of acting again before a camera—even on the stage. My eyes were bandaged, but I did not know of the doctors' fears for them, and I began to work out a philosophy.

After all, acting was not everything in pictures. As great—yes, greater—successes were open to directors. Direction, come to think of it in a hospital bed, was the great new art of pictures. A real director overshadowed the players; it was he really who wove the pattern of the picture. The name was the same, but a great gulf separated stage direction and film direction. I was only twenty-six, not even married, and had accumulated an invaluable fund of technical experience which could be applied to other things than clowning. Why couldn't I be a director? Darn it! I would be a director and do big things, not necessarily comedies. I had saved some money too.

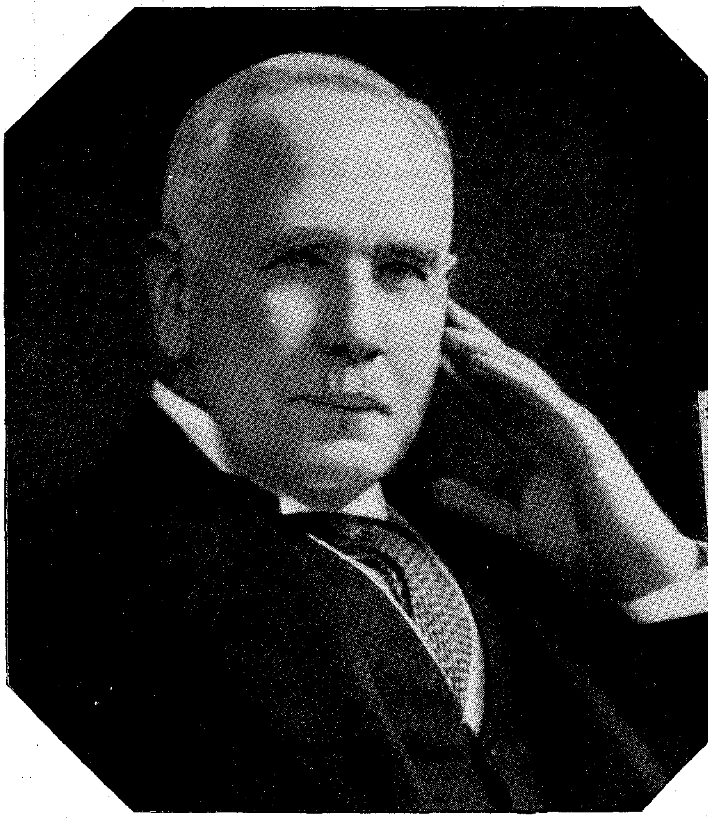
"What the hell, Bill, what the hell!" my spirits demanded. "Suppose you hadn't lowered your hand?"

Visitors and the hospital staff were startled by the cheerfulness of a man who had just seen a career blow up in his face with heavy damage to both. When I fretted, it was mere impatience, more often than not, at the delay in being up and at it.

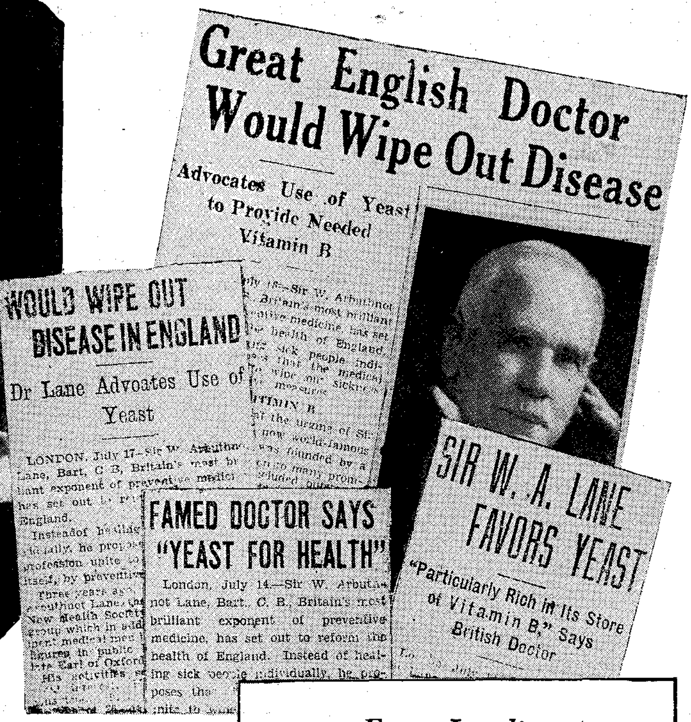
In four or five days the doctors found that the left eye was sound. They said nothing to me at the time, for both the consulting eye specialist and the insurance physician were convinced that I would lose the right eye. In another week they told me so. It had been punctured, they said, but it might be possible to preserve its outward appearance.

My own doctor never had despaired of the right eye and time vindicated him. It had not been punctured. The bandages were

Civilization's curse can be conquered, says famous British M. D. in press interviews



Lafayette Ltd., London



Great English Doctor Would Wipe Out Disease

Advocates Use of Yeast to Provide Needed Vitamin B

WOULD WIPE OUT DISEASE IN ENGLAND

Dr Lane Advoates Use of Yeast

FAMED DOCTOR SAYS "YEAST FOR HEALTH"

London, July 14—Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart, C. B., Britain's most brilliant exponent of preventive medicine, has set out to reform the health of England. Instead of healing sick people individually, he proposes

SIR W. A. LANE FAVORS YEAST

"Particularly Rich in Its Store of Vitamin B," Says British Doctor

SIR WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE

Bart., C. B.

Three years ago Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane *founded with the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith and other prominent Britons the now famous New Health Society, which is teaching millions how to lead healthier lives. Baronet, Companion of the Bath and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Sir Arbuthnot has won these distinctions in his field: Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons; President, Fellowship of Medicine; Consulting Surgeon, Guy's Hospital and Hospital for Sick Children; creator of universally adopted surgical methods.*

When Sir William Arbuthnot Lane speaks the world listens!

In a recent interview Sir Arbuthnot made the startling statement that constipation is civilization's greatest curse. American newspapers reported his message in prominent space!

In this interview Sir Arbuthnot reflects the view of enlightened medical opinion—*health through natural corrective foods.* One of the most important of these foods, many doctors agree, is fresh yeast.

In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast, a plant fresh as any garden vegetable, keeps the entire digestive tract clean, active, healthy.

When constipation goes, digestion has a clear track ahead! Appetite picks up. Your skin clears. Your whole being awakens to new vigor and alertness!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake before or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Start now. At all grocers, and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. C-121, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

From Leading Newspapers

PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER—Sir William declared, "that a shortage of Vitamin B is responsible for intestinal stagnation, 'the curse of civilization' . . . which deficiency is made up by the addition of fresh yeast."

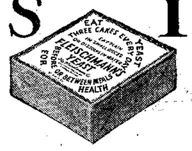
BOSTON GLOBE—Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C. B., Britain's most brilliant exponent of preventative medicine, points out that one of the important sources of this Vitamin (B) is yeast.

CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR—"Vitamin B is essential to life and health." Sir Arbuthnot Lane then says, "Yeast is an extremely valuable food, particularly in its rich store of Vitamin B."

MACON (GA.) TELEGRAPH—Sir Arbuthnot Lane has attacked "the curse of civilization"—clogging of the intestines. "One of the principal causes," he says, "is deficiency of Vitamin B . . . most readily made up by the addition of fresh yeast."

SAN DIEGO (CAL.) UNION—Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane says, "Diet suffers from a shortage of Vitamin B, made up by the addition of fresh yeast."

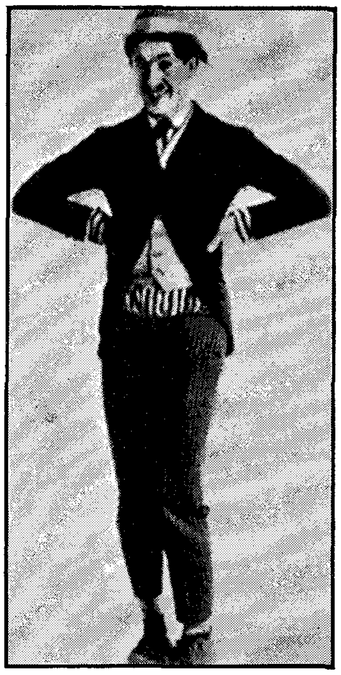
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



taken off one day, and I was wheeled out on the second-floor veranda of the hospital. I had looked forward eagerly to this day, but suddenly as I saw trees and light and daily life, again gloom overwhelmed me. I asked to be taken back in, and lay silent, bitter and rebellious the rest of the day. In the morning the despondency had gone.

In August, 1919, my acting days were done and I was lucky, perhaps unlucky, to be alive. In November, 1919, I walked down Broadway on my second visit to New York and saw "Harold Lloyd" in lights over two theaters. In March, 1920, I was back before the camera, taking up the fifth two-reel picture, "Haunted Spooks," where the explosion had halted it eight months before.

First my sight was found to be intact. Then the face, that had been a frightful, hopeless thing, healed gradually without a scar. Three or four faint black powder specks are the only mementos left upon it. All in the day's work for the doctors, but quite a chapter in the life of the patient. My gratitude and admiration can be surmised.



"LONESOME LUKE"

Before Mr. Lloyd adopted his goggles, he was known to movie fans in this grotesque character.

Goggles with tortoise-shell rims were destined to play a decisive part in the evolution of Harold Lloyd as a Hollywood star, and in the piling up of a comfortable fortune. Prior to the building up of the screen personality that has become almost as well known all over the world as Charlie Chaplin's own, Lloyd had won minor renown as the Lonesome Luke of a string of one and two-reel knockabout farces. How the new Harold Lloyd was born is thus related:

I was convinced both that the character (Lonesome Luke) had gone as far as we could take him, and that I had a better. The hazy idea in the back of my head was crystallizing. I had been feeling around for youth, possibly a boy who could be carried through a college series, a comedy Frank Merriwell, for a long time, when I saw a dramatic picture at a down-town theater while we still were at Norbig. The central character was a fighting parson, tolerant and peaceful until riled, then a tartar. Glasses emphasized his placidity. The heavy had stolen the girl, carrying her away on horseback. The parson leapt on another horse, pursued, overtook the villain, dragged him from his horse, and the two were lost in a cloud of dust. When the dust cleared, the heavy lay prone and still, while the parson dusted his clothes with careless flecks of his handkerchief, replaced his glasses and resumed his ministerial calm.

I did not feel cut out for a fighting parson, but the basic idea was there. A picture actor named Mortenson, who lived in the same apartment house on Fourth Street just off Hill, and I talked over its comedy possibilities night after night. The glasses would serve as my trade-mark and at the same time suggest the character—quiet, normal, boyish, clean, sympathetic, not impossible to romance. I would need no eccentric make-up, "mo" or funny clothes. I would be an average recognizable American youth, and let the situations take care of the comedy. The comedy should be better for not depending upon a putty nose or its equivalent, and the situations should be better for not being tied to low-comedy coat-tails; funnier things happen in life to an ordinary boy than to a Lonesome Luke. Exaggeration is the breath of picture comedies, and obviously they can not be true to life, but they can be recognizably related to life.

Probably the vision was not so clear in my mind at the time as all this; what I write now benefits by hindsight, yet I saw it clearly enough. How about Pathé, tho? They could not be expected willingly to trade Lonesome Luke for a pig in a poke. By advertising, promotion and good distribution they had done their part to create a market for him and make him a comedy staple, the demand growing healthily. This new idea of mine might be anything or nothing—probably nothing; but whichever, it called for scrapping a going commodity at nothing on the dollar and starting from scratch with an unknown quantity. Had I been in New York I doubt that I could have transmitted my enthusiasm convincingly, and I was a long way from New York.

So discouraging was the prospect that I decided to give up comedy pictures and make a fresh beginning myself. After long, hard work, I was getting $100 a week, a fortune relative to my past earnings, but not so much alongside Chaplin's reputed $1,000 a week. I told Roach that I was fed up on Luke, convinced that Pathé never would agree to a change and resolved to go into dramatic pictures, where I was certain I could do something. Roach was going to New York anyway. On a previous trip he had seen a clown at the Hippodrome and become enthusiastic about his picture possibilities. Now he was returning to bring him to the coast and star him in two-reel pictures.

The situation was a strain on Roach's optimism, but it was equal to it.

"It won't do any harm to put it up to Pathé, anyway," he argued. "As I see it, they are going to lose Luke whichever way the bird jumps. Unless they think you are bluffing, they are likely to take a chance on a change, and I think I can show them that you mean it."

Privately I believed that Pathé would conclude to hire another comedian and carry on with Lonesome Luke. Audiences would detect the substitution, but the picture was Luke, not Lloyd. Roach, however, argued my case better than I could have done, and won. He wired back that Pathé consented. Did I wish to make one or two-reel pictures in the new character?

One, I decided. One-reel subjects still were popular with exhibitors as program fillers. We could make and release a picture a week; a new character needed the constant hammering of fifty-two releases a year to familiarize it. And if we made a bad one, worse luck, it would be forgotten quickly.

When he first put the goggles on, in 1917, Mr. Lloyd did not suspect, he confesses, how much magic he would find in them. Growing almost lyrical on the subject, he exclaims:

"A SAILOR MADE MAN"

The famous goggles lend themselves to every variety of type, and remain as a permanent trade-mark.

With them I am Harold Lloyd; without them a private citizen. I can stroll unrecognized down any street in the land at any time without the glasses, a boon granted to no other picture actor and one which some of them would pay well for. At a cost of seventy-five cents they provide a trade-mark recognized instantly wherever pictures are shown. They make low-comedy clothes unnecessary, permit enough romantic appeal to catch the feminine eye, usually averted from comedies, and they hold me down to no particular type or range of story.

It was chance that they are horn-rimmed. The parson's glasses in the dramatic picture that inspired them were not tortoise shells, but when I came to choose a pair of my own the vogue of horn rims was new and it was youth, principally, that was adopting them. The novelty was a picture asset and the suggestion of youth fitted perfectly with the character I had in mind.

We took out the lenses immediately, knowing that the reflection of light on the glass would be troublesome, and thought we were doing a new thing. As usual, however, the Chinese did it first. Give a historian time and he will prove that Mack Sennett did not invent the Keystone cop and the bathing beauty, but that both were popular comedy pictures in Cathay in the Ming dynasty and are mentioned by Marco Polo. A correspondent wrote me from Peking recently that not only were tortoise-shell glasses worn in China as a mark of rank in the time of the Middle Kingdom, more than a thousand years ago, but that it was not uncommon to wear them without lenses. "Damned clever, these Chinese," as Bobbie Clark said.

The first pair, bought out of stock, were too heavy; the second

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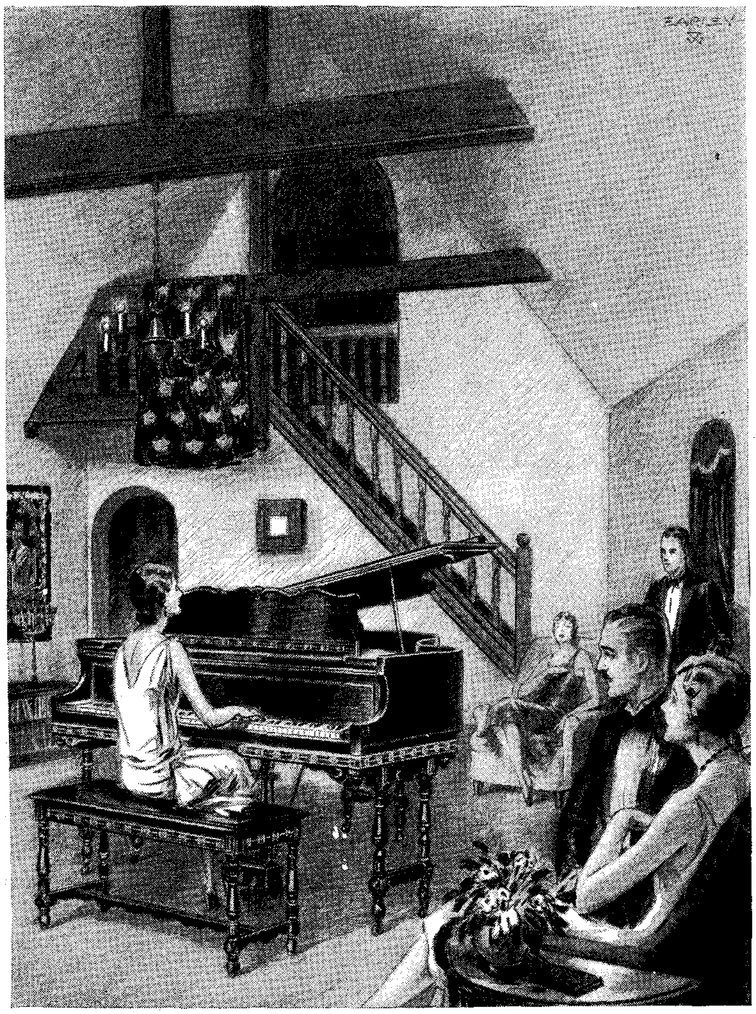

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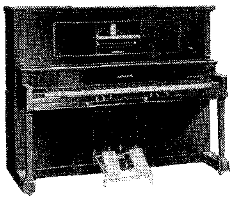

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pair had so large a diameter that the rims covered my eyebrows and killed a great deal of expression. A third pair that just suited was found in a little optical shop in Spring Street, after scouring Los Angeles. I remember hunting through a tray containing probably thirty pairs before coming on the right one. I wore them for a year and a half, guarding them with my life. When the frame broke from wear and tear, I went on patching it with everything, from paste to spirit gum, for three months, until progressive dissolution forced us to send them East to an optical goods manufacturer for duplication.

The manufacturers shipped us back twenty pairs tailored to the measure of the old faithfuls and returned our check. The advertising we had given tortoise-shell rims, they wrote, still left them in our debt. Since then all our rims have been tailor-made by this firm.

The success of the bespectacled star's earlier thrillers in short lengths suggested expanding the idea to full-program length, he relates, and goes on to describe a decisive experience:

A PROPHETIC POSE

The bride-and-groom suggestion in this picture from "Grandma's Boy" was fulfilled later, when Lloyd and his leading woman, Miss Mildred Davis, were married.

One afternoon in down-town Los Angeles I stopt to watch Bill Strothers, who called himself the Human Spider, scale the sheer walls of a high office building. The higher he climbed the more nervous I grew, until, when he came to a difficult ledge twelve stories up, I had to cut around a corner out of sight of him and peek back to see if he was over the ledge.

If it makes me this jumpy, what would it do to a picture audience, I asked myself. The more I thought of it the better I liked it. Once I feel like this about a story, all the staff like to work on it, for they can count upon my enthusiasm; whereas, if the story is another's and doubts linger in my mind, it takes some of the zest out of my work.

When we have a story to build, the three gag men, the director and I get in the gag-room and work it out. All we had to begin with here was the human-fly idea. Obviously I must not be a professional human fly in the picture; if I am an expert there is no comedy in the situation. We would hire Bill Strothers himself for that rôle and I must be a fool boy roped, in some comedy fashion, into climbing the building in Bill's stead, which is a comedy situation. The plot gradually worked out this way: I was to be a country boy new to the city. I get a job clerking in a department store. The pompous floor-walker is my enemy. I room with Strothers. He innocently makes an enemy of a policeman. After much comedy business in the store, gags suggested by the locale, I sell the manager on the idea of having a human fly climb the building as an advertising stunt. When the time comes for Strothers to climb, his enemy, the cop, is found to be patrolling the beat in front of the store. He gives chase to Strothers. The store manager impatiently demands to know where my human fly is. The crowd is waiting, and in order to save the situation I reluctantly start the climb for Strothers, who tells me that he will take my place at the second story. But the cop pursues him to the second floor, then to the third and on. Meanwhile I have to continue, finally making the entire ascent myself, the cop having run Strothers to the roof and over an adjacent roof.

YOU'D NEVER KNOW HIM!

Without the disguise of his goggles, Harold Lloyd can mingle in any crowd without being recognized.

Not that we waited to start shooting until we had such a finished plot. All we ask to know when we begin is our general direction. The chinks can be filled in as we go along.

The dizzy drops in the picture were partly illusion. Altho you saw the city's traffic crawling many stories below, at no time could I have fallen more than three stories, but who wants to fall three stories, for that matter? I have no desire to break my neck, and it would be very foolish of me from a business standpoint. All the staff, the company officers, the distributers, and others have a like business interest in keeping me alive and whole. So the amount of risk I take in a thrill picture becomes a compromise between the necessity of taking some and the foolishness of taking too much.

As it was, I threw my shoulder out of joint in the scene—probably the loudest scream of the picture—where I grab frantically at the minute hand of the building clock, many stories up, and the face of the clock is pulled out and down by my weight. At Ocean Park, one night, just after we had finished this sequence of "Safety Last," a party of us stopt at a fortune-teller's booth. The reader of the stars felt the calluses of my hands and told me that I earned my living at manual labor. She was not far wrong.

"How do you make a picture comedy?" propounds Mr. Lloyd, and immediately answers, "You don't; it grows like Topsy." And he goes on to confess:

Our lack of method is deplorable, but somehow it works. Take a hypothetical case. We need a new story. "How about a railroad picture?" one suggests. We canvas the idea, agree and set to thinking in terms of railroading. Let's have the boy a country station-agent, baggage-man and telegrapher, but the telegrapher suggests a lineman and the lineman suggests a telephone story. A bank robbery is written into the telephone story as an incident. It grows until railroad, telegraphy, and telephone all are crowded out and the boy who started to be a country station-agent winds up as a bank clerk.

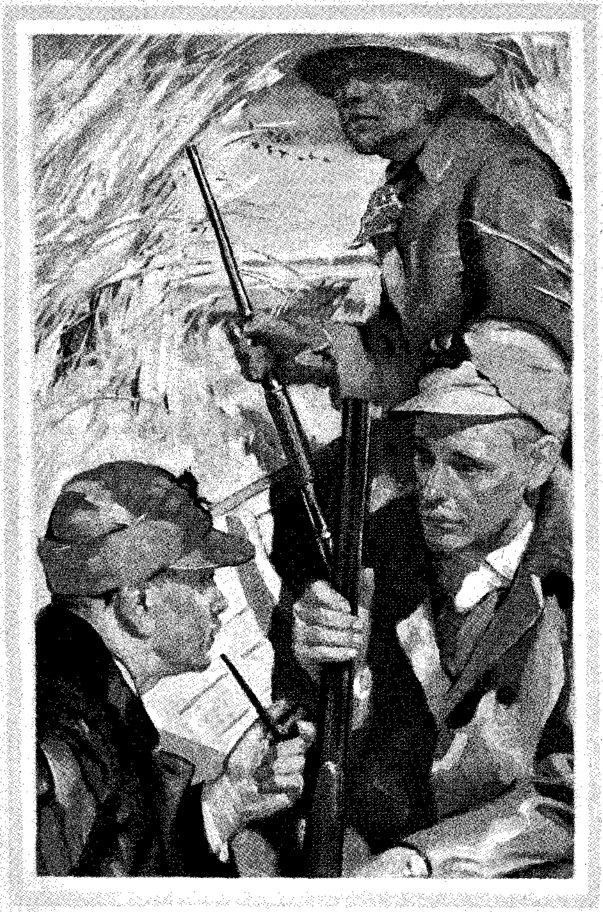
These sessions have been known to be heated and passers-by to duck in passing the gag-room window. Plots are the children of their authors, and parents are prone to resent any insinuation that their offspring are not 100 per cent. healthy, handsome, and brilliant. "What do you mean, that no board of directors would authorize such a blank check?" demands such a parent in defense of an aspersed detail. "It is done every day. If you want to pick sand out of sugar, how about that comic street-light idea of yours? They haven't used carbon arc lamps for street lighting for fifteen years. And while we are on the subject of relentless realism, a model T Ford fires on a magneto, not a battery, as you innocently suppose. What becomes of your battery gag now?" With further comment, both technical and personal, but all hypothetical, naturally.

What type of boy am I to play is the next problem after the broad outline of the horse-car plot is drafted. Speedy being a big city picture, I am an irresponsible, flip, scatter-brained, baseball-crazy youth of a kind the city breeds by the thousands. Now we have the character of the boy, the substance of the dramatic plot and the boy and girl for the love theme. All that remains is to add the comedy and stir vigorously, but that all is everything.

The character of the boy suggests one group, the plot another group. He is baseball crazy; that gives us a baseball faction in the course of which we employ Babe Ruth and shoot scenes at the Yankee Stadium. Speedy is a lad of many jobs. We have him drive a taxi and work in a drug-store for two more factions. For another, we send him to Coney Island with his girl. They go and come on the Subway, and the Subway is a comedy all by itself, except to those who have to ride in it.

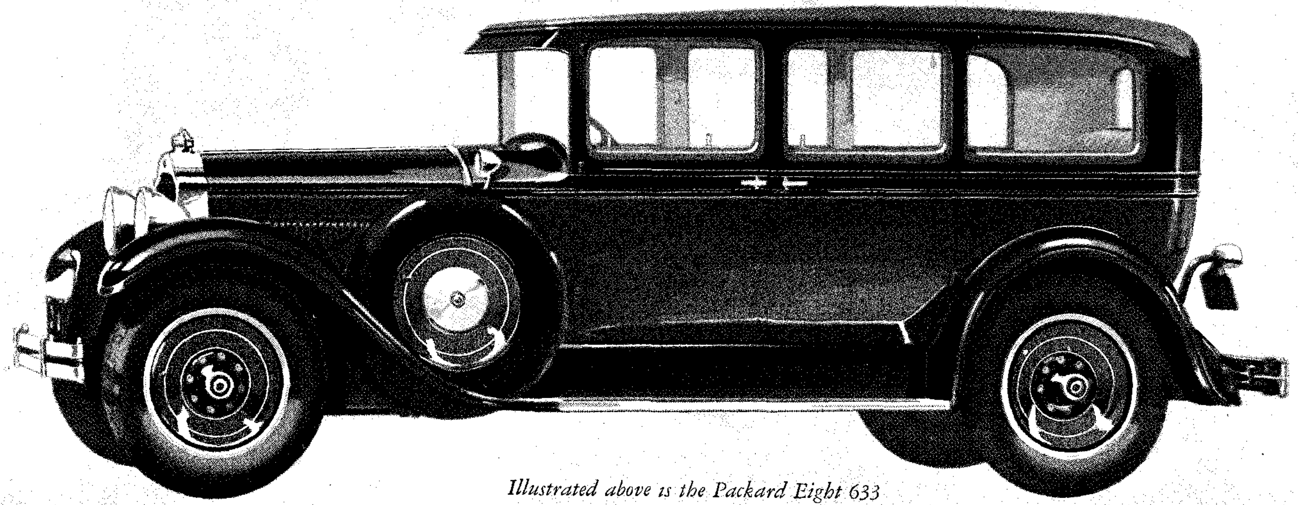
Soon we have more gags—and good ones—than we can possibly crowd into the picture. Some were worked out in the gag-room, others were born of spontaneous combustion in the midst of camera operations.

PACKARD



ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

. . . my experience is that the best is always the cheapest in the long run—in any line—clothes, automobiles, or shotguns. If you keep a Packard, say four years, it won't cost you any more than your present car. You buy two cars now to my one, pay as much depreciation as I do and then don't have the car you want. And I'll bet you a good dinner that the expenses of running my Packard, gas, oil, repairs, and so on, aren't a bit more than you are paying.



Illustrated above is the Packard Eight 633
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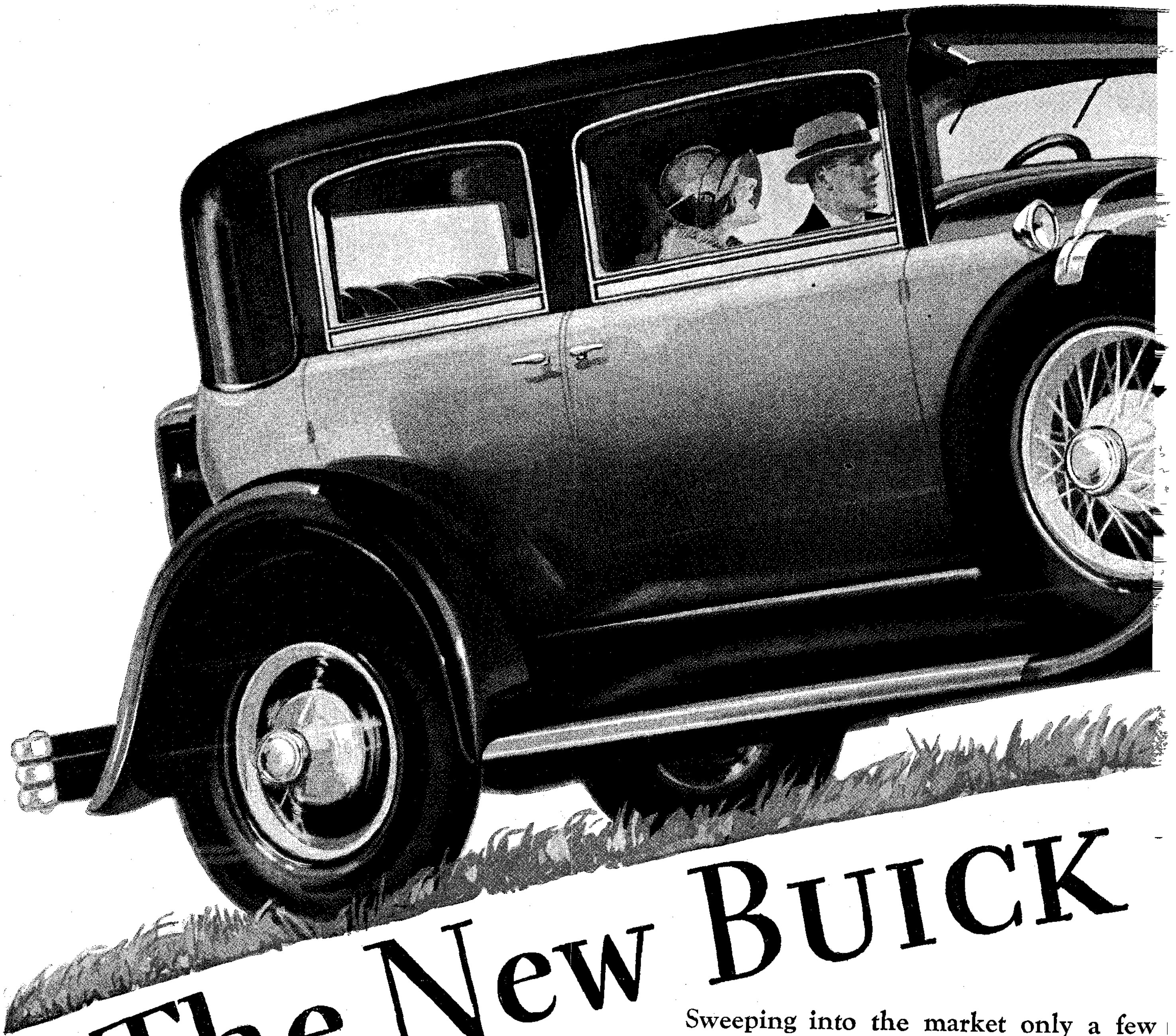

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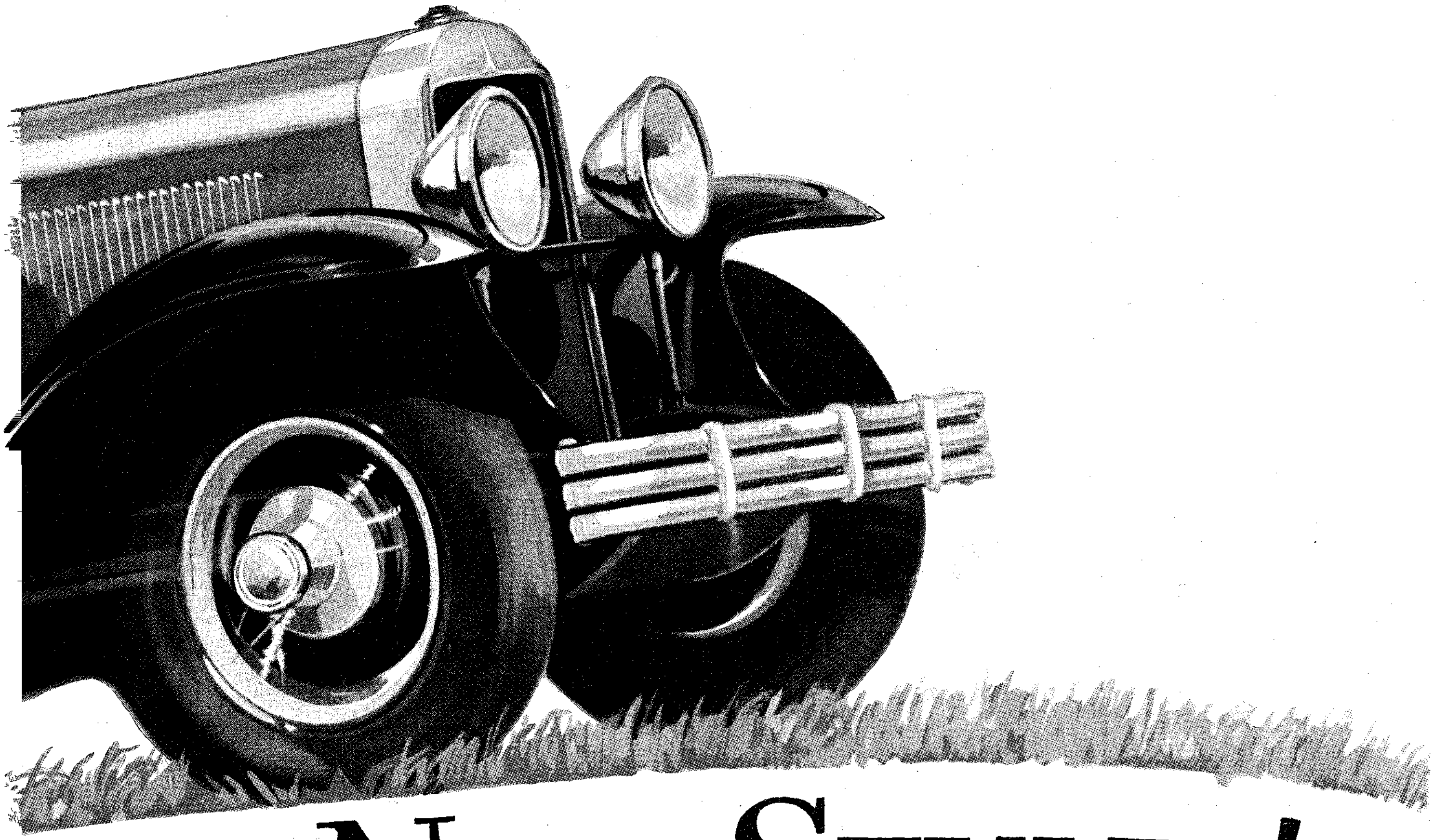

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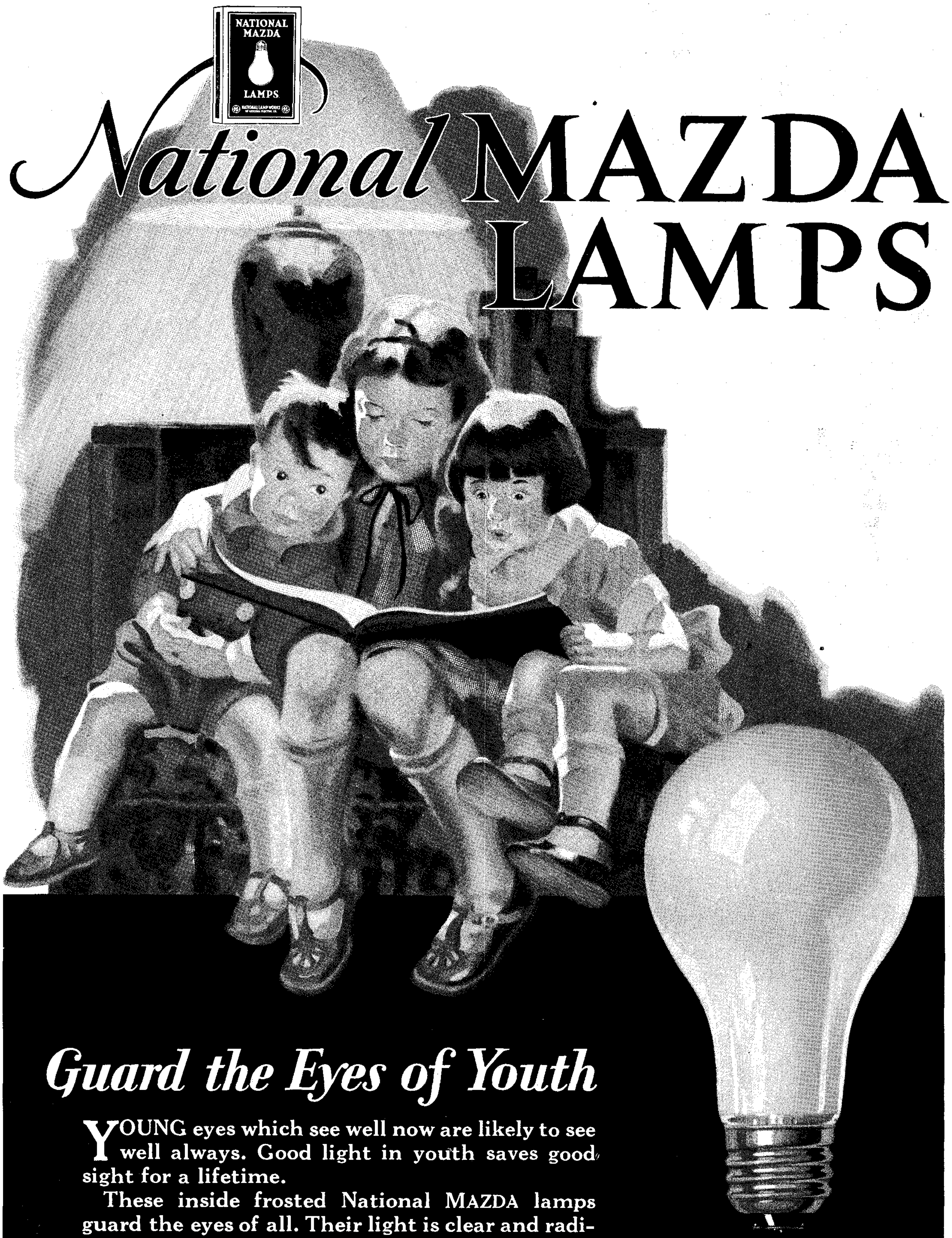
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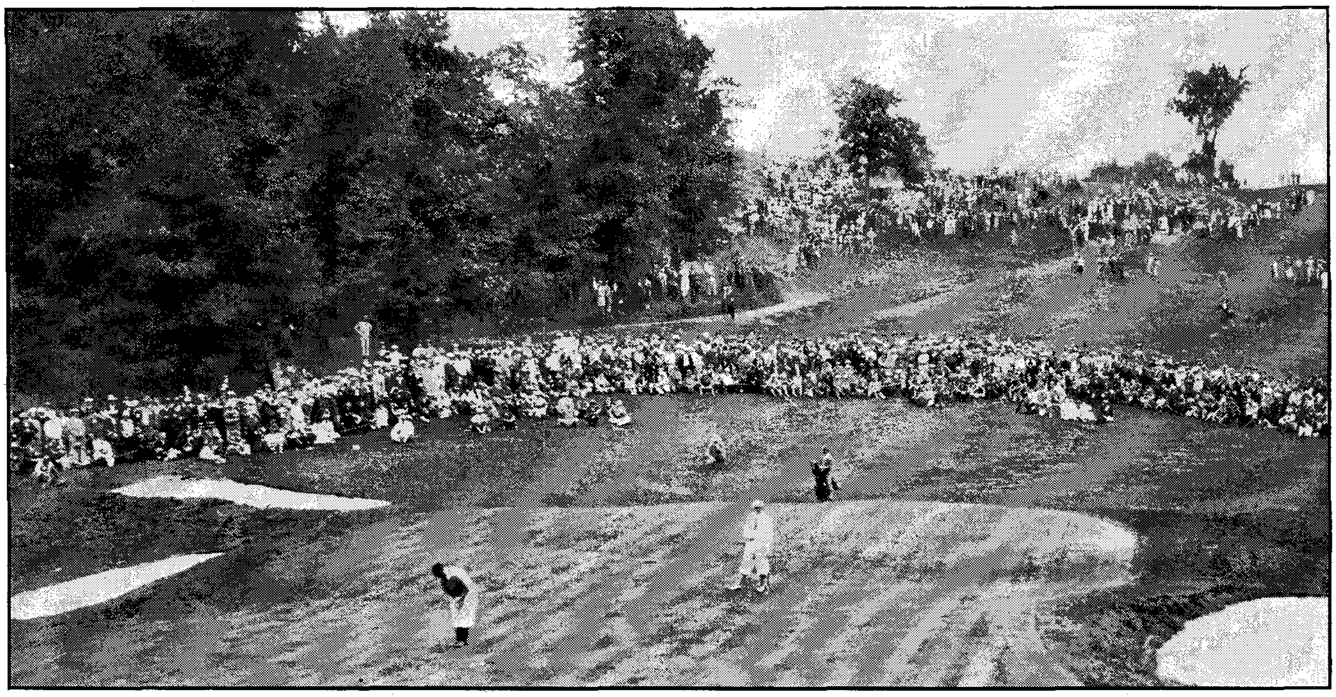
SPORTS • AND • ATHLETICS



P. & A. photograph

THE CALM BEFORE THE SHOT

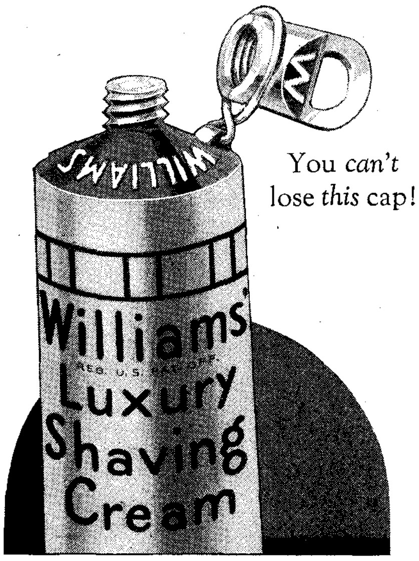
Bobby putts in the course of the match with Perkins, English champion, at Brae Burn, while a big gallery holds its breath.

THE "JONES COMPLEX" ON THE GOLF LINKS

THE ONWARD MARCH OF HIS FATE was steady and relentless. Fighting against it was a hopeless task. He could not imagine the other man making a mistake. "It is a terrible feeling," he admitted later, "to stand and watch almost every type of stroke go for the flag as if your opponent were using a rifle. I'll admit I didn't play my game, but Jones wouldn't let me. He made me understand early by his play that my game wasn't good enough, and you know what happens when you try to be better than you are." Thomas Philip Perkins, amateur golf champion of England, was telling Grantland Rice, the sports writer, who quotes him in the New York *Herald Tribune*, how he felt when Bobby Jones of Atlanta beat him 10 and 9 for the American amateur championship on the Brae Burn links at West Newton, Massachusetts. That is, the Englishman was suffering from a new psychological malady which sports writers tell us is growing more and more common among golfers, and the manifestations of which Kerr N. Petrie describes for us, also in *The Herald Tribune:*

> One seemed to sense that Perkins was shackled by what has come to be known as the "Jones complex." He was only the shadow of the player who in the previous round had won so decisively over George Voigt, the tournament medalist.
>
> Perkins may still be the greatest amateur golfer that England has developed since Hilton. That he is not a Bobby Jones was quite apparent.
>
> W. L. Hope, of the British Walker Cup team, paced the ridges of Brae Burn about the time that Jones was administering the *coup de grâce* to Perkins. "If only he could have played along for a score and have forgotten the matchplay phase of it," soliloquized Hope. "They all play Bobby Jones. It just can't be done."
>
> There were spots in which Perkins showed flashes of the golf with which he overthrew Voigt. They were only isolated spots, mere drops in the bucket. And it takes a cataract to wear Bobby down. He has to be hammered incessantly with pars and birdies. To-day Perkins did not have a single birdie on tap. He was lucky enough when he was not going over par.
>
> Needless to say, the showing of Perkins was a bitter disappointment to the tremendous crowd which had been assembled by the international aspect of the match and the hope of a battle, as much as by the magnetism of Jones's play and personality. Perkins started the day magnificently. He appeared to carry all the guns that he had used with such deadly effect against Voigt. On the first hole on the morning round he played a shot that was a masterpiece, coming out of a down-hill lie in a bunker on the left, where his tee iron had carried him, with all the artistry of a Jones or a Hagen.
>
> Bobby, on the other hand, began rather aimlessly; rather weakly. Using a wooden club, the champion sliced to the rough in the fringe of the woods, played a terrible second that almost carried him to the ditch, and made the most pathetic sort of a chip across the water hazard to the green. Bobby was listless, almost careless. That chip carried him no more than on the green, where Perkins had gone with that shot from the sand that burrowed through the leaves of an oak-tree after clearing the upturn of the bunker.
>
> The echo of the cheer which greeted the stroke of the British champion had scarcely died away when Bobby made that feeble effort. The ball came lopping out of the shadows and rolled just to the brink of the ditch. It stopt. Bobby appeared disgusted with his start. He did not seem to care whether he hit the next shot or not. From the loser of that first hole Perkins had suddenly turned into a potential winner. He was no more than eight feet from the cup.
>
> Meeting up with that recalcitrant ball at last, Bobby bent over his putt. He put the club to the ground and suddenly bent and picked up his ball. Evidently he had moved it. He didn't bother to putt. Perkins didn't putt. The Englishman had won a hole which his tee shot had said he would lose.
>
> If Bobby were that kind of a golfer one might almost be justified in saying that picking up was splendid strategy. Actually, Bobby appeared to be getting himself into trouble. The gallery was left wondering whether Jones was to produce the kind of a game in the final which had brought him so much trouble against Gorton. That grand bunker recovery appeared to point to Perkins being ready and willing to duplicate the game which he had shown against Voigt.
>
> At the second hole came another shock. Perkins laid his

"*Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams*"



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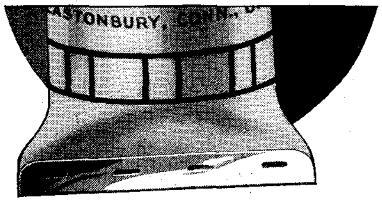

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Have you tried it? *Yes, of course?* Then we don't need to tell *you* anything more about it.

And listen to the drug clerk. He has a chance to know. "Oh, yes; sometimes they change, ... *but they all come back to Williams!*"

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Afterward find out how perfectly AQUA VELVA completes the shave. Made *just* for that!

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

> approach within six feet of the cup. Jones was up on the second terrace with a shot that ran a little too much. Jones putted past, but got a half. And right there one seemed to see the handwriting on the wall. It was the tip-off. Perkins on a six-foot putt left his ball short of the hole. That silky touch which the Englishman had employed with such devastating effect upon Voigt was lacking. The Jones complex had him in its toils. He was timid, unable to stroke the ball. It is bad enough to miss the hole, but to be short on a six-foot putt—and away short by half a foot or more!
>
> That half appeared to act as a tonic to Bobby. Both were short at the third. Perkins had a chip to within eighteen inches. Jones actually hit the cup, the ball turning aside not more than an inch, so well were the speed and distance judged.
>
> At that moment the Jones complex appeared to hit Perkins fairly and squarely between the eyes. He foundered, he bungled, he broke down. His drive for the fourth was completely topped. It was the worst drive that Perkins had been seen to make all week—about the only one that he had completely foozled. His second was into the rough, his third in the bunker short of the green, and his fourth over.

Bobby, on the other hand, according to Nan O'Reilly of the New York *World*, does not play a human opponent. Instead, he sets himself up against par, and as often as not proves himself a St. George in combat with that dragon of the links. When he played these recent twenty-seven holes with the "Hope of Britain," he did it in just par, we read, 72 for the first eighteen holes and 35 for the following nine, while Perkins took 82 and 43. Says Miss O'Reilly:

> The claim has been made that Perkins is the second best amateur golfer in the world. It may be so, but all that can be said is that, opposed to the "killer" from Georgia, he doesn't rank with the first twenty on this bunkered globe.
>
> Shotmakers hear that excellence is not as rare as Jones's steady string of victories would indicate, but somehow they all seem to wilt under the glare of a spotlight shared with the immortal Bobby. In four years of title play among the amateurs only one simon-pure has succeeded in stopping the progress toward his goal.
>
> That was when George Von Elm snatched the torch of glory from Jones's hand at a time when he was wearing the open crown of both America and Great Britain, and kept him from winning what the English call the "hat trick."
>
> Only one golfer in the history of the game, the great John Ball of England, ever topped the Jones record. Ball won eight British amateur championships and one free-for-all. The difference, however, is that Ball won over a period of twenty years, and Jones has only had six years.

At least one American golfer in the gallery was in a position to sympathize with Perkins, for this man, Francis Ouimet, has been up against Jones himself. And Ouimet is quite enough competition for most players. Mr. Rice records this comment by him:

> "I know how Perkins feels," he said. "Few can understand what it means to see almost every approach that Jones hits go straight for the cup, where you have the feeling that a par will be no good—that you must beat par to get a half. You feel that you are up against a machine that is grinding you down, and nothing can be done to stop it. So in desperation you try to match this game with something that doesn't quite match. The result is trouble."

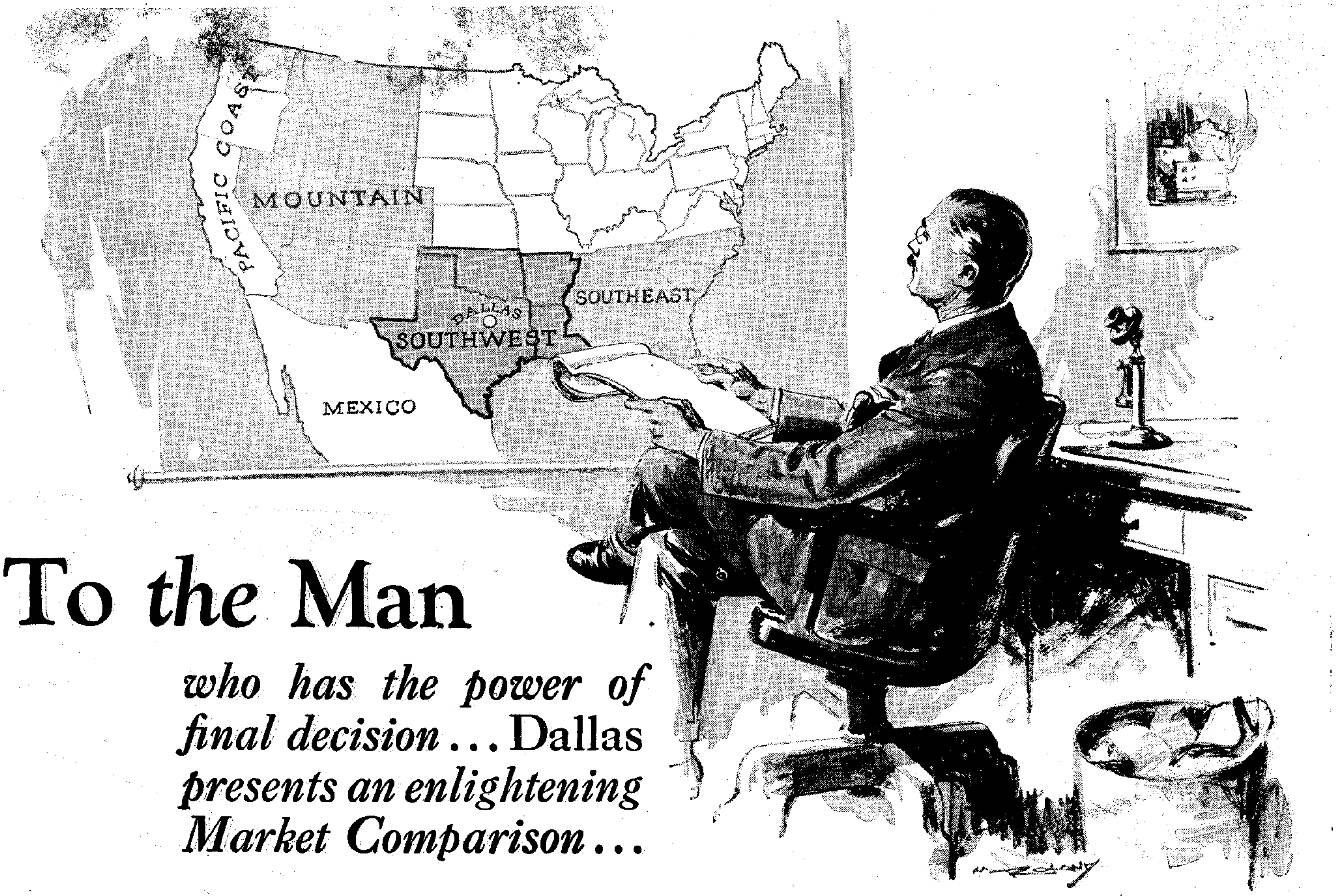
But Bobby does not unleash the terrible "Jones complex" without warning. Like every other athlete on the "upper shelves of achievement," according to H. F. Mahoney in the New York *Telegram*, he has certain mannerisms which indicate that he is going to give "full steam ahead." For one thing he brushes back his hair with his left forearm. Whether his habit of shedding his necktie on the links is a mannerism is conceded to be debatable by Mr. Mahoney, who continues:

> Whether Jones takes off his necktie in much the same manner as a rattlesnake gives warning that he is about to strike also is debatable, but Bobby does it, and the result never has failed to produce favorable-to-Bobby results.
>
> When Bobby leaves the first tee in all his matches he is about as immaculate as brush, razor-blade, comb, and tailor can make him. He is the mirror of golfing fashion. But Bobby's remaining so depends greatly on the opposition he encounters.
>
> Bobby gave the gallery something to talk about when he strode upon the first tee at Brae Burn to engage in semi-final-round combat with Phillips Finlay, Harvard sophomore. His brown hair was carefully brushed and divided exactly in the center of his head. His shoes were polished to a degree, and his stockings, trousers, shirt, and necktie blended like the lights upon a Ziegfeld stage. Bobby did not long remain so, however.
>
> Finlay started it all. Those who read about the match and those who followed it recall that the first hole was halved, and that Finlay won the second, to lead his great rival in their first meeting. Bobby won the next hole to square the match, and on the next green he yanked off his necktie and handed it to Prescott S. Rush, secretary of the United States Golf Association, who was acting as one of Bobby's bodyguards. From that moment Finlay had no chance.

In the finals Bobby lost the first hole to Perkins, and the next two were halved, we read. Then:

> As Bobby waited for Perkins to drive from the fourth tee, it was noticed that he fingered his necktie. Perkins muffed his drive, drove his second into a trap, and sent his fourth shot flying over the green. Bobby, before sighting his approach putt on the fourth green, removed his necktie. He won the hole and then went on to a 10 and 9 victory.
>
> Gossip has it that the moment Bobby begins to warm up to his work all clothing about his neck becomes irksome. Not tight, just irksome. And Bobby is not the sort of fellow to allow completeness of dress to interfere with the winning of a national golf championship—not Bobby.
>
> This business of removing his necktie may mean nothing more than a desire for

(*Continued on page 47*)



To *the* Man

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As "THE MAN with power of decision" to whom this is addressed, you probably know from personal observation a great deal about Dallas and the Great Southwest. You've probably watched over a period of years the tremendous growth in population; the increasing wealth and purchasing power and the astonishing building activities of Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Shreveport, Little Rock, Fort Smith and other Southwestern cities.

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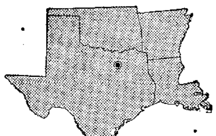
There are other surprising comparisons that will interest you. For that reason Dallas has prepared and will send you on request a special report, "The *Southwest*—Six Billion Dollar Market—Twelve Million Population—an analysis of its Economic Progress and a comparison with other major Markets."



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In addition to this important report, there are six others, any or all of which will be sent on request. They are all based on facts as disclosed by exhaustive surveys made by two of America's leading firms of Market and Industrial Engineers. Or if a specific report, directly relative to the marketing or manufacturing problems of your business is required, we are prepared to supply this confidential information.

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2. THE SOUTHWEST — Six Billion Dollar Market. A Market analysis and comparison with other major markets.
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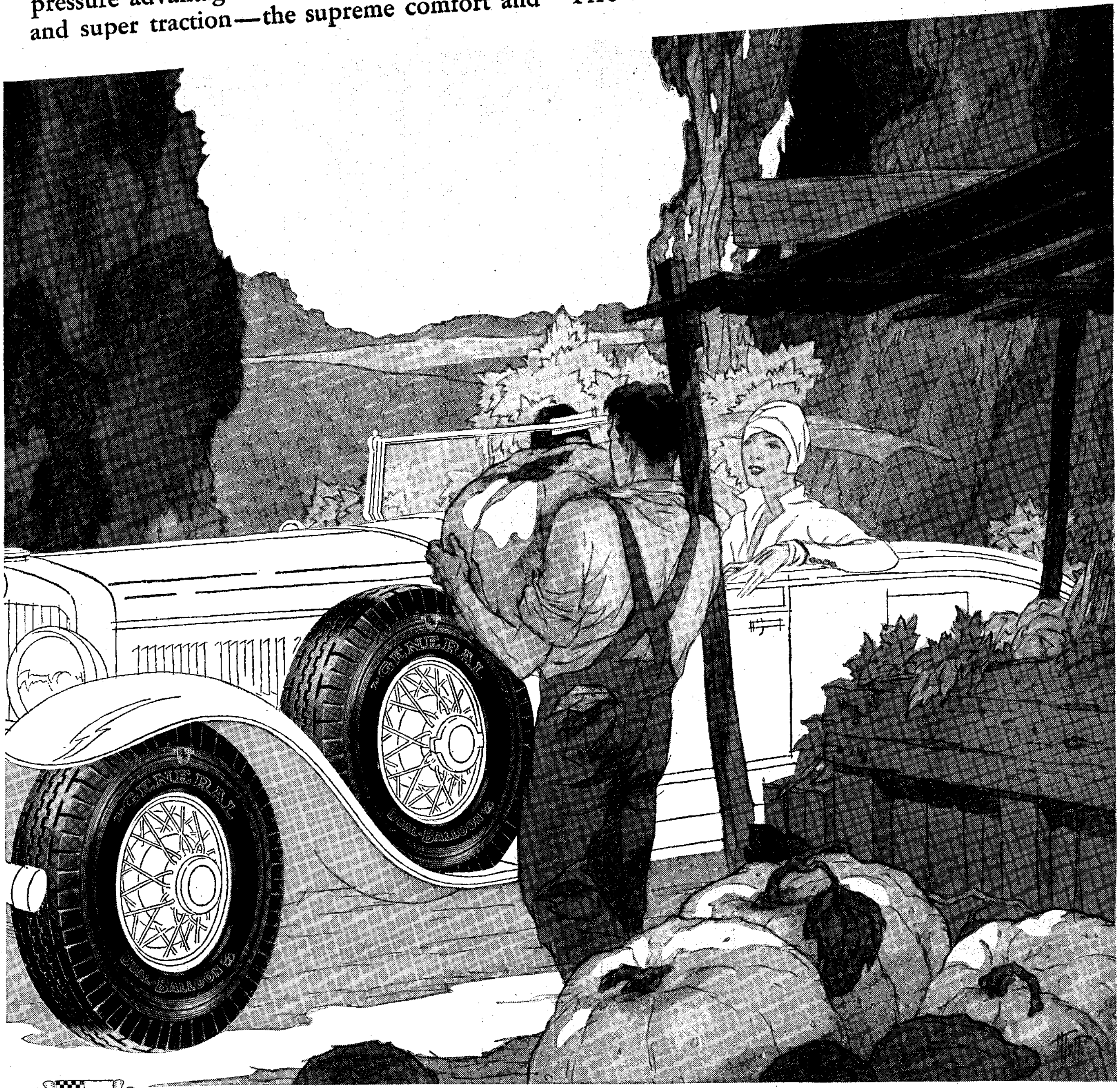

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(*Continued from page 44*)

comfort, but you can not make a score of his opponents, whose spirits have been crusht by the power and brilliancy of his golfing blows, believe that. When Bobby begins to finger the knot of his necktie, his opponents begin to worry. The result is a general breakdown of their game and another victory for Sir Robert. Proof that Bobby begins to disrobe only when he feels that beside him is a foeman worthy of his steel was given when his necktie remained around his neck during the whole of his match with John Beck, of England, who did not win a single hole.

In winning the open, Mr. Rice reminds us, Bobby Jones tied "Jerry Travers's old record of four American titles in the amateur field." Thus:

Travers won in 1907, 1908, 1912, and 1913. Jones won in 1924, 1925, 1927, and 1928. Jones has won four out of his last five title pursuits, and he has piled up a total of twenty-four victories out of his last twenty-five starts.

Perkins, an able golfer, playing exceptionally well up to this final round with Bobby Jones, broke again as the others have all done over the longer route. They can't play against Jones when they face the double round.

In three days Jones completely wrecked the field. He had been 37 up in three days, which is even more devastating and decisive than his margin was at Minnikahda a year ago, where he operated another clinic and dissected the best in the field with his surgeon's blade.

Jones, at the age of twenty-six, has won eight major championships in the last six years. And the feature of his career is just this—in the early part of his play each opponent he met played at the top of his game to block his patch. They shot 68's and 69's and 70's against him as a barrier in the road that leads to the top. He was playing brilliantly when he was beaten as he is playing to-day in a tide of victories. But in those days each man who came against him seemed to be inspired.

Dave Herron at Oakmont in 1919 was 4 under even 4's. Francis Ouimet at the Engineers was around 70. Willie Hunter was the same at St. Louis. Jess Sweetser, at Brookline, had a 67. But there is some magic in his name to-day that seems to crack their souls in a thirty-six-hole match.

International Newsreel photograph

HANDS ACROSS THE TEE

Bobby Jones, who has retained the American amateur golf title, and Phil Perkins, his English opponent, indicate their approval of each other just after the American player won the finals at Brae Burn.

And as for Perkins, we read:

Against Voigt the British champion could make almost no mistake. He played like a world-beater; but when he stept out against Jones he seemed to be a different golfer. His tee shots lost their length and accuracy. His keen irons began to fade and wander to bunkers and rough. The putts, hit with a different set of nerves, refused to drop.

Perkins won the first hole in the morning round and the next hole that he won was the seventeenth. Perkins was only 2 down at the eighth. He was hanging on desperately, but barely hanging on. Then he split apart and lost the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth holes—five in a row—to be 7 down. After this wide-open break Perkins pulled himself together and held Jones even for the next nine holes. He got one hole back to finish the morning round 6 down. He continued to hang on through the first three holes of the afternoon war. Then he began to break again. He seemed to realize that he was like a man attempting to break down a stone wall with a feather duster.

After playing nine consecutive holes in par or better without making any headway, all the fire and flame went out of the British champion's game. He seemed to feel that he was bucking something more relentless than fate, and that it was all a useless waste of time and energy and nerve-wrecking care. His game began to crumble up at the fourth hole in the afternoon, and from that point on it was merely a question of how soon.

When you take in the finals, Mr. Rice continues, it means that Jones played his last 85 holes of golf at Brae Burn in 12 under par. Quoting further:

Par is a relentless machine. It is doubly relentless at a course like Brae Burn, slanting and hilly, flanked with trees and ditches. It is a cold and killing proposition for any golfer to face through any extended span of play. It allows few errors—almost none. When you consider that this free, smooth-swinging, powerful young Georgian was twelve strokes better than the standard of perfect golf for eighty-five holes you might also understand why it was that he was so far up on John Beck, Phil Finlay, and Phil Perkins, who allowed fine games to crumble up as they attempted to chase this will-o'-the-wisp through the swamp of despair.

It is one thing to face par. It is still another to face a machine that can slaughter par and grind it into smaller atoms—a machine that can turn 5's into 4's, 4's into 3's and 3's into 2's. Brown and Gorton both gave Bobby stiff opposition in the first eighteen-hole matches. This has happened before. Gorton, in fact, only had to hit a straight tee shot and get his 4 at the eighteenth to win 1 up and toss a monkey-wrench into the flawless machine of golf.

But none of them can quite make it over the shorter route. And once Jones sniffs the longer trail, there is no competition left. In his last six thirty-six-hole matches at Minnikahda and Brae Burn, this phenomenal champion has stood 66 up against such opponents as Francis Ouimet, Chick Evans, Jimmy Johnston, Phil Perkins, and Phil Finlay.

This means that he has averaged 11 up against some of the finest amateurs in the field from both sides of the world. You don't have to go beyond these returns to see how far Bobby Jones outclasses the parade. In the world of golf he makes old man Henry J. Colossus look like one of Singer's Midgets. It is an almost incredible record of superior skill. No man in golfing history has ever approached it.

In his start against Perkins, Jones sliced to the woods, hit a tree on his way out, looked up on his short chip, moved his putt on the green and conceded the hole after the British champion had played a great shot to the green from a sanded lie in the trap. Perkins was now 1 up, and he got a good half at the second and third in par 4's. At this stage the gallery was charging and racing through the woods, skidding along the slopes, all steamed up for a battle to the finish.

And then the terrific press of Jones's game began to tell. His long tee shots sailed squarely down the middle. His long irons and his shorter pitches to the green began to hunt the flag. On shot after shot it looked from the hills and valleys as if he hit the pin. These rifle-fire drives and approaches were more than Perkins could stand. They broke his heart at Chicago in the Walker Cup matches, and they broke his heart again to-day. He was no part of the golfer who had faced and eliminated George Voigt with two great rounds.

Perkins had been ground to powder beneath the iron heel of Jones once before this year—at the Walker Cup matches, where he lost 13 and 12, an even more decisive defeat than this later one. In this way, Mr. Petrie observes, the English champion's wish to do better in the second meeting came true. But the English, altho they have a natural and human desire to win, do not seem

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

to mind being beaten by our Bobby. At any rate, this inference may be read into comments by Bernard Darwin, the English golf critic, who wrote in *Vanity Fair* late in 1927, after the Atlantan had captured the British open at historic St. Andrews, for the second successive time. Mr. Darwin gave us this analysis of Jones's method as it was observed on the Scotch links, and this statement of British feeling about him:

> There is, in his method of play, a certain rhythmic and beautiful monotony which does not lend itself to description. He does the same thing over and over and yet over again, with perfect grace and ease, and superlatives, after a while, make dull work. There are indeed those who can write pages about the turning movement of his illustrious hips, but when it comes to writing about hips my pen refuses its office.
>
> On the other hand, there is the spirit which drives this amazing golfing machine, and about that there does seem to me to be something to say. He may in a sense be dull as a golfer, but he certainly is never dull as a man.
>
> While he is the most chivalrous of players and entirely unenvious of other people's victories, when they can win them, he is a perennially ambitious golfer. He will never sit down, like Alexander, and weep because there are no more championships for him to win. He sets out to win them again.

THE PASSING OF TRICK PITCHING

"HOUDINI hurling" will soon disappear forever, we are told. The spitball is doomed. So is trick pitching in general, tho it has baffled batters for a quarter of a century. To-day, according to Billy Evans, manager of the Cleveland Indians, "there remain only about a half-dozen twirlers who use the moistened delivery as part of their repertoire," and we are approaching the end of an era—that is, "unless some of the 'Houdini' pitchers invent something entirely new in foolers." The first fooler, Mr. Evans reminds us, was invented accidentally by George Hildebrand, now an American League umpire. About twenty-five years ago, while an outfielder with the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast League, Hildebrand happened one day to "moisten two fingers on his throwing hand as he cut loose with a fast ball to another player." Wonderful was the result. "The ball struck the player on the knee, and he didn't come even close to catching it." Naturally, "both players were surprized and interested," and Hildebrand tried the thing again, making the ball behave practically as before. In an article copyrighted by the NEA Magazine, Mr. Evans tells us that the inventor of the spitball "later confided his secret to Pitcher Frank Corridon, who developed it most successfully. Hildebrand also told Pitcher Elmer Stricklett about it. Stricklett, a former big-league star, had been passed on to the minors as through. After perfecting the new freak delivery he returned to the majors and was a consistent winner for a number of years." Remarks Mr. Evans:

> That, in brief, is the history of the birth of the spitball, which in various ways for over twenty-five years has more or less revolutionized pitching, or at least played havoc with the orthodox methods. It was only natural that smart pitchers, seeking to gain an edge over the batters, would start experimenting with other bits of trickery in an effort to make it all the more difficult to hit the ball where they "ain't."
>
> Pitcher Russell Ford of the New York Americans was the first pitcher to make use of illegal methods as an aid in deceiving the opposing batters. It is common knowledge that the application of saliva to a certain spot on the ball, through wetting the fingers, provided an area smoother than any other part of the ball.
>
> This smooth area caused the ball to speed on its way to the batter minus any pressure or purchase from the moistened fingers. As a result it would, after expending most of its force, suddenly dip downward at the last minute and make it difficult for the batsman to more than top the ball.
>
> Ford, a good pitcher and a smart one, reached the decision that if a smooth spot caused the ball to do all sorts of funny things, that a roughened spot should be just as effective. Ford worked for several months perfecting his trick delivery.
>
> Through the medium of a piece of emery paper he would roughen the ball and make it do all sorts of tricks. How to conceal the piece of emery on the field was a problem to solve, even after he had perfected the delivery.
>
> The solution was a small piece of emery paper, which was fastened to a tough piece of string, which in turn was hitched to the inside of the left sleeve of his undershirt. He had a hole cut in the center of his glove which was just a trifle smaller than the piece of emery paper. At the end of each inning he would slip the emery paper under the sleeve of the tight-fitting undershirt, remove the glove, then toss it on foul territory where it could be examined at length by anybody who believed he was using illegal methods.

Mr. Evans umpired the first game in which Ford "sprung the emery ball on the unsuspecting athletes," and he tells us:

> Never in my life had I seen a ball do the acrobatic stunts Ford had it perform that afternoon. I recall that he struck out Harry Davis of the Athletics four times without his making so much as a foul. In those days Davis was one of the greatest batters in the game, and Ford's feat was as noteworthy as whiffing Babe Ruth four times. The Philadelphians were as mystified at the achievement as the New York rooters were delighted. An amazed howl greeted the fourth strike-out.
>
> Ford was credited with throwing a spitball, but until that game I had never seen a pitcher make a spitball sail upwards or dip in or out. Previously all the spitball pitchers I had umpired simply made the ball dip downward. I was much interested and decidedly skeptical. The next day I asked Ford if he knew how the ball was going to break when he started it on its way to the catcher. He assured me that he did, and offered to give a demonstration. Walking out to remote right field in

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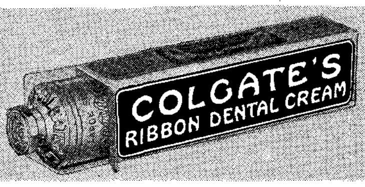

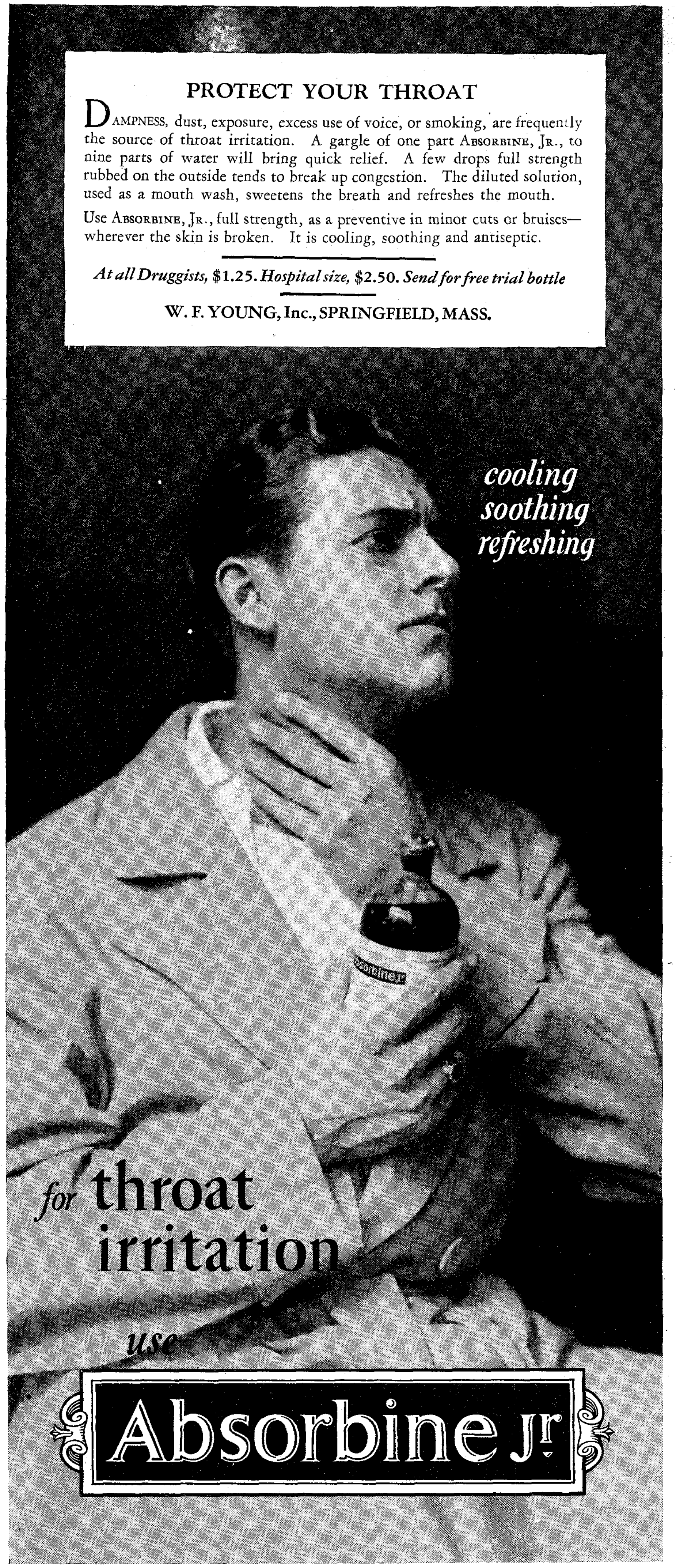

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

company with Ford and Ed Sweeney, his catcher, he proceeded to open my eyes by making the ball do the very things he said it would. I was convinced that Ford had invented something entirely new in spitball styles.

The emery ball, which got by as a spitball, made Ford the pitching sensation of the American League in 1910. He had several other highly successful years, in which the emery ball was his ace. For a time Eddie Sweeney was the only other member of the New York club who was let in on the secret. This was made necessary so that Sweeney could properly handle the varied shoots delivered by Ford.

The year following the big season Ford enjoyed because of the emery ball, Sweeney held out for a raise of several thousand dollars. The New York club refused to grant it, and Sweeney failed to report for spring training. Ford, anxious to have Sweeney back and desiring to keep his secret, failed to wise up the catchers who were subbing for Sweeney, and as a result none of them could make a half respectable showing handling his peculiar brand of stuff.

Ford strest the point that no one but Sweeney could hold him. After several futile efforts on the part of the substitutes, the New York club agreed to give Sweeney his raise and ordered him to come on at once.

Not until Ford jumped to the outlaws did Sweeney reveal the secret of his pitching success, and then only to Ray Keating, a legitimate spitball pitcher on the Yankee pitching staff. Keating in turn told it to his room-mate, Earl Gardner who, when relegated to the minors at Toledo, told it to Fred Falkenberg. It enabled Falkenberg to win ten straight games after being brought back to the majors by Cleveland.

The emery ball was exposed by Eddie Collins, we are told:

Collins, a smart batsman as well as a great one, after being struck out by Keating on three pitched balls, at none of which he offered, asked Umpire Tommy Connolly, calling balls and strikes, to take a look at the ball.

It was a brand-new one that Connolly had put in play as Collins stept to the bat. It had not come in contact with the bat or concrete stands, which might possibly roughen it.

Acting on the suggestion of Collins, Connolly not only looked at the ball but demanded Keating give him his glove. Looking it over carefully he discovered a small piece of emery paper between the padding and leather.

This was the first public exposé of the emery ball, altho the delivery was several years old at the time. It had been suspected that something was wrong, that certain pitchers were cheating, but it was impossible to get any proof to justify the suspicion.

President Johnson of the American League, on getting the facts from Umpire Connolly, issued a bulletin that placed the quietus on the use of the emery ball. It called for a fine of $100 as well as a thirty-day suspension without pay.

The banning of the emery ball, however, which for a time got by under the head of spitball pitching, didn't stop the use of illegal methods on the part of the pitchers to minimize the effectiveness of the batters.

Not all "unfair practises on the part of the pitchers" have vanished, it would seem, for "only a short time back the Brooklyn club protested a game on the grounds that Pitcher Charley Robertson of the Boston Braves was using some sort of sticky substance on the ball," and "out of the emery ball came the shine ball, the loaded ball, the mud ball, the finger-nail ball, the paraffin ball, the raised-seam ball, and many more." Reading on:

> Eddie Cicotte of the Chicago White Sox, who passed from the game in 1920 because of the unpleasantness that developed relative to the 1919 world series, invented more of the trick deliveries than any other pitcher in the game.
>
> Cicotte was one of the craftiest pitchers I ever called balls and strikes for. He became a big winner after it seemed a lame arm had practically ended his major-league career. It was Cicotte who first loaded the seams of the ball in an effort to make it dip hither and thither.
>
> Cicotte would have the palm of his glove heavily oiled. He would first rub this oil into the seams at a given spot, and to this spot apply some dirt that he would pick from the pitcher's box. The oil would form a perfect base for absorbing the dust. Likewise Cicotte, through the use of a little talcum powder which he would get from a sack carried in his hip pocket, would get a smooth spot on the ball that was even more effective than the use of saliva.

By way of illustrating "what a rough spot can do to either make or spoil one's pitching, according to the way the ball is held prior to the pitch," Mr. Evans recalls an incident in a game played in New York during the season of 1914:

> Joe Wood of Boston had a big year in 1914, and the emery ball helped him considerably. Just prior to the game I have in mind Joe pitched a game against St. Louis in which he struck out either fourteen or fifteen men, and didn't use anything but a fast ball, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the emery ball.
>
> In the game I have in mind Wood, with the bases filled, became involved in an argument with Umpire Ollie Chill and was given the gate. This brought Hugh Bedient to the mound as relief pitcher. The first three balls delivered by Bedient were wild pitches, each one permitting a run to score and clearing the bases. Bedient, a fast-ball pitcher, was holding the ball in such a way that it was shooting upwards, out of reach of his catcher.
>
> A new ball was given Bedient after Umpire Chill discovered a very rough spot, about the size of a half-dollar, on the ball Wood had been pitching.
>
> The black and white ball was a favorite stunt until the umpires were ordered to strictly enforce the rule that prohibited the putting of any foreign substance on the ball. Pitchers, with the aid of tobacco or licorice, could, within a few seconds, take a brand-new ball and make it look like an old one on one side only. This created what was known as the black and white ball, and formed an optical illusion as it sped to the plate.

As an extreme instance to "show what limits the pitchers went in an effort to get the edge," Mr. Evans cites a case observed by Umpire George Hildebrand:

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Mail the coupon now.

3977

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1566, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

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....

....

(Please print your name and address)

What, oh, what a flavor there is to Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. What a snappy, tangy flavor. It's the cheese you taste. And the sweet, spicy tomato sauce. It's the good tender spaghetti.

Serve it hot, serve it quick, serve it heaped up high. Italian? Yes sir—cooked real Italian style.

57
flavor
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There is a knack to it

There's a certain knack to making a real dish of spaghetti, as any good Italian chef is quick to assure you.

You know yourself how much depends upon the flavor of the tomato sauce. . . For instance, we lay great stress upon the freshness of our tomatoes. That's why we grow our own seed, start our own plants and ripen the tomatoes on the vine and use them—fresh—when they're at their plumpest and ripest and juiciest.

The cheese is a special kind that is imported from foreign lands.

The dry spaghetti we make from a carefully selected hard, durum wheat. And we even wash and filter the air in which the spaghetti is dried.

So you see if we have succeeded in catching the spaghetti *flavor* it's because we take such extraordinary care that every ingredient is right. It's the reason, too, why with every Heinz product the name Heinz has come to mean *Flavor.*

HEINZ
COOKED
Spaghetti
in tomato sauce with cheese

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

In a game at St. Louis, a dozen new balls were brought from the bench to the box used by the umpires close by the home plate. Hildebrand examined one of the balls rather closely and discovered what seemed like cuts between each stitch.

Working on the assumption it might have been a faulty ball, he gave the other eleven balls the once-over and found all of them in the same condition. Some one had used a safety-razor blade to produce the hoped-for pitching magic.

IN PRAISE OF PEDALING

NO better exercise than cycling could be found when that recreation was in its prime, but in the United States, with its 20,000,000 motor-vehicles, it is now rather uncomfortable, laments the New York *Times*, adding that a great sport went out in this country when cycling was abandoned. Says *The Times* further, mentioning feelingly the delights of the wheel and its present status abroad:

> By bicycle one could explore the country, taking byways and towpaths as well as highways, and penetrate sylvan nooks inaccessible to motorists to-day. The cyclist was not a prey to fears about his safety on the road.
>
> In England and on the continent cycling is still a popular sport, and statesmen as well as schoolboys are seen astride the little leather saddle. Women ride fearlessly. No less than 6,000,000 cyclists have been listed in England by the Touring Club.
>
> In the Scandinavian countries bicycles are in general use. All the monarchs ride as well as most of their subjects. Girls flit along the country paths. Men no more on the sunny side of sixty tool about serenely. In Europe there is not a touring-car to every five persons. The rights of cyclists are recognized and enforced. An elderly person on a bicycle is not a ridiculous sight—he may be the Prime Minister, or a professor of logic, or a society leader. What adult in the United States dares to ride a bicycle on the highway?

Hardly had *The Times* asked this question before it was answered by a lady signing herself P. H., who wrote from Greenwich, Connecticut. That she is an enthusiastic wheelwoman is obvious from her comments, which, in part, follow:

> "I am a middle-aged woman who not only dares but takes the keenest delight in the clean, healthful exercise of riding my wheel.
>
> "I earn my living in private homes, and when time off duty is accorded I go on my bicycle, against the wind at the start of my outing, so as to be aided by the wind on my return.
>
> "Let me add a word in sincere appreciation to the motoring public for their courtesy and good humor in tolerating me on the crowded thoroughfares. Seldom am I scoffed at; but often I find the opportunity to pass the spirit of good-will, with a good-natured response, to an occasional 'grouch,' even tho I may be the subject of the laugh; it is all in the day's fun."

THE MOVIE-USHER IDEA ON THE GOLF LINKS

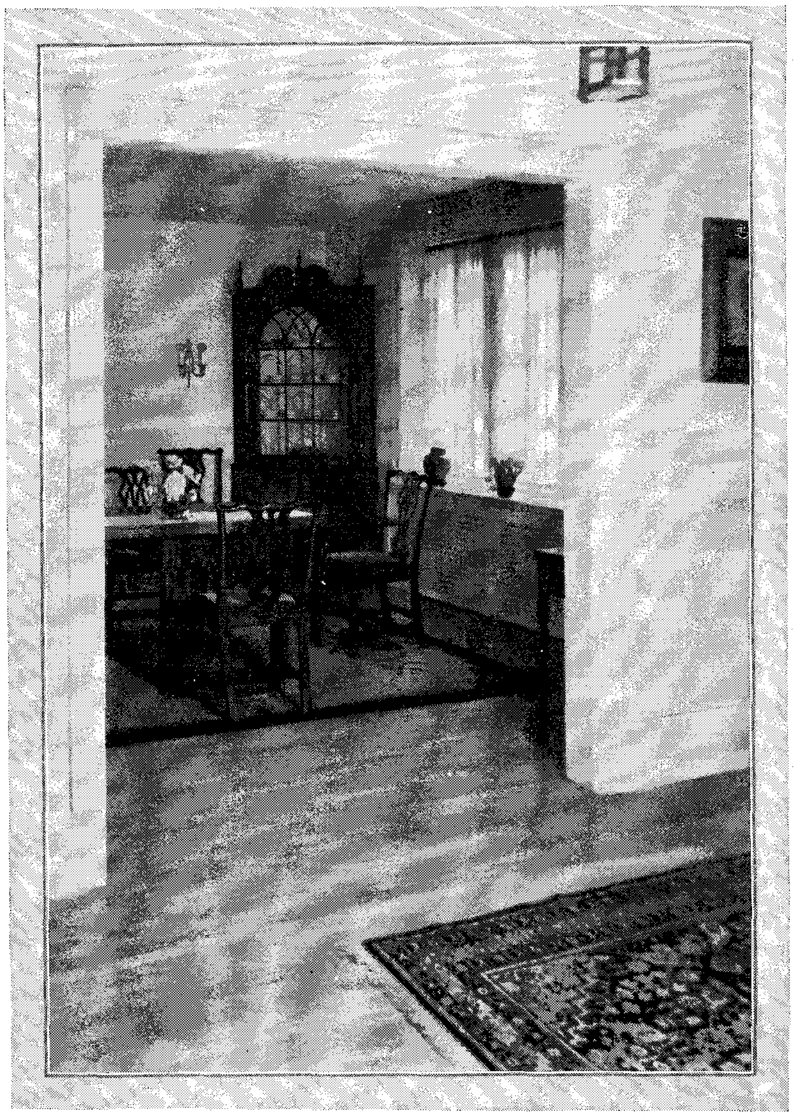
MORE decorative caddies are in prospect for the golf links of England; and in the opinion of Lawrence Perry, who reports the innovation for Consolidated Press Association, the plan is "likely to sweep the world." At any rate, he continues, "one fancies that it will take a firm hold upon the imagination of golf and country club authorities throughout the United States." Certain Surrey golfers, we learn, are dissatisfied with the appearance of their caddies and have applied such harsh terms to them as "tatterdemalions" and "blots." "Why should this be?" they ask; and we read on:

> Why is it not possible that they beautify rather than blot the flawless greens and the sweet turf of the fairway? Answering their own question, the Surrey golfers say that it is entirely possible, and a movement is on foot to devise well-fitting club uniforms for the caddies, something in gray and gold with vizored caps and white Sam Browne belts.
>
> The charm of this idea can not, it would seem, fail to appeal to any golf club anywhere. As a matter of fact, a club in Versailles already has a rule that no boy may be a caddie who is not a boy scout, appropriately uniformed and smartly trained. They have a scout master in addition to a caddie master, and military drill is expected.
>
> Americans who patronize the great movie palaces in various cities of the country must be fully aware of what can be done with youngsters when they are brightly uniformed, instructed in polite conversation and general good manners, and inspired by a pride of calling.
>
> Now comes the chance to carry the movie-usher idea to the golf links. Nothing more alluring pertaining to golf has been devised since the abandonment of the old gutty ball.

Whatever may be the present appearance of American caddies, Mr. Perry predicts that our links, due to the English movement, will presently become dressier, and goes on to say:

> On all American links rags will be replaced by garb of military smartness.
>
> Snappy efficiency in all details of caddying will supplant indifferent demeanor and the habit of slouchiness.
>
> The whole spirit of golf will change, and who will say this will not be for the best? For when the new era has dawned, and you mistake some one else's ball for your own, you will not get a snicker coupled with the contemptuous information that you are willing.
>
> Instead, preceded by a snappy salute, it will be: "Beg pardon, sir; but this is not your ball. I'm sorry. If you will move to the rough, a bit to the left, near that oak tree, I am sure that with the assistance of your caddie, your ball will be discovered. I thank you." Prompt, efficient service, dulcetly rendered, will be the new cry.
>
> Really, it is curious that in this up-and-coming land an idea so lovely in all its details should have been permitted to originate in England. But the chances are that the enthusiasm for the plan in the United States will not suffer because of this.

The simplicity of this interior is in itself inviting. The floor of friendly, polished oak gives the vista much of its charm. See how graciously it sets off the fine Chippendale of the dining-room.



A floor that seems to say, "Come in"

SOME houses bid you welcome as soon as you enter their doors. There is a cheery hospitality about them that you can't quite explain at first. Then you look again at the floors and understand. Oak! Warm in coloring, deep in grain, rich in character . . . a wood that takes a hundred years to grow, and longer than that to wear out.

Oak floors in a house are visible evidence of good taste and good workmanship. They are recognized by everyone—real estate man, builder, home owner—as a true index of quality. If you are planning to buy or build a home, you will naturally want your house to have the gracious beauty and the added worth that goes with floors of oak. The difference in cost between oak floors and floors of less durable material is only a trifling sum when you compare it with the hundreds of dollars of increased value that oak will give to your home.

If you own a house that doesn't already have oak floors upstairs and down, you can have them laid right over the old floors at small expense and without inconvenience. Ask your contractor, architect or lumber dealer for an estimate.

Think of the satisfaction of having floors of polished oak all through your home! Floors that blend harmoniously with your fine furniture and enhance the beauty of your decorative scheme . . . floors that are smooth, dust-proof and easy to keep clean! And think of the profit you will make if you ever sell or rent the house.

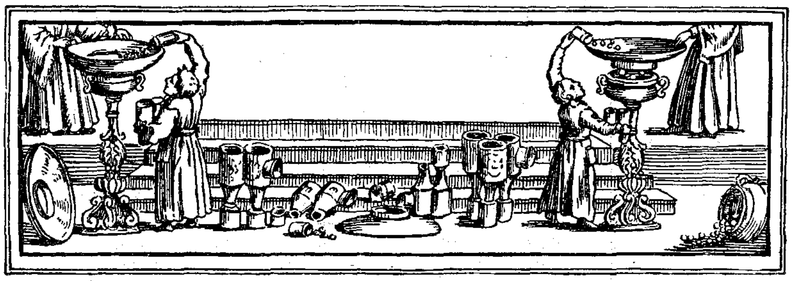
Let us send you literature and help you with advice on any flooring problem. This advertisement is published by the OAK FLOORING BUREAU, 1233 Builders' Building, Chicago. A non-profit bureau maintained by the oak flooring industry for the benefit of home owners and builders.

There is a friendly greeting in the warm glint of OAK

(*Personal Glimpses continued*)

BALLOT-BOXES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

A TERRIFIC DIN—shouting and the clash of spear on shield—went up from the assemblage of subjects gathered by the monarch. Then, satisfied by having exprest their will on an important issue, the people went home. This particularly noisy form of voting by acclamation was in force long before the Christian era, Grace Crawley Oakley tells us in *The Edison Monthly*, in the course of a discussion of voting practises through the ages. The will of the people has been exprest in many ways, she informs us, "by acclamation, by markings on paper or leaves, and by stones and pebbles, until finally a machine has been devised for recording the vote." And as we shall see, some modern practises and expressions, such as black-balling and "spilling the beans," derive from old voting methods. As we read:



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Edison Monthly*

AN EARLY ITALIAN ELECTION

How they balloted in Venice early in the sixteenth century. The artist, Edna Hood Lissak, has based her drawing on an engraving of the period

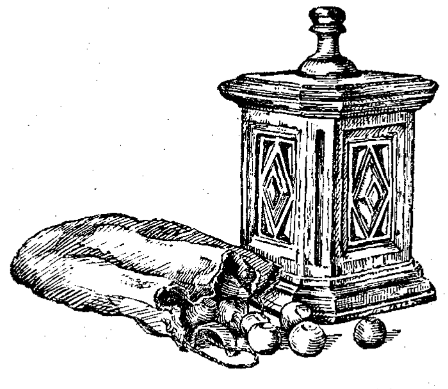
In Greece and Italy the people governed the decisions of the general assemblies, administrative councils and law courts voting *viva voce*, by division, pricking and by balloting with shells, broken pieces of pottery, peas, beans, bronze disks, and pebbles of different colors.

The Spartans elected by acclamation, a method no more indicative of the majority will then than it is now, for it is not always the side which can make the most noise which really holds the greatest number of votes.

In the powerful Republic of Athens, four political bodies formed the government. The nine *archons*, or chief magistrates, were chosen by lot. As indicative of the high ideals of the people of this great republic, it is interesting to note that these officials came from the richest, most powerful, and most cultured families, and that they gave their time to the State without reward. Like the priests, they could have no physical deformities, their bodies must be without blemish, and their persons also were considered to be sacred.

The electoral assemblies met only once a year, on a day appointed. The one thing they seem not to have voted upon was the weather. Indeed it controlled them, for since storms, earthquakes, and eclipses were deemed signs of celestial displeasure, such a happening automatically dissolved the assembly.

In the courts, as soon as a case had been presented and argued—and hearings were generally public—the decision was rendered by secret ballot. Two ballots were given to each judge, that is, each received two beans, metal disks, or black and white pebbles—in criminal cases, the white to free the offender, the black for condemnation. Here we have the original of our modern "black ball." Two urns were placed on the table—the master urn of brass or copper, the other of wood. This latter was for discarded ballots. Into it a judge who had reached no decision could cast both votes. The voting finished, the tokens were spilled on the table and the votes counted. This is the earliest known occasion for "spilling the beans," and it is quite likely that to it may be traced our modern expression.



AN ELABORATE BALLOT-BOX

Note the carving on this vote receptacle, owned by the Corporation of Newport, Isle of Wight, shown with the balls used in voting.

In 139 B. C. the written ballot was instituted in Rome. The ballot was probably the greatest political discovery of the Greeks and Romans.

Voting by "pricking" has been previously mentioned, Miss Oakley writes, and proceeds to explain the term:

It was accomplished in this wise. In the Assembly, the tribes gathered, each in its allotted section or booth. From each booth a long passage led to a large open space, *ovile*, through which the voters could leave. As each voter entered the passage or *pons*, he declared his choice for election, and the teller or *rogator* pricked the tablet inscribed with that candidate's name.

Incidentally, with this form of suffrage, bribery was rampant. Even Cato saw nothing to censure when the Senate on one occasion made a common purse that its candidate for the consulship might not be outdone in bribery. It was this evil which finally led to the introduction of the secret ballot.

In Syracuse, voting was by written words on long olive leaves.

In Venice, in 1268, on the occasion of the election of a Doge, Lorenzo Tiepolo introduced the combination of votes by ballot and drawing by lot, and by this method Doges continued to be elected so long as the republic endured.

Secret voting for the election of public officers was long opposed in England. It was declared to be "a pernicious innovation and a poisonous exotic," "the deadly mischief of making numbers the sole test of public opinion." It was first suggested for the use of Parliament in the time of Charles I. It was actually used for the Scottish Parliament of 1662, but it was not finally adopted for parliamentary and municipal elections until 1872. It was, however, the method used in some of the boroughs as early as the sixteenth century. From the old "Ligger" or ledger book of the Corporation of Newport, Isle of Wight, we learn of the method there used for balloting, that is, by means of balls or "bullets," as they were then called.

The first record of the use of the ballot in America was in 1629, when the members of the Salem Church chose their pastor. Five years later the colony adopted this method to elect civil magistrates. From Massachusetts the custom spread to the new towns of the Connecticut River.

The method is described for us by Governor Winthrop, who is quoted thus in the article:

"The Governor and deputy were elected by papers wherein their names were written: but the assistants were chosen by papers, without names, viz.: the Governor propounded one to the people; then they all went out, and came in at one door, and every man delivered a paper into a hat. Such as gave their vote for the party named gave in a paper with some figure or scroll on it; others gave in a blank."

An act of 1801 provided that voters at elections should each place his ballot on the lid of the box as he filed past the teller, whose duty it was to satisfy himself that each ballot was single, and then place it in the box. It was not until fifty years later that the opening of a folded ballot was prohibited because of possibilities of fraud.

The printed or written ballot was recognized by a Constitutional Amendment of 1836.

The Australian ballot was first introduced in South Australia in 1856. Massachusetts was the first of the United States to accept it, in 1888.

Thus the way was prepared for the voting machine. Continuing:

A step was taken in this direction when Thomas A. Edison turned his mind to the problem.

On June 1, 1869, the first patent for which he had ever applied and for his first invention, was granted. This was for an "Electrographic Vote-Recorder."

The purpose of this particular device was to permit a vote in the National House of Representatives to be taken in a minute or two, complete lists being furnished of all members voting on the two sides of any question. It was rejected by a committee of the House because it would prevent filibustering, considered a most important weapon in the hands of the minority in successfully opposing bad legislation. It was Mr. Edison's only non-commercial and unsuccessful invention.

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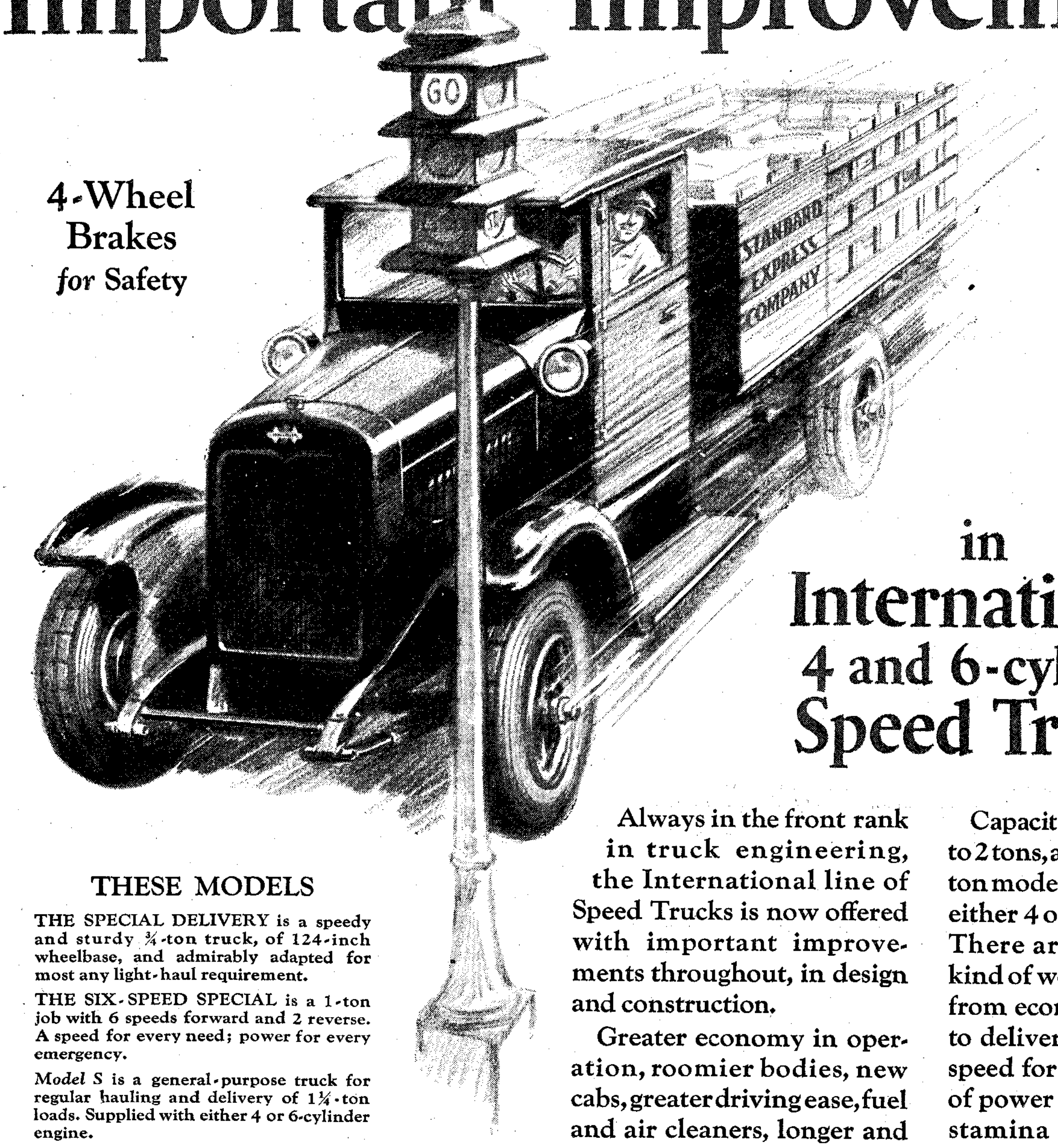

in International 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks

THESE MODELS

THE SPECIAL DELIVERY is a speedy and sturdy ¾-ton truck, of 124-inch wheelbase, and admirably adapted for most any light-haul requirement.

THE SIX-SPEED SPECIAL is a 1-ton job with 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse. A speed for every need; power for every emergency.

Model S is a general-purpose truck for regular hauling and delivery of 1¼-ton loads. Supplied with either 4 or 6-cylinder engine.

Model SF-34, 4-cylinder, and *Model SF-36*, 6-cylinder engine. Both of 1½-ton capacity.

Model SF-46, 2-ton capacity, with 6-cylinder engine and 4 forward speeds.

Models SD-44 and *SD-46* (4 and 6-cylinder). Heavy-Duty Speed trucks, especially designed for dump and trailer work. Four-speed transmission and cantilever rear springs.

Always in the front rank in truck engineering, the International line of Speed Trucks is now offered with important improvements throughout, in design and construction.

Greater economy in operation, roomier bodies, new cabs, greater driving ease, fuel and air cleaners, longer and stronger frames. The same reliable spring suspension as before, and four-wheel brakes on *every* model! One of the examples of International advanced engineering is the Six-Speed Special—*the only Heavy-Duty Speed Truck built with 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse.*

Capacities range from ¾ ton to 2 tons, and all 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton models are available with either 4 or 6-cylinder engine. There are bodies for every kind of work a truck must do, from economical excavation to delivery de luxe. There is speed for good going, plenty of power for bad, and sturdy stamina to stand up under every load. Trucks easy to ride and drive, easy to look at, easy to like!

And every International Speed Truck is all truck—*not a rebuilt passenger car in the line.* Every one of them is built for work—and famous for it. And they are better trucks now than ever!

In addition to the Speed Trucks, the International Line also includes Heavy-Duty trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. All are sold and serviced by 169 Company-owned branches throughout the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

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INTERNATIONAL

Challenge on Card Accepted by Smoker

Returns tobacco can enclosure. Instead of making "kick" he gives "boost"

As you open the can of a certain brand of tobacco, you have often noticed a little slip with some such message as:

"Edgeworth is as nearly perfect as tobacco can be made. You will oblige us by writing us and returning this card should you find any irregularity in this box."

Each slip is numbered, so that any possible trouble may be traced directly to its source.

Recently, the following letter was received. It starts off like a kick, but—well, read it for yourself:

Westwood, N. J.
January 4, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

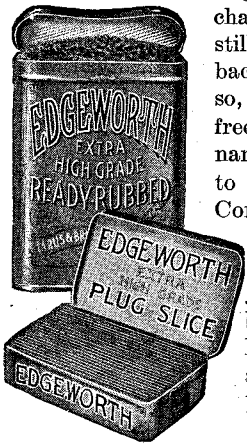
I have just bought a half-pound tin of your "Edgeworth," and notice your card inviting any complaints regarding irregularity in this box.

I have been a frequent user of your perfect tobacco, usually buying a pound at a time, and have never found any defect so far. It is the best tobacco, in my humble opinion, for the price.

Think you ought to alter the name of "Edgeworth" to "All Round Worth," for it is very uniform in quality.

Yours very truly,
Harry Thurnall.

If you have never seen one of these little Edgeworth slips, the chances are you have still to try this tobacco. Should that be so, let us send you free samples. Your name and address sent to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you samples of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.


EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE READY-RUBBED
LARUS & BRO. CO.
EDGEWORTH EXTRA HIGH GRADE PLUG SLICE
EDGEWORTH

Try Edgeworth, and then should you want to *buy* it, you will find it everywhere in different sizes—from the small tin you can carry to the big pound humidor that looks so handsome on your smoking stand, and various others in between. Each size comes in Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice, whichever you prefer.

And you will always find Edgeworth the same, whenever, wherever you buy it, because its good quality never changes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station, Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

FRANCE'S FORD MAKES THE EIFFEL TOWER AN ELECTRIC SIGN

SUDDEN, jagged flashes of light rip fast and high across the Paris night, like a terrific lightning storm just above the blue-black rim of chestnut trees along the Seine. The fiery stilettos scarcely have dropt out of the sky when a pillar of flame rises from the shadows of the river. It seethes up and up, six hundred, seven hundred, nearly one thousand feet. This is extinguished and there is a moment of barren blackness. Then from the peak to which the fire has sped to vanish, new lights burst forth and race downward, and a seven-lettered word gleams forth against the night. The word, Leland Stowe writes in *Nation's Business*, is "Citröen." The column is the Eiffel tower. The sign is the highest and one of the largest electrical advertising signs in the world. Of how it came into being, of the man who conceived this advertising triumph and of his war-time business experiences, Mr. Stowe tells us:

André Citröen, who in less than nine years has earned the title, "the Henry Ford of France," writes his name in 200,000 electric bulbs across the Paris sky three or more nights a week. He has secured for commercial exploitation one of the most prized tourist landmarks of France. He is probably the closest French counterpart of the American big-business man who has pushed his way to the top rung.

Citröen was born in Paris fifty years ago. At twenty he entered the *Ecole Polytechnique*. Hardly had he finished his studies there when he organized a factory of his own, with a personnel of ten workmen, to manufacture hand grenades. It was this decision, more than anything else, which shaped the career of the man who stands at the head of French industry today. For his experience as a manufacturer of munitions placed Citröen in a position to be of service to France during the war. And the plants which he built in those years supplied the basis for his great automobile plants organized since the war.

In four years Citröen had made a pronounced success of his hand grenades, so much so that soon he established a plant in Moscow and later another in Austria-Hungary.

In 1908 he was asked to reorganize an automobile concern, and thus his attention was first fixt on the possibilities in automobile production. When he made his first voyage to America in 1912 he returned with his mind filled with more ideas concerning industrial organization and management.

When the war broke out, Citröen enlisted as an artillery lieutenant. But his genius for organization refused to be stilled. With French industry lamentably disorganized, Lieutenant Citröen in 1915 advanced a plan to his superiors for constructing a plant which would greatly reduce the shortage of shells. France was in dire straits for ammunition. Citröen's scheme offered a guaranty of producing 50,000 shells a day within a short time.

The French Government accepted the plan, and Citröen entered the field of big

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production. It was necessary to select a site and construct everything from the ground up. Most difficult of all, it was essential to recruit skilled workmen or to train unskilled workmen. In a country fighting with its back to the wall, and all its best man-power at the front, this seemed an almost insurmountable problem.

Citröen accomplished the task. The site he selected was in Paris on the *Quai de Javel* beside the Seine. *Les Usines Citröen* are located there to-day. In a few months the factories had been built and munitions machinery had been imported from abroad and installed. Rapidly the plant's production rose to 10,000 shells a day and, finally, to the promised 50,000. During the rest of the war Citröen maintained that output, contributing in no small measure to the effectiveness of French gunfire. By the dawn of the Armistice this Citröen-built and Citröen-directed plant had turned out more than 28,000,000 shells.

Meanwhile, the French Government had asked M. Citröen to reorganize the arsenal at Roanne, which was then manufacturing only thirty shells daily. Here, again, in a few months, this industrial dynamo of France wrought magic, and the arsenal's production leaped upward to 55,000 shells a day. Every governmental facility was placed at M. Citröen's disposal. But the Government could not supply the power for organization which determined the final results.

With the war's end, M. Citröen had, under his direction, a tremendous plant employing more than 13,000 workmen. What should he do with it? In America there was a man named Ford who manufactured autos in what the French call *en grande serie*. There were other American automobile kings who had followed in his footsteps and were now reaping the same harvest of mass production. No one had ever tried it in Europe. M. Citröen asked himself: "Shells by the thousands—why not automobiles? If they can make it pay in America, why not in France?"

As a consequence the Citröen munition plant, a vast enterprise, founded and developed in three years, underwent the tremendous reorganization necessary for it to become a paying peace-time concern.

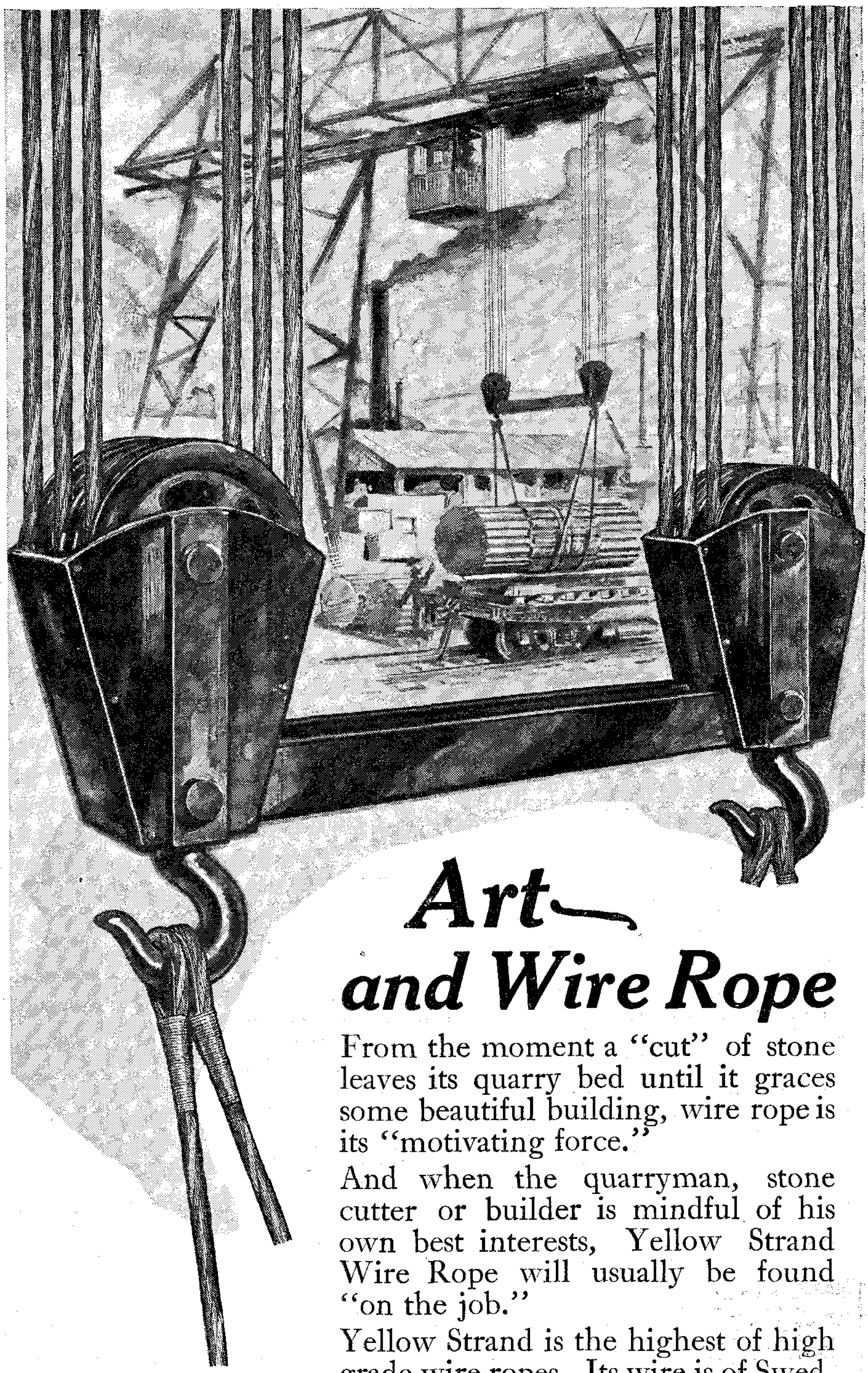
Staggering changes in machinery had to be made. They were made. Great financial risks had to be faced. They were faced. There was here nothing of the caution in business innovations which is so characteristic of the average Frenchman. Here there was the burning energy of a born industrial leader—the faith of a man who knows that power begets power.

To any one taking account of the innumerable changes Citröen had to make, it seems almost incredible that the first Citröen automobile was completed June 4, 1919—less than seven months from the time the same factory had been turning out 50,000 shells daily. Within a few days forty Citröens daily were emerging from the plant on the *Quai de Javel.*

M. Citröen had planned an output of 100 cars a day, and he attained it. But after his trip to America, in 1923, and his study at first hand of the Ford plant in Detroit, he returned to Paris determined to increase this production by American methods. Chain conveyances were installed throughout the Citröen assembling plants. New machinery which would increase speed and efficiency was added.

Since then the Citröen production has jumped to 400 cars a day—an output unequaled anywhere else in Europe.

There are now four or five other Citröen plants besides the several factories located



Art— and Wire Rope

From the moment a "cut" of stone leaves its quarry bed until it graces some beautiful building, wire rope is its "motivating force."

And when the quarryman, stone cutter or builder is mindful of his own best interests, Yellow Strand Wire Rope will usually be found "on the job."

Yellow Strand is the highest of high grade wire ropes. Its wire is of Swedish stock and drawn abroad to the most exacting specifications. This super-wire is "laid up" into rope by one of the oldest wire rope manufacturers in this country. Yellow Strand's economy is as distinctive as its "strand of yellow."

This company also makes all standard grades of wire rope for all purposes.

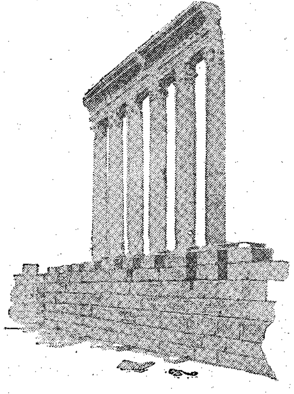
Motorists

You need a Basline Autowline in your car for emergencies. Made of ¼-inch Yellow Strand wire rope with patented snap hooks for quick attaching. Very strong but small enough to coil flat under a cushion. Ask your accessory dealer.

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE COMPANY
841 North First Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Eastern Office and Warehouse: 68 Washington St., New York City
Western Office: Seattle Factories: St. Louis and Seattle
Authorized Dealers in all Industrial Localities

Yellow Strand
WIRE ROPE

M446



The "Ship of Splendor"

HOMERIC

A famous White Star Liner . . . one of the world's leading and most luxuriously replete ships . . . the largest steamer to the Mediterranean . . . again exclusively chartered by us for the annual

Cruise Supreme to the Mediterranean

She sails from New York January 26th next . . . at the most advantageous season of the year . . . her proven itinerary a veritable cross-section of time-enriched lands . . . Madeira . . . Cadiz—Seville—Gibraltar—Algeciras . . . Algiers . . . Tunis . . . Naples . . . Athens . . . Constantinople . . . Jerusalem, Bethlehem . . . Egypt . . . Palermo . . . Naples . . . French Riviera . . . Stop-over privileges in Europe . . . altogether 14,000 miles . . . 67 days of leisurely, superbly comfortable, entertaining and recuperative travel . . .

Let us send you the full particulars

Thos. Cook & Son
in co-operation with
Wagons Lits Co.

New York Philadelphia Boston
Baltimore Washington Chicago St. Louis
San Francisco Los Angeles Portland, Ore.
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

on the *Quai de Javel.* In June, 1919, the number of employees was 4,500. In 1924 this had increased to 15,000. It is now more than 31,000, writes Mr. Stowe, continuing:

I went the other day to see this "Fordized" Frenchman who has blazoned his name in letters, each thirty feet high, upon a column 234 feet higher than the Woolworth Building.

It was 9:45 in the morning. An American millionaire might not be expected to be more seasonable in his appointments than that. A French companion and I drove along the quays of the Seine, past this same *Tour Eiffel,* to the *Quai de Javel,* where five or six huge buildings form the headquarters and assembling plant of *Les Usines Citröen.*

"See," said my companion as we halted. "There is the river for shipping his cars by water. Here is the railroad along the bank. And here, just across the road, M. Citröen's plant. Even you Americans could not have better business foresight than that."

We entered a lobby, spotlessly neat and gleaming with efficiency. On the right five girls were busy at a telephone switchboard. That was something to hold attention, by reason of the new and very modern telephone equipment. The American traveler on the Continent learns to expect little from French telephones.

Still making mental calculations on these apparently trivial things I followed up the stairs. Not long afterward we were ushered into the office of the man who hired the Eiffel Tower.

The man who greeted us was of average height with sparse graying hair, and keen brown eyes which narrowed slightly, betraying a native shrewdness. He wore a closely cropped mustache above thin, extremely straight lips. And more pronounced than all were the swiftly decisive and energetic movements one expects to find in the keenest American business man.

"Has my secretary given you all the information? The booklets about our plant and the circulars?" M. Citröen demanded crisply as soon as we were seated.

I assured him that he had.

"Then after that what can I tell you about?" asked M. Citröen, with the air of a man who counts minutes.

"About yourself," I said.

"Do you know about my newspaper? None of the details? Wait, I will show you a copy." He rang an electric summoner as energetically as a New York broker thirsting for prompt action.

"We have now had four issues; one every month. It is a full-page advertisement, to appear only on the back page of the newspapers. It is made up like a news page. It is a newspage. I have it every month in 200 newspapers, and it has a circulation of 50,000,000. Your biggest weekly has only two million in circulation. The *Petit Parisien* has a million and a half. The Citröen newspaper is the biggest newspaper in the world."

There was pride unmistakable in this statement—likewise the tone of a man accustomed to think and act in big terms. In France, M. Citröen is renowned as the greatest sponsor of the power of advertising. He has dashed in where no other French manufacturer dared follow.

That, I think, is much of the secret of M.

SOUTH AMERICAN CRUISE TOURS

Including

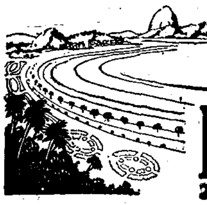
MARDI GRAS AT RIO

BY LUXURIOUS LINERS BUILT SPECIALLY FOR TROPICAL VOYAGING

CRUISE-TOUR No. 1
60 DAYS—$995 UP
Leaving New York, January 5th, 1929, by the S. S. VANDYCK, visiting Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina and West Indies.

CRUISE-TOUR No. 2
46 DAYS—$775 UP
Leaving New York, January 19th, 1929, by the S. S. VESTRIS, visiting Brazil and West Indies.

Rates include Hotels and Conducted Sightseeing Ashore.



Apply to your Local Agent or

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE
26 Broadway, New York City

Matches are swell for cigarettes

but for LIGHT, I use a flashlight. Particularly around the house where there's a chance of fire. I wouldn't use a lighted match among clothes in a dark closet or around the dry things in an attic, for anything. Not even if it *was* a good way to find things, which, you know, it isn't. I use my flashlight, an Eveready. Touch the switch and there's a big, bright circle of light that the darkest corner can't escape. Better light and SAFER.

There's no place like home for the flashlight habit. Keep Eveready Flashlights handy, upstairs and down. And keep them full of light, bright and long-lasting, with Eveready Batteries. They're packed with endurance, crammed with power, and they say it with LIGHT.

ELECTRICITY The Short Cut To Big Salaries

Many earn $60 to $200 a week. Learn on actual electrical machinery in 90 days. Earn while you learn. No experience necessary. Coyne backs you for life. 2 extra courses included. Send for big book free.

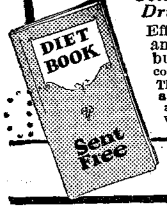
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 500 S. Paulina St., Chicago
H. C. Lewis, Pres. Dept. 78-59 Founded 1899

Eat and Be Well!

A CONDENSED set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

Control Your Weight Without Drugs or Tiresome Exercises

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies. The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.



HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
64 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

Citröen's success as a manufacturer of automobiles. Whatever is practical and good business he has seized upon. Convinced that Ford had the right idea in mass production and small profits, he launched his business on that basis. That was one idea borrowed from America. His extensive advertising campaigns are another.

"We now produce 400 cars daily," he said. "But we are buying new machinery in the United States, three million dollars' worth. When this is installed next year we shall turn out 800 cars daily."

"But how can the market take care of this tremendous increase?"

"In the United States," he replied, "there are 25,000,000 automobiles now running. Of this number General Motors makes 1,500,000 or 6 per cent. If you take France there are only 1,000,000 cars running, of which I have made 120,000. That is, I make 12 per cent. of the cars now running, and next year I will raise it to 20 per cent.

"What is the answer to that? It simply means that Europe needs more cars. In proportion to the population, the need over here is much greater. For example, you have one auto to every five inhabitants in the United States. And in Canada there is one to every ten persons. In France we have one auto to every forty-three inhabitants. There is one to every forty-five in England; in Belgium, one to sixty; and in Russia, one to every 7,000.

"In America you produce 4,000,000 motor-vehicles a year. France comes second with 200,000 a year—but even so, there remains a tremendous margin. In England 190,000 autos are manufactured yearly; in Italy 64,000, and in Germany only 54,000.

"You can easily calculate the results of these figures. There is to-day a much bigger opportunity for automotive development in Europe than in the United States. In ten years we will begin to be in or near full production. For us that should mean 2,000 or 3,000 cars a day."

"But," I suggested, "in that case won't you pass the peak and begin to decline? Won't you reach the stagnation point of production?"

"No, not for a long while," insisted M. Citröen with conviction. "When I was in America five years ago, Henry Ford said to me, 'always make more and more cars, and cheaper and cheaper.' That is exactly the policy we have worked on from the beginning. With only one auto to every forty-three inhabitants in France, we have a long way to go."

The conversation turned to the advertisement on the Eiffel Tower, of which we learn:

This was the first great commercial electric sign which had ever been displayed in France, and when first it blazed forth, from top to the bottom of a famous landmark, of which every Frenchman is intensely proud, storms of protest broke loose in Paris. For weeks M. Citröen was berated for cheapening a distinguished structure—even tho the occasion which he had chosen to inaugurate his great sign served to lessen the criticism appreciably.

"The upkeep of your sign there must be considerable," I hazarded.

"No, it is not at all expensive in proportion to its value," said the *roi des autos*. "In fact, the rental and maintenance of the Eiffel Tower lights cost 1,500,000 francs (about $60,000) a year. That's the cheapest and best advertising I ever had. After all, there's nothing like it in the world."

I wanted to pin M. Citröen down to the

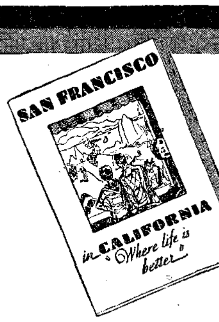
Winter is golden at
San Francisco

GIVE yourself a novel holiday in this vivid international city. San Francisco is refreshingly "different"—delightful for its mild, radiant winters, its cosmopolitan hotels, its smart shops, its original cafes. Average winter temperature is 51°. No snow, no sleet. Enjoy bracing, exhilarating days where the air is "nature's own rouge." Play in Yosemite, never more lovely than in winter; in the glamorous Monterey Bay region; in the verdant Redwood Empire. San Francisco is the gateway to the whole Pacific Coast, to Hawaii and the Orient and to Australia.

Moreover, it is the business, industrial and commercial headquarters of the West. Its port tonnage is America's second greatest. Its all-year golf courses, tennis courts, parks, yacht harbors and playfields reflect the outdoor spirit of a people who work when they work, play when they play, and enjoy exceptionally high per-capita prosperity. Send for your copy of illustrated book described below.

in CALIFORNIA
"Where life is better"

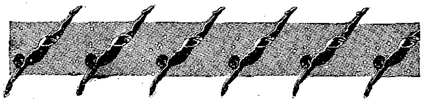
A HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED BOOK, describing San Francisco's charm, romance and opportunities, will be sent to you free by Californians Inc., a public organization with nothing to sell. Send for your copy now.



CALIFORNIANS INC.,
Dept. 310, 703 Market St., San Francisco
Please send me the book "San Francisco:"

Name ______________________

Address ______________________



Give the West Indies Their Due . . . Sail On A Cunard Cruise . . .

Why not go to the West Indies as the trip deserves? Comfort and luxury meet you at the top of the gangplank . . . Cunard decks are as wide and white as the café-lined streets in Havana.

Cunard staterooms are as smart and well-equipped as any hotel room in a cosmopolitan resort . . . and by way of making the Caribbean perfect, you will have Cunard Transatlantic service in its lazy, turquoise waters . . .

Three 16 day cruises
$200 up
S. S. FRANCONIA - From New York
Dec. 1 and Dec. 20, 1928
S. S. SCYTHIA - From New York
Jan. 7, 1929

Two 31 day cruises
$300 up
S. S. CALIFORNIA - From New York
Jan. 19 and Feb. 23, 1929

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR
West Indies Cruises

DEVELOP POWER
AT HOME
to *initiate, persevere, achieve;* carry on through life your education; earn credit toward a Bachelor degree, by using the 450 courses
The University of Chicago
Gives by Correspondence
Inquire or check the adv. to show desire and mail to
319 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

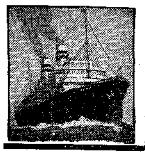
THE LUXURY CRUISE TO THE
Mediterranean
PALESTINE
EGYPT
8th Cruise
By the famous
"Rotterdam"
Leaving New York,
Feb. 7, 1929
Under Holland-America Line's own management

The "ROTTERDAM"
24,170 tons reg., 37,190 tons disp.
Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

71 Days of Delightful Diversion
ITINERARY includes Madeira, Casablanca (the play ground of Morocco and North Africa), Cadiz, Seville (Granada), Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples (first call), Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa, Jerusalem (the Holy Land), Alexandria, Cairo (and Egypt), Kotor and Dubrovnik, Venice, Naples (second call), Monaco and the Riviera, Easter in Italy (April 1st). Carefully planned Shore Excursions included in Cruise Fare. Stop-over in Europe. Number of guests limited. Cost of Cruise $955 up.
American Express Co. Agents in Charge of Shore Excursions
For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW Illustrated Folder "K" on request to

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
21-24 State Street, New York
Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Detroit, Atlanta, Ga., Seattle, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Mexico City, Montreal, Winnepeg. *Or any authorized Steamship Agent.*

Four Luxury Cruises
1929
WEST INDIES
by the splendid oil burning turbine sister Ships
VOLENDAM 16 Days
Jan. 26 Feb. 16 Mar. 9
VEENDAM 29 Days
Feb. 12



PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

exact details of how he managed to "sign up" the Eiffel Tower; how he persuaded the authorities that such a sacred French landmark should be used for commercial purposes. His sole explanation was this:

"I first used the Eiffel Tower sign during the Decorative Arts Exposition." This one sentence perhaps tells most of the story. Surely it was far easier for M. Citröen to persuade the Paris authorities that an illuminated Eiffel Tower would be a stellar attraction of the Decorative Arts Exposition than it ever would have been for him to convince the same authorities that the sign should be inaugurated as a combined business proposition and a feature of "Paris by night."

When M. Citröen offered to transform the Eiffel Tower into the largest and most brilliant night spectacle of its kind in the world—and pay all the expenses out of his own pocket—what could the authorities say? They were extremely anxious to have the Paris exposition shine. So they allowed the far-sighted M. Citröen to add very decidedly to its luster. After that, regardless of the protests of those who shuddered at the commercialization of the Eiffel Tower, the ice was broken, and the seven-lettered word remained, flaming forth above the roofs and boulevards of Paris.

BATTLING FOR POOR LO'S BALLOT

JOHN SKEEDADDLE was a pauper, at least so far as political knowledge was concerned. Perhaps he had heard of Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis, for this was in 1924, but the names meant nothing to him. "Who are you for?" they asked him in Paradise Valley, Nevada, when he arrived at the polls to register for voting in the Presidential election of four years ago. "I just want to vote for Uncle Sam," he answered. John Skeedaddle, which, Edward T. Folliard assures us in the Washington *Post*, was his real name, was an Indian, one of 125,000 who had recently been made citizens; and despite his innocence, he was preparing to exercise his right of helping to choose the "Great White Father." But, Mr. Folliard tells us further, you can "lay a little bet that John Skeedaddle will not be so innocent" this year. Continuing, we read of plans of the political parties to capture the Indian vote, and of Indians and part Indians who have gone to the top in politics—Senator Curtis, Republican Vice-Presidential nominee, for example. We learn:

This is to be a campaign, we are told, when every vote will count, and that includes the heretofore little-heard-of Indian vote. Both the Republicans and Democrats are going out after it this year, just as they are going out after the woman vote, the negro vote, the German vote, and all the other blocks of votes.

The campaign to corral the red man's vote, not to mention the red woman's, will extend from the reservation of the Blackfeet in the North to the sun-baked tenements of the Pueblos of the South, and before three moons have come and gone

Two Winter Cruises to the Mediterranean, Holy Land and Egypt . . .

S. S. Samaria . . . from New York December 5, 1928 . . . A 43 day cruise to the old cities of the Mediterranean . . . Jerusalem on Christmas morn . . . The Dead Sea, River Jordan, Jericho . . . and a circuit of the Mediterranean, visiting Gibraltar, Naples, Athens, Egypt . . . Alexandria, Cairo and the Nile. Leave New York muffled in winter and cruise into the sun-drenched turquoise blue Mediterranean. A Christmas pilgrimage to Palestine. Rates: New York to New York, $655 up.

S. S. Mauretania . . . from New York February 16, 1929 . . . for the fifth successive year this special sailing to Winter's playgrounds . . . Egypt and the Mediterranean . . . at the height of their respective seasons . . . Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, the Rivieras, Naples, Athens, Alexandria . . . Cairo, where to arrive in the Mauretania is to imply you are "of the world." Rates: New York to Naples, $275 up.

MAURETANIA AND SAMARIA
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

PATENTS. Write for our Free Guide Book **"HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT"** and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of inventions for *Inspection and Advice Free.* Terms Reasonable. Prompt Service. Highest References. **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.**
759 9TH **WASHINGTON, D. C**

Print Your Own
Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Complete outfits $8.85. Job press $11, $29, Rotary $149. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog presses type etc. **THE KELSEY CO., P-23, Meriden, Conn.**

High School Course in 2 Years
You can complete this Simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Prepares for entrance to college, business and leading professions. This and Thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-752, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. ©AS1923 **CHICAGO**

Electricity
Learn in Los Angeles. Thoroughly practical course prepares young men, 18 and over, for technical and executive positions. Unlimited opportunities in California for continuous advancement. 32 instructors. Unexcelled equipment. 23rd successful year. 17,000 active graduates. Highest Type Training. Recognized by Electrical Industry. Nominal Entrance Requirements. Employment Service during and after training. California spending $100,000,000 in electrical development. Large, illustrated catalog sent Free, Postpaid. 102K
NATIONAL ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
102-K Figueroa, Los Angeles

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
ACTS LIKE MAGIC
ON TIRED, TENDER, SMARTING, SWOLLEN, PERSPIRING FEET
25 CENTS · ALL DRUGGISTS

> Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith will be the subject of many an old-fashioned pow-wow.
>
> What with Senator Charles Curtis running on the same ticket with Hoover and former Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, off the Democratic reservation, because of his dislike for Governor Smith, it would seem that the Republicans have the edge on the Democrats where the Indian vote is concerned, but the Democrats are not downhearted.
>
> Curtis is descended from a Kaw chieftain, and Owen is of Scotch-Irish and Cherokee ancestry.
>
> Indians have held many offices under Democratic administrations. For example, in the Wilson Administration, two Indians served in the office of Register of the Treasury—Gabe Parker, a Choctaw, and Houston B. Teehee, a Cherokee. Another outstanding Democrat of Indian blood was Paul O. Husting, a Menominee, who represented Wisconsin in the United States Senate from 1914 until he died in 1917.
>
> Representative William W. Hastings, a Democrat, of Oklahoma, is part Cherokee, and Charles D. Carter, a Democrat, who represented that State in the House for nearly twenty years, is a Chickasaw.
>
> Just how large the Indian vote is or what it is—Republican or Democratic—is not known. However, it is known that in many States the Indians hold the balance of power.
>
> The records of the Indian Office show that there are 349,595 Indians in the United States, an increase of approximately 16,585 over ten years ago. And yet they call it the "vanishing race."
>
> The State having the greatest Indian population is Oklahoma, which is listed as one of the doubtful States in the 1928 campaign. Before the election of 1920, Oklahoma had been safely Democratic, but in that year the State was captured by Harding. The Indian population in Oklahoma is 120,163, nearly three times greater than in any of the other States.

There are 335 Indian tribes in the country, the *Post* writer continues, and they occupy an area of land as large as that embraced in all the New England States. Quoting further:

> Taken as a whole, they are probably the least homogeneous people in America. Each tribe has its own tongue, each its own history and each its own traditions, a condition, it must be admitted, which makes it very hard for the politicians.
>
> Latest statistics show that there are approximately 400 Protestant and 200 Catholic missionaries in the Indian field, with approximately 48,000 Indians affiliated with Protestant churches and 60,000 with Catholic churches. There are a large number of adult Indians who have not yet profest Christianity.
>
> The legislation that finally made all Indians citizens of the United States was enacted in 1924. It was known as the Indian citizenship act, and was signed by President Coolidge on June 2 of that year.
>
> The act opened the door of citizenship to 125,000 Indians. About 200,000 Indians had become citizens prior to that time through various laws. In order to gain citizenship, however, many of them had to give up all tribal affiliations.
>
> While all Indians are now citizens, not all are voters. It still is necessary for them to pass the various qualifications that have been set by the States, qualifications such

. . . featuring *the extras* that make travelling to California a luxurious diversion . . . a restful adventure

LOS ANGELES LIMITED

extra fare . . . 63 hours

Service, speed, courtesy, cuisine..you can take them for granted on the Los Angeles Limited.

There is something more that attracts famous people, the knowing ones, to choose this train year after year. Maybe it's an atmosphere of refinement and luxury, or the scenic grandeur along the smoothest roadbed in the world that calls them.

To our many old patrons..we await you eager to make your next journey even more enjoyable than the last.

To all travellers to California..take the Los Angeles Limited and we predict that you too will become one of its many ardent admirers.

***Train features:* Barber, valet, bath, maid, manicure. Observation-club cars, dining cars serving meals that appeal, every class of standard Pullman car accommodations..all equipment of the most modern and desirable type. 63 hours en route; leaves Chicago at 8:10 p. m. daily; $10 extra fare.**

Seven other fine trains to California from Chicago and St. Louis

Including the 63-hour extra fare San Francisco Overland Limited; Gold Coast Limited; Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.

Here's a new interesting inexpensive side trip—Death Valley, California

See its magnificent, mysterious grandeur by comfortable rail—motor-bus tours. Season starts November 2nd.

For booklets describing California, Death Valley and Union Pacific service:

Address nearest representative or General Passenger Agent Dept. 258, at Omaha, Nebraska

UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Can you wonder
TUBERCULOSIS
is cured at
ALBUQUERQUE

At Albuquerque you have *everything* to help you get well from pulmonary, bronchial or sinus ailments. The 5000 ft. altitude is the therapeutic optimum. Rainfall averages only 7½ inches a year and the humidity is always low. Days are clear and sunshiny all winter long. Nights are cool in midsummer. Accommodations—whether you want a sanatorium, convalescent home, boarding house, private room, furnished apartment or house—are excellent. Thousands have come here sick and gone home well.

May we send you this free booklet about Albuquerque? It may mean a great deal to you.

ALBUQUERQUE

ALBUQUERQUE
CIVIC COUNCIL
1000 Natl Bank Bldg.,
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Gentlemen: Please send your free book, "Putting Four Wheel Brakes on Tuberculosis", to—

Name..

Address..

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.

There's health and *Sunshine* now in
TUCSON
(*"Too-sŏhń"*)

Sunshine *is* health. "Of all cities in the United States, Tucson has 80% of the possible amount of sunshine." So says the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Sporty golf, horse-back riding, mountain picnics, cow-punching, wonderful motor roads—and all this any day in the year! *Oldest and largest municipal airport in the U. S. A.*

Write to Sunshine Club for information, then come Rock Island or Southern Pacific. Winter rates and stop-overs on all tickets.

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

800 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the *"Sunshine Booklet."*

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

This advertisement authorized by Pima County Immigration Commission

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

as writing or reading and the ownership of property.

The chief obstacle to the newly enfranchised Indians voting in the last national election was the lack of organized machinery. Most of them live on closed reservations located in unorganized counties where there were no officials to provide the necessary ballots, polling places, and other election facilities. In some cases, counties bordering on the reservations invited the Indians to use their polling booths.

Just before the election took place, J. E. Jenkins, superintendent of an Indian district in Nevada, issued a statement in which he warned that the Indians were not to be "herded to the polls by political partizans."

A record Indian vote is expected in November by the office of Indian affairs in Washington. Commissioner Charles H. Burke has predicted as much.

"While many Indians voted in the last presidential election," Commissioner Burke told his superintendents and other agents, "evidently there are many more this year who are qualified to vote and who will desire to exercise that privilege."

Burke told his subordinates to render all possible assistance to the Indians in helping them to poll their votes, but warned them not to try to use their influence for partizan purposes.

THE SPY WHO WAS FORCED TO BE HIS OWN EXECUTIONER

A KNOCK sounded at the door of the Vienna hotel room. The man who sat inside writing looked up as four Army officers, in full uniform, entered without awaiting an invitation. The man, white-faced, immaculate, holding himself very straight, rose. "I know why you have come," he said slowly. "I have written it all in these letters."

"Any accomplices?"

"None."

"Your activities, how long, and to what extent?"

"In my apartment in Prague you will find all the proofs."

"Colonel, have you a revolver?"

"May I borrow yours, Major?"

The white-faced man was handed a revolver. "Thank you," he said. "Good-night, gentlemen." The officers left without a word.

In the morning they found the body of Col. Alfred Redl, Chief of Staff of the Eighth Army Corps of Austria-Hungary, former Chief of the Secret Service. He had shot himself, as commanded by his comrades, because he had been detected in the sale of Austro-Hungarian military secrets, Joseph Gollomb tells us in a copyrighted article in the New York *World* Magazine. Early in 1900, we learn, Redl, then a major, had become secret service head. As we read on, Mr. Gollomb unfolds this stirring tale of diplomatic intrigue:

His office in Vienna at the Kundschafts

SEE
the marvelous
PANAMA
CANAL

enroute from NEW YORK to
CALIFORNIA

Go via the wonderful Panama Canal, engineering marvel of the world. See sparkling Havana, Caribbean Metropolis, en route. Cool breezes all the way.

Reduced summer rates NOW. Fortnightly sailings. Largest, fastest ships. Ask for literature describing special round trips. One Way Water—One Way Rail.

Passenger Dept., No. 1 Broadway, N.Y. or any S. S. or R. R. agent.

Panama Pacific Line
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

30 Cactus 10c

Cactus make most interesting house plants, extremely odd and curious, and many have gorgeous and beautiful blossoms, sweet scented, and bloom profusely. These oddest of all plants grow in many shapes and sizes, are easily grown, thrive and bloom with very little care, and endure the heat and dryness of the ordinary living room. Much pleasure may be derived in growing them from seed.

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Stelle—"Information Department"—or, as it was familiarly known, the "K. S.," was a remarkable room. It was furnished as if it were to be used only as the living-room of an exceedingly sociable, luxury-loving man. Major Redl was all that.

But altho he entertained there frequently and lavishly, such occasions were not always what they seemed.

For decades there had been bad blood between Austria-Hungary and its neighbor Serbia. Peace and war between the two were in a state of delicate equilibrium.

Now, Serbia by itself would not have given Austria-Hungary any great concern. But behind Serbia was its powerful ally, Russia. And allied to Russia was France, with England as another probable ally.

In back of Austria-Hungary, on the other hand, was the German Empire.

As every schoolboy now knows, this line-up of Powers made the Great War. And even in 1900, when Major Redl had charge of the Secret Service of Austria-Hungary, in every war college in Europe there was uneasy knowledge that trouble was brewing.

Taking the German General von Moltke's degree of preparedness as model, the war college of Austria-Hungary, with Gen. Conrad von Hoetzendorff, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, as "professor," studied particularly how best to invade Serbia at the instant of war. It takes years to mature such a plan.

"Plan Three," for the invasion of Serbia between Drinamundung and Savemundung, was the slowly maturing pet project of the war college of Austria-Hungary.

And it was Major Redl's duty to see that no one outside of the war college learned a syllable of Plan Three.

He succeeded, apparently, so well as Chief of the Secret Service that he won promotion after promotion, until he became Colonel Redl and was made a member of the Prague Army Corps, and as such was a participant in the formulation of Plan Three.

At about this time Redl took stock of himself, with these results, as we are told:

As a brilliant and quickly rising Austrian Army officer he commanded a respectable salary. But Colonel Redl's lust for luxury was anything but respectable, in proportion to his income.

From his own country Redl could count only on a colonel's salary. From Russia—if he chose—he could confidently expect the income of a prince.

One day there came on a visit to gay Vienna a Russian nobleman who held the purse-strings of the Secret Service in his country. Colonel Redl, as a sort of "friendly enemy" colleague, helped to make Vienna still more gay for the visitor.

Then one day the two, apparently to recuperate from too much Viennese night life, went out into the country for a stroll.

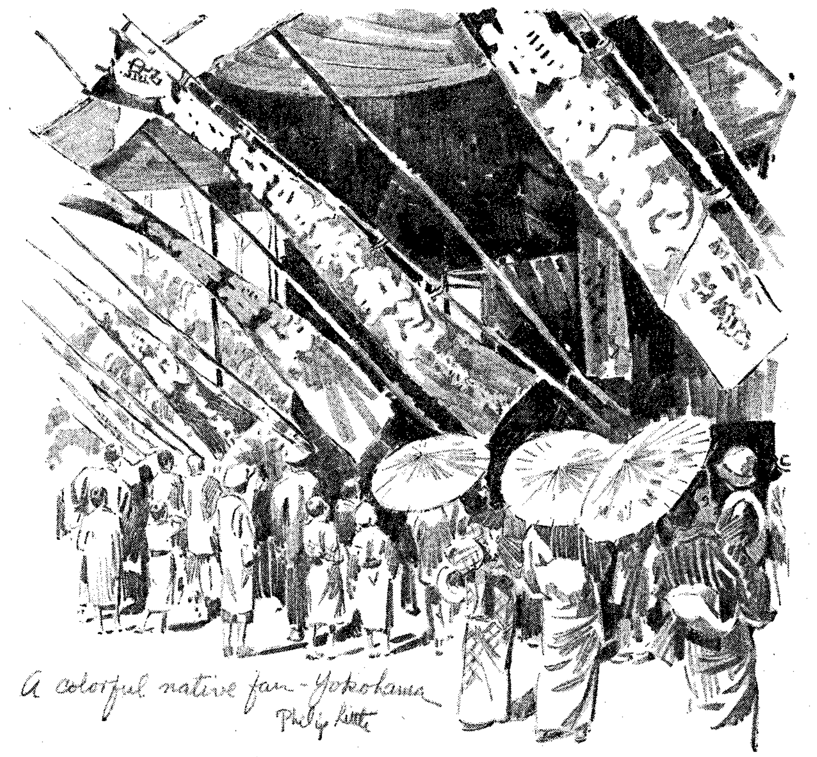
Colonel Redl led to a hilltop from which there was a fine view to be had in every direction. There was not a soul in sight. Whereupon Colonel Redl and the Russian began to talk business.

Then the visitor went back to Russia and Colonel Redl went back to work.

Not long after this the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, visited Russia, where he was so lavishly entertained that he felt grateful.

Like most royal princes, he was rather out of touch with hard reality. As a graceful gesture he asked Colonel Redl that Austro-Hungarian espionage in Russia be reduced.

But just about this time a Russian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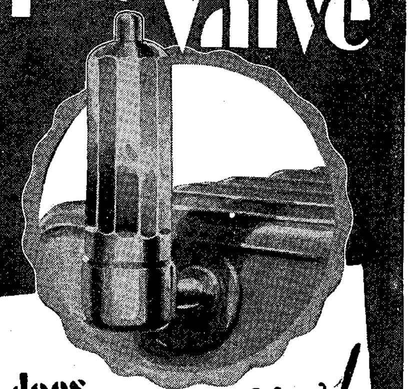

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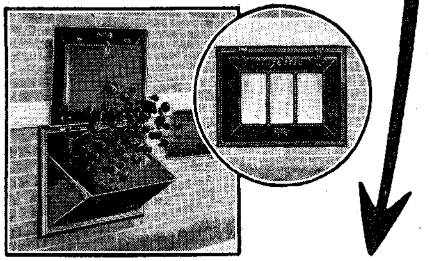

Majestic Coal Window

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Colonel privately came to see an Austro-Hungarian military attaché in Warsaw. The Russian Colonel, like Colonel Redl, had appetites too rich for a mere colonel's salary.

So he quietly offered to sell to Austria-Hungary something that had been carefully matured by the Russian war college.

This was a detailed plan for a Russian military invasion of Germany and Austria-Hungary at the outbreak of war.

The military attaché knew, of course, of Archduke Francis Ferdinand's desire to reduce his country's spying on Russia. But these plans were far too important to pass by, the Crown Prince notwithstanding.

The military attaché, therefore, did not disturb Archduke Francis Ferdinand with the consideration of the Russian Colonel's offer, but took the papers and the terms of sale directly to Colonel Redl.

The Colonel read them.

"Did you examine these plans?" he asked sharply.

"No; but I have an idea of how important they are," said the military attaché.

Colonel Redl went to his private safe—this was in the living-room I have described in the K. S.—and securely locked up the papers.

"I shall cite to your superiors—discreetly, of course, but to your benefit—your keen judgment in this matter, Lieutenant," Colonel Redl said softly. "You did exactly the right thing not to trouble the Archduke and to come straight to me.

"I am sorry to inform you, however, that your Russian Colonel is not a traitor, as you hoped, but a charlatan. These plans for which he asks a fortune were drawn up not by the Russian war college but in his own none-too-brilliant imagination. Tell him we will have nothing to do with him."

The Lieutenant was disappointed. But he need not have been. For the plans were of the highest importance. They were returned quietly and safely to the archives of the Russian war college whence they had been stolen.

And not long after that Colonel Redl anonymously bought a house in Vienna; two shining motors; and luxuriously furnished a private apartment—very private indeed—in Prague.

But the Russian Colonel who had offered the plans for sale was visited one night by several of his fellow-officers. As regimental comrades they accorded him the privilege of blowing out his own brains with a revolver. Which he did.

Now Colonel Redl prospered, his treachery unsuspected. Financially "he flourished," Mr. Gollomb writes, "far beyond the knowledge of his colleagues." Finally he was recognized as so valuable that he was made Chief of Staff of the Eighth Army Corps, with headquarters at Prague. Captain Ronge succeeded him as Secret Service head. At a farewell dinner Colonel Redl spoke these words, which proved ironically true: "My greatest achievements are the men I leave behind me." They were destined to be his undoing. Now we come to 1914 and the explosion of the World War. Reading on:

In Vienna the Secret Service was watching the mails. The postal authorities were told that the Government was on the lookout for a great organization of smugglers.

This was the reason given why Secret Service men opened private letters in the General Post-office, read them, and, sealing them up again, let the mail proceed.

What was really going on was a hunt for foreign spies.

One day the Secret Service men opened an envelop addrest rather oddly:

"Opera Ball, 13,
Poste Restante,
General Post Office,
Vienna."

Inside was found about $2,800 in Austrian kronen—and not a word of explanation.

The post-mark was Eydtkuhnen in East Prussia, a tiny town on the Russian frontier. Eydtkuhnen! Known to the Secret Service as the corridor most favored by spies of half a dozen countries for passing from one country to another.

The envelop was sealed up again and put back in its place to await its owner.

An electrician was called. Under the ledge over which the letter would be handed by the postal clerk to the person who should call for "Opera Ball, 13," a push-button was installed. From it a wire led across the street to a branch police station in the Fleischmarkt.

"The moment the letter is called for," the postal clerk was instructed, "push this button and be as slow as you can in handing over the letter."

In the police station two Secret Service detectives were assigned, to do nothing but wait for the newly installed electric bell to ring.

They waited. They waited a week; two weeks; three; a month. Not a ring from the post-office. April passed, May was almost gone. Still not a sound. And there in the post-office still lay unclaimed an envelop with $2,800 in it. Had news of the trap leaked out?

On the eighty-third day of waiting one of the Secret Service men was negligent enough to go out for a cup of coffee several doors from the station-house. The other was also out of the room washing his hands in the corridor.

But to his ears came a sound that shocked him. The little electric bell was ringing.

Dashing back into the room to make sure, he snatched up his coat and hat and started for the general-delivery window of the post-office. But he made a slight detour to call out to his partner at the café.

Both hurried breathlessly to see who had called for Opera Ball, 13. They found no one but the clerk at the window.

"You've missed your man!" exclaimed the clerk. "He left by that door about half a minute ago."

The detectives rushed to the street, Mr. Gollomb continues, just in time to see a taxi turn the corner. And not another taxi in sight! From the point of this crisis we continue our reading:

The two men looked at each other in dismay. Assigned to such a simple task, with so much depending on it, they had bungled and failed!

The fact that they had caught the number on the taxi's license plate cheered them but little. The fox would know enough to double on his trail at the first convenient corner. What would Colonel Redl have said to such bungling! What rotten luck!

But it turned out that the two men had

little reason to complain of their luck that day. As one of them later express it when I talked to him in Innsbruck, "We had hunter's luck that day—*Jägerglück!*"

For, twenty minutes later, a taxi rolled by them, and there on the license plate was the number they had noted.

They hailed the taxi. "I saw you driving by with my brother-in-law twenty minutes ago," said one of the detectives to the driver. "Where did you take him?"

"To the Kaiserhof Café," the driver said.

"Take us there."

On the way to the Kaiserhof the two men searched the taxi. They were products of Redl's system of training detectives, and tho they had little reason to hope for results in this case, they burrowed between the cushions of the taxi, largely from force of habit, the habit of minute search.

They found the sheath of a pocketknife, a little sack of gray suède.

But at the Kaiserhof Café they found no one but the waiters. And no one had come there within an hour and a half.

Again the detectives bewailed their luck; and again luck favored them. Near the café was a taxi rank. An old man who got small coins for opening carriage doors remembered that a gentleman had taken a taxi there some twenty minutes before, and Hotel Klomser was where the gentleman told the taxi driver to take him.

To the Hotel Klomser, therefore, went the two detectives, and this is what happened there:

One of them sat down at a table of periodicals near the door and pretended to read. The other approached the dignitary who presides at the entrance to every Continental hotel, the portier.

Had any one arrived at the hotel within the half hour? asked the detective.

"Yes, several people," replied the portier. "The couple for Room 5, Herr Womser of No. 11, and the young lady in No. 2. Oh, yes; Colonel Redl also arrived. He has his usual room, No. 1."

"Do you mean *the* Colonel Redl?" one of the detectives asked.

"Colonel Redl of Prague is all I know of him."

The detective almost blushed as he thought again of what Colonel Redl would say if he learned how he and his partner had blundered that day.

He stooped and pretended to pick something up from the floor.

"Some one seems to have lost this little pocket-knife sheath," he said, giving it to the portier. "You might ask whose it is."

Then the detective leisurely strolled out of the hotel.

His partner inside seemed to be as idly engrossed in a copy of *Simplicissimus*, smiling at what he read.

From the interior of the hotel a dapperly drest gentleman strolled over to the portier's desk and laid down the key to No. 1. The portier touched his gold-braided cap.

"Pardon, Colonel, but have you perhaps lost this pocket-knife sheath?" he asked.

The gentleman looked at it and took it. "Yes, thanks; I must have dropt it"—— There was only a look of idle speculation as he began. His leisure, his whole manner was that of a man very much at ease in this world.

But suddenly the detective, over the top of his *Simplicissimus*, saw the face of the gentleman grow deathly white.

His posture perhaps a little too stiff for one who was trying to appear at ease, the gentleman strolled out of the hotel.

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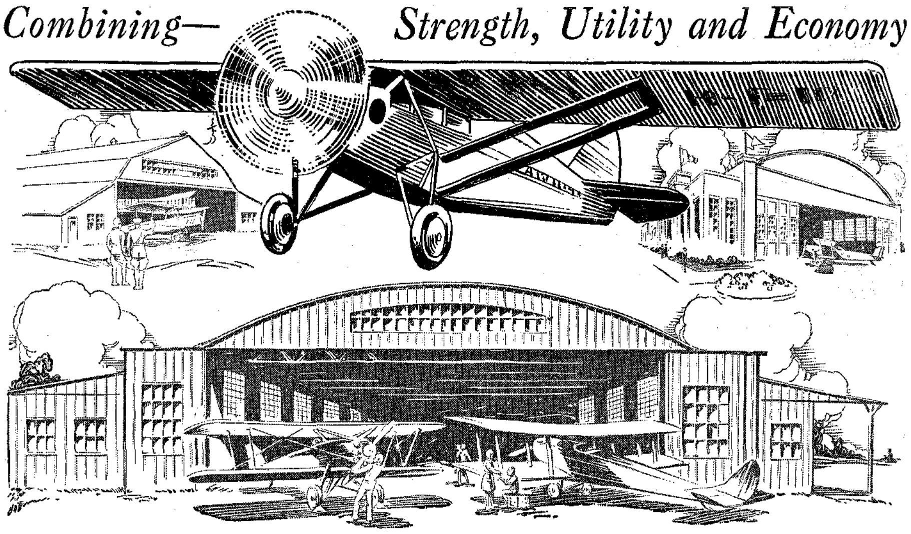

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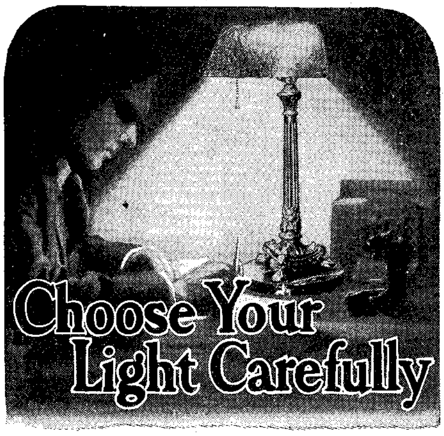
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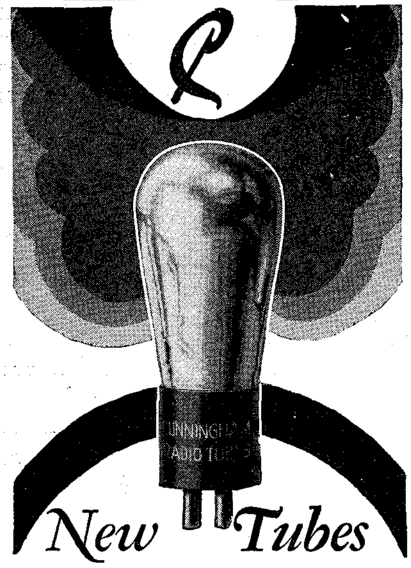
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

he had noted the stranger reading *Simplicissimus*.

As soon as the gentleman had left the hotel this detective hurried to the telephone booth and tightly closed the door.

"1233408!"

He was given his telephone number quickly, for it was that of the Kundschafts-Stelle.

Captain Ronge, successor to Colonel Redl, himself answered the telephone. What he heard made him snap:

"Blockhead! Do you realize what you are trying to make me believe?"

Nevertheless, it was Captain Ronge himself who rushed in a taxi to the General Post-office. Here he secured the receipt signed by the man to whom had been delivered the envelop marked "Opera Ball, 13."

The name signed was unknown to Captain Ronge. That didn't matter; a false name was to be expected. Back to the Kundschafts-Stelle Captain Ronge drove.

From a well-hidden file he took down several handsomely bound little books in manuscript—the books written in Colonel Redl's own hand.

Captain Ronge opened one of them entitled, "*Organisation der Auskundschaftung fremder Militärverhältnisse und die Abwehr fremder Spionage im Inlande.*"

On a leaf of this book telling how to guard Austro-Hungarian military secrets and at the same time ferret the secrets of other war colleges, Captain Ronge laid the signed receipt for "Opera Ball, 13."

Meanwhile the Colonel walked down the street, closely shadowed, knowing that he was trapt, trying to devise some means of escape. Quoting further:

Tricks seemed useless now; escape hopeless. Colonel Redl turned to go back to his hotel.

A hearty "hello" arrested him. It was Dr. Victor Pollack, a close friend and one of the leading prosecutors in Austria in espionage cases.

"We dine at the Riedhof, Alfred!" Dr. Pollack exclaimed.

Redl nodded acceptance. "I'll go home and dress and meet you at the Riedhof at seven," he said.

As yet no one interfered with him, and at seven o'clock exactly he entered the dining-room of the Riedhof, immaculate and glittering in his uniform. But as he sat down, his friend noticed that Redl was profoundly distrest.

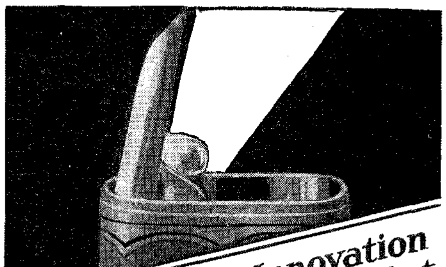
"What is it, Alfred?" Pollack asked.

Redl did not have to exert his considerable talent as an actor on this occasion; the depression he felt was genuine. Nevertheless he was playing a game, perhaps his last.

He leaned over the table and began to confess to his friend. He confessed moral lapses, degeneracy, a strain of insanity in his family, and a fear that he was himself going insane. He confessed enough to justify gloom in any man, but he said not a word of the real reason for his depression.

"Do something for me, Victor, my friend!" he entreated softly. A waiter was hovering about, and without consciously suspecting him, Colonel Redl spoke only when the man was away.

"I fear for my sanity at this very moment. I want to go back to Prague. To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my little apartment. I shall feel quiet there. Then you can come and take me to any sanatorium you wish.

"But I don't want to go to Prague alone to-night. You know Chief of Police Gayer. Ask him to send one of his detectives with me as escort to Prague!"

Dr. Pollack rose. "That's easy, Alfred," he said. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

He went to the telephone booth and called up the Chief's home. Herr Gayer was still at his office, he was told. Dr. Pollack then called up Police Headquarters and found his man there.

"You're working late to-day, my friend," Pollack said.

"Important case," Gayer said, cautiously.

"Well, it's about Colonel Redl I want to speak to you," Pollack went on.

"You're dining with him at the Riedhof?" Gayer asked.

"Why, how do you know?"

"Oh, I learned it accidentally. What can I do for Colonel Redl?"

Dr. Pollack told him what Colonel Redl had said to him.

Gayer seemed to sympathize. "But I can spare no one to-night," he said. "Calm the Colonel and tell him to come to me first thing in the morning."

The Secret Service man who, in the guise of a waiter, had been listening to Dr. Pollack speaking over the telephone, was puzzled. He knew the numbers that the man had called up and who it was that over the telephone appeared to promise to do as Colonel Redl wished.

Did it mean that, after all, the whole affair was to be hushed up? That the scandal was so great that there must be no scandal?

But Colonel Redl's face, when Dr. Pollack reported to him what Gayer had promised, showed no sign of relief.

He said little during the rest of the meal. An orchestra—and it seems to me that nowhere in the world as in Vienna can orchestras woo the heart with such light-hearted charm—was playing one of Strauss's ravishing waltzes. Redl seemed to be listening to it.

In reality he was brooding over his latest failure. He had played his last card.

His hope had been that the Chief of Police would send him a detective as escort that night; that the Secret Service, seeing this, would be content to let the detective be the sole but unsuspected watch over the Colonel—until they should decide to take him into custody. With only a city detective to outwit, perhaps there might have been a chance.

At 8:30 Dr. Pollack saw his friend to his room at the Hotel Klomser and left him, apparently, in a more cheerful frame of mind.

Meanwhile, at the Grand Hotel, Gen. Conrad von Hoetzendorff, Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Army, was host to a gay dinner party.

French vintage champagne; the famous string ensemble of the Grand Hotel in those days; the faces of lovely Viennese women; good news sent to him by some of his spies in Paris—they all helped to make the chief designer of Plan Three feel pleased with life that evening.

In the midst of the dinner a waiter brought him the card of Gen. August Urbanski von Ostromiecz. "May I speak to you privately?" was written on the back. "I am in the office of the hotel manager."

General von Hoetzendorff excused himself to his guests.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

"General, who is it?" exclaimed a lovely lady. "I'm jealous!"

"It may be something pleasant I shall share with you," the General consoled her.

In the manager's private office he found General Urbanski pacing agitatedly.

Urbanski told his Commander-in-Chief the news. General von Hoetzendorff seemed to be aging as he listened.

"He must be caught!" he cried hoarsely. "He's under surveillance!"

"He must be made to reveal the extent of his treason!"

"It shall be done!" grimly.

"Then he must die!"

General Urbanski saluted.

"And under no circumstances must the manner or reason of his death be made known!"

"I understand, General!"

"If Russia should learn that we have discovered Redl's—— Oh, why doesn't that orchestra stop!" Then a thought struck him. "*Good God, if Plan Three should be known*—— General, everything must take place to-night!"

"At your orders, General!"

"You, Captain Ronge, Major Hofer and Wenzel Vorlicek will see to it. Then report at once!"

We have already witnessed the call paid on Colonel Redl by these officers. When they had left, we read:

One of them posted himself across the street from the hotel. The others went to the Central Café and waited.

At five in the morning one of the two Secret Service men who had shadowed Colonel Redl was summoned to the café.

"Go to Colonel Redl's room at the Klomser with this letter," General Urbanski ordered. "If his door is locked use this pass-key. No matter what has happened in his room you are to raise no alarm. Report back here."

The Secret Service man went to the hotel and showed the night porter his badge of office. "Colonel Redl expects me to deliver this letter in person," he told him.

But there was no reply to his knock on the Colonel's door. The detective found it unlocked and, entering, closed the door behind him.

The lights were on. The silk shades of two of them were so tilted that strong illumination must have fallen on the face of the man who had stood up before the ceiling-high mirror in the room.

It was by this light that Colonel Redl had put the muzzle of the revolver to his right temple. He lay now at the foot of the mirror, dead.

The Secret Service man left the hotel quietly and reported to his superior in the café.

A quarter of an hour later the telephone bell at the reception desk of the Hotel Klomser rang. The night porter answered it.

"Request Colonel Redl to come to the instrument you are using," a voice said over the wire.

"He is sleeping," protested the porter. "Who are you?"

"Do as you're told!"

The porter recognized the voice of authority and obeyed it. It was thus that the "regrettable suicide" of Colonel Redl was made known to the world.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

RECENT MOUND-BUILDERS

THE old idea that the mound-builders were a mysterious ancient race, who vanished before the coming of the Indians, has been destroyed by the discovery in Joliet, Illinois, of a mound filled with skeletons of buried Indians, with funeral gifts of European manufacture, as well as stone, bone, and shell objects of native workmanship. Prof. Fay-Cooper Cole, of the University of Chicago, states that so far as he is aware this is the first wholly post-European mound discovered in this country. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> The mound is one of the so-called Fisher group, which have been subjected to excavation during the past few years by George Langford, a factory executive. The other mounds have yielded Indian relics of pre-European date, one of the cultures represented being very primitive and possibly very ancient. A few articles of white man's manufacture were found near the top of one of these larger mounds, linking the history of the Indians of this region with that of French Colonial trading in the Mississippi Valley.
>
> The mound which Mr. Langford has just finished exploring had been excavated somewhat superficially by an earlier group of amateur diggers, who found a considerable number of silver objects, including a crucifix, several spoons, bangles, and other ornaments. It was thought that everything had been removed, but when Mr. Langford dug into the mound again he discovered that the previous excavation had done little more than remove the surface. He found burials with European and Colonial funeral gifts throughout the mound, and down into the ground to a depth of five feet beneath its base.
>
> The find includes a couple of brass pots in excellent condition, one of them with a close-fitting lid, a pair of scissors, a large number of knives bearing a French trademark, several silver spoons, and quantities of beads, buttons, pins, and other trinkets. Brass seems to have been a favorite metal; every skeleton had some brass object with it. These modern mound-builders unquestionably did a lot of business with the French traders.
>
> One of the most remarkably well-preserved specimens is a combination pocket compass and sun-dial in a brass case. The "floating" compass card swings freely on its pivot, the glass cover is unbroken, and the gnomon of the sun-dial can still be turned on its hinge.
>
> A change in the type of burial may possibly be due to European influence. All the adult skeletons in this post-European mound lay flat on their backs, heads west, feet east. This resembles the white man's method of burial. All the other deep burials at the Fisher site, whose funeral gifts do not include European objects, were turned over on one side and drawn up into a crouching position, as primitive peoples are wont to sleep in cold weather.

Good Alibi.—It was explained that Mr. ——'s retirement was due entirely to his death.—*Duluth News Tribune.*

When profits shrink

"Oh, business is not so bad, but there's not the profit in it there used to be."

That is a frequent response these days to the query, "How's business?"

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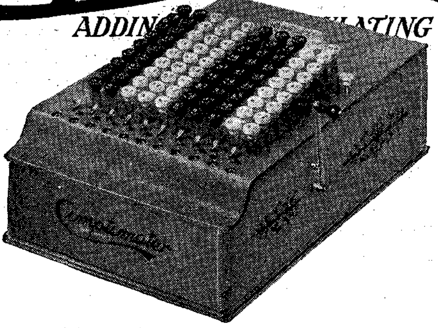

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

WHY OUR PROSPERITY IS "CHECKERED"

THE NATION'S BUSINESS during the first half of 1928, according to the latest report of the Department of Commerce, "exhibits a continuance of the activity and progress which have now lasted for a sufficient number of years to mark a general stability unparalleled in the economic history of the United States or any other important industrial country." This activity has continued steadily into the autumn season, all observers agree; but many of them add that the division of the profits of this prosperity—entirely aside from certain temporarily disturbed industries such as coal and textiles—is increasingly uneven and "spotty," or "a checkered picture," to use the phrase of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce.* That paper finds "a rather pronounced persistence of contrary trends" in the leading industries, which it ascribes to "unsatisfactory elements in the existing structure of business." Other financial writers, however, explain these contrary trends as pointing to one and the same conclusion, namely, that the lion's share of increased profits is going to the larger organizations, while the smaller concerns face a corresponding drift toward decreased profits.

In a study of the trend of profits, the *Commerce Monthly,* issued by the National Bank of Commerce, New York, gives this bird's-eye view of the subject before going into details:

> Profits of general business corporations for the first six months are somewhat higher than in the first six months last year. The statements now available for 310 companies show this increase to be 8 per cent. It is reduced to 6 per cent., however, when the earnings of the United States Steel and the General Motors corporations are deducted. Of these 310 companies, 190 have had larger incomes in the past half year than in the same period a year ago, while 120 reported smaller earnings.

The total net profits reported for the first six months of 1928 by 380 representative corporations in twenty-two lines were $799,206,000, as against $740,500,000 in the corresponding months a year ago, a gain of $58,706,000 or 7.92 per cent., according to the weekly bulletin of Ernst & Ernst, accountants and auditors, New York. Examining this gain, industry by industry, *The Business Conditions Weekly,* issued by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, New York, says:

> The industrial groups which showed the greatest gains during the half year were motor manufacturers, automobile accessory companies, copper and other mining companies, with the exception of lead and zinc, and that group, difficult of classification, which is best described as miscellaneous manufacturing. The profits of copper companies were over 40 per cent. greater than those reported for the first half of 1927; and motor companies, motor accessories, miscellaneous mining and manufacturing companies gained some 20 per cent. over 1927. Showing less pronounced gains, but registering income increases of more than 10 per cent., are the chemical companies, retail stores, and tobacco companies. Corporations producing food products gained about 4 per cent. in net income.
>
> Contrasted with the gains in these groups, lower earnings were reported in a number of important industries. The greatest decline is found in the tire and rubber industry, where inventory losses were acute and the decline in the net income of five companies greater than their combined earnings for the first half of 1927. Building construction companies, while enjoying a revival of business during the second quarter, still show an 8 per cent. decline for the whole period. While the net earnings of twenty-three petroleum companies were also lower, their condition and outlook were better at the turn of the half year than at the same time a year ago.
>
> Railway equipment companies show a curtailment in earnings, and the income of iron and steel companies for the first half year was below the 1927 level. Other lines in which declines appear are clothing, machine manufacturing, lead and coal mining and building construction.

When we come to examine these apparently contradictory trends, not by industrial groups, but by individual corporations, the mystery is solved, declares Magnus W. Alexander, Managing Director of the National Industrial Conference Board. Mr. Alexander holds that, so viewed, the good and bad figures alike point to the same important fact—that the big corporations, with their improved methods, are profiting at the expense of the smaller ones. There are exceptions on both sides, of course; but he lays down the dictum that all must adopt scientific management in order to survive. To a New York *Times* reporter he said:

> An outstanding and significant feature of business activity, to my mind, is the coincidence of most satisfactory earnings of many corporations, particularly the larger ones, during a time of sharp price competition, with the existence of a relatively high and at present increasing percentage of business failures. The total amount of dividends declared in August, well in excess of $300,000,000, exceeded that of August a year ago by about 24 per cent. There were nearly double the number of extra dividends and three times as many initial dividends as a year ago. Yet failures during the same month were more numerous and represented greater liabilities than a year ago.
>
> When we coordinate these phenomena of good earnings on the part of larger corporations, and the frequent failures among the smaller concerns, and the continued complaints of sharp competition accompanied by high selling costs and precarious profit margins, it becomes obvious that the business structure of the United States is undergoing a rigorous process of "rationalization" in which many of the smaller companies find it increasingly difficult to compete with the high efficiency standards set by well-managed, large-scale enterprises.

The growth and earnings of corporations which are already large and prosperous stand out in sharp contrast to the increasing number of failures among smaller units, agrees the New York *World,* and to that paper the fact is a sign of "a new industrial revolution," which is being accelerated by overproduction in almost every line. The small producer is at a disadvantage, as he lacks capital to obtain the mechanical improvements which bring down costs, says *The World,* continuing:

> The outcome is seen in the high rate of mortality among the smaller business units and in the steady growth of their larger rivals. This growth has been accelerated by mergers, and the tendency toward combination has greatly increased during the current year. Chain stores all over the country are swallowing up independent retailers by the hundreds. In some sections of the country the small local bakeries have abandoned the field to the huge baking corporation. Automobile companies, public utilities and banks have figured conspicuously in recent mergers. One well-known company which manufactures a cereal substitute for coffee, and which has expended millions in advertisements aimed at persuading the people to give up the coffee habit, has recently absorbed a large coffee concern and is now catering to the palates of both the users and the non-users of coffee. Besides this coffee company, it has absorbed eight other concerns within the past three years.
>
> In the intensive competition which is now under way, and which shows no sign of immediate abatement, only the large organizations able to apply the best that science and skill have to offer are showing satisfactory earnings. This goes to explain what is sometimes called the "miracle" of prosperity and falling prices. When the nature of this prosperity is understood its miraculous features become less evident.

The cheapening of production and the transformation of industry now going on, says the same paper, have been accomplished largely by substituting machinery for man power, causing a temporary dislocation in the field of employment. In the long run, however, it expects the change to be beneficial—so long as the large corporations use their giant strength for better service and not for exterminating their rivals by unfair means.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE COST OF LIVING

MANY persons think that the cost of living in one section of the United States is very different from the cost of living in another section, and each one is willing to wager that he dwells in the prize zone of highest prices. This idea has little solid basis to stand on, however, according to a recent study made by the National Industrial Conference Board, which divides the United States into five geographical districts and finds that the total range of deviation in living costs in these districts is only 10 per cent. For individual cities, of course, the statistical experts admit, this variation is considerably greater. Thus the difference between Jacksonville, Florida, where food costs are the highest found in any leading city, and Salt Lake City, Utah, where they are the lowest, amounts to about 19 per cent. In general, however, we are all living under much the same conditions. The Board's highest and lowest figures for the five regions—North Atlantic, South Atlantic, North Central, South Central, Western—based upon a percentage of the United States average of 100, are as follows:

Highest	
Boston	109.46
Jacksonville	112.37
Chicago	100.76
Birmingham	109.80
Los Angeles	99.09

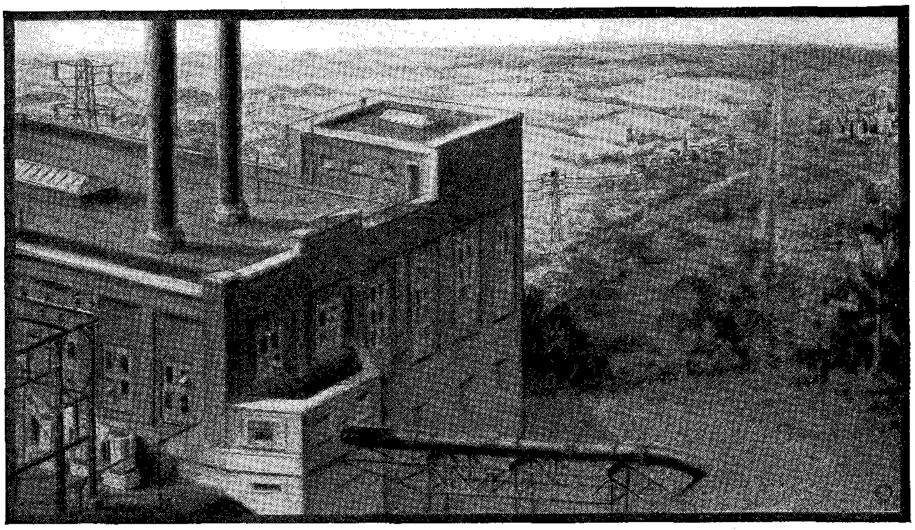
Lowest	
Rochester	97.32
Baltimore	98.37
Minneapolis	91.42
New Orleans	94.96
Salt Lake City	89.99

That is to say, it costs nearly 9½ per cent. more than the average to live in Boston, and nearly 3 per cent. less than the average to live in Rochester, and so on. To quote from a recent circular of the New York banking and brokerage house of Dominick & Dominick, summarizing the Board's report:

> In determining the cost of living, five items are generally considered—food, housing, clothing, fuel and light, and sundries. Of these, food is much the most important, representing about 43 per cent. of the total expenditure. Based upon a 1914 index of 100, these items have declined in cost in the past two years as follows:

Item	*October 1925*	*December 1927*
Food	162	156
Housing	178	166
Clothing	176	171
Fuel and light	170	163
Sundries	174	173
All items (weighted average)	169.7	163.6

"Sundries," in the above classification, we are told, include a great variety of goods and services, such as carfare, medical attention, reading material, recreation, candy, tobacco, etc. Curiously enough, the item of expenditures for reading shows the largest increase, rising to an index of 209 in December, 1927; doctors' fees are second with an index of 200, and



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

tobacco had the lowest index, 135. The same authority adds:

> By dividing the 100 cents in the dollar by the cost of living index, the purchasing value of the dollar can be obtained, and amounts to about 61 cents. The real income of the wage earner, however, is about one-third greater than in 1914. Thus, despite the increase in the cost of living, the industrial wage earner has a considerably greater purchasing power to-day and has been able to establish higher living standards.

OUR MANUFACTURERS TO MOTORIZE THE WORLD

"THERE is no doubt that there is in the outside world a great aching void which could be assuaged by the American automobile," declares J. R. Nutt, President of the Union Trust Company, Cleveland, who points out that foreign buying of our automotive products in 1927 ranked third in our classification of exports, and insists that too much stress can not be laid upon increasing export business in order to keep up the industry to its full productive capacity. Potential growth of these exports is unlimited in a world of buyers outside this country who are "motor-minded but not yet motorized," according to Mr. Nutt's review of the situation contributed to *Trade Winds*, published by The Union Trust Company. In this country, where there is a car for every five persons, the automobile is too commonplace for notice nowadays, but at the other end of the scale China, among major countries, has only one car for 20,000 people, we read, and for countries in between these two extremes the writer gives the following table:

	Population per Motor Vehicle
United States	5
Canada	10
Australia	14
United Kingdom	37
France	40
Denmark	41
Argentine	42
Sweden	55
Switzerland	78
Cuba	79
Norway	81
Netherlands	120
Spain	125
Finland	140
Germany	148
Chile	203
Italy	254
Mexico	272
Russia	690
Irish Free State	810
Poland	1,340
Japan	1,525
Turkey	1,908

"The average for the world as a whole is fifty-nine persons per motor-vehicle—twelve times as many as for the United States," continues Mr. Nutt—

> If the automobile be considered merely as a luxury, then we can put this disproportion on the basis of wealth alone. There is no doubt that wealth has much to do with it, but the growing influence of the automobile as a necessary part of the economic life of civilized countries places it outside of the category of luxuries and puts it into that of a necessity for social and economic progress. To that extent the growing use of automobile equipment by the world as a whole depends only in part on wealth. To an equally great extent it is an essential factor of that industrial efficiency to which every major country of the world is aspiring.

Handicaps to filling the immense potential demand include tariff barriers, high cost of gasoline and taxes, poor roads, competition of native manufacturers and poverty of potential purchasers, yet these, Mr. Nutt argues, by no means bar the door to opportunity for increased business. Tariffs up to date, for example—

> Even in their most aggravated form, have tended to change the methods but not the amount of our exports to the particular country. Practically all these tariff barriers are the most severe in their standards toward the assembled automobile. As a result, it has forced the development of foreign assembling plants for American machines. It is probable that during the year 1928 over 200,000 cars made of American parts will be assembled in foreign countries. Whether the car goes into the foreign country as a unit, or as parts for assembling, makes relatively little difference. It will keep our automotive factories busy either way. So far tariffs have not proved a handicap to a material export of domestic automobiles and parts.

High cost of gasoline does not prevent a relatively high use of automotive equipment when reports show a price of 42 cents a gallon in Australia and 28 cents in Germany, but one motor-vehicle for every ten people in Australia and only one for every 148 people in Germany; or 30 cents in India with one car to 2,730 people, and in Spain 47 cents with one to every 125 people. Poor roads and poverty, especially post-war poverty, handicap motorization more than any other factor, according to Mr. Nutt. But in countries like France, Germany, and Belgium, which have good road systems, and are making rapid strides toward industrial prosperity, "the brightest future for sales of American automobiles exists." Domestic manufacturing is a competitive factor to be reckoned with, but rather in the indefinite future than the immediate present. For, we read:

> In 1925 France produced 177,000 motor vehicles; in 1926, 200,000, and in 1927, 190,000. England turned out 177,800 in 1925; 198,699 in 1926, and 231,000 in 1927. Germany had an output of 66,500 in 1925; 54,500 in 1926, 72,000 in 1927.
>
> So far the industry in none of these countries has developed to the point where it is an extremely active competitor, at least in the popular priced models. To turn these out at the price which meets the pocket-book of the average citizen of those countries, requires the type of giant production which is common in the United States. Until these countries have

attracted capital into the industry necessary for production of that type, and have generally put into effect the labor-saving and cost-cutting methods of American manufacturers, the home competition, aside from tariffs, will not be a very serious threat to American sales in foreign markets.

The best proof that exports of American automobiles should grow, we are told, is that they are growing despite all unfavorable conditions mentioned. Few realize that growth when picturing the scope of an industry that has risen from a production of four units in 1895 to 4,000,000 units thirty years later. Mr. Nutt describes the export factor thus:

> In 1927, foreign buying of our automotive products ranked third in our classification of exports. It was surpassed only by exports of raw cotton and petroleum products. Its valuation of $406,000,000 surpassed our exports of wheat and flour by $82,000,000. It was double our exports of iron and steel, and 60 per cent. greater than our exports of industrial machinery. Foreign purchases of new motor vehicles by countries outside the United States in 1927 equaled new motor-vehicle registrations in twenty of our States put together.
>
> From an insignificant proportion of our automotive production, exports of cars and trucks have grown to a point where they equal over 11 per cent. of United States production.
>
> Five years ago we were exporting 78,000 cars and trucks. Last year we exported just short of 400,000. This year, from the figures of the first five months, we should probably export about 450,000. Counting in foreign assemblies and Canadian production, our exports last year amounted to 640,507 units as against 375,000 five years ago. This year we shall probably run close to the 800,000 mark in exports of all kinds, including Canadian production.

How essential this export and the growth of it is to the American industry, Mr. Nutt demonstrates in his concluding paragraph:

> At our present capacity the automotive industry needs an output of close to 4,000,000 units a year at least for reasonable prosperity. This year the replacement demand will probably be about 2,250,000 cars in the United States alone. Canadian production will run probably around 225,000, or the two together close to 2,500,000. New buyers in 1927 were approximately one million, the lowest since the depression of 1921. If we assume that as the low point of new buying, it means that replacement plus Canadian production, plus new sales, equal 3,500,000 cars a year. It becomes necessary, therefore, for domestic exports, apart from foreign assemblies and Canadian production, to equal half a million units a year to bring us up to the 4,000,000 level. This year new buying is running ahead of last year, and will easily bring about the 4,000,000. The safety-valve, however, lies in the increase in our foreign sales, which would bring them close to 1,000,000 cars, so that in a year of relative depression of domestic buying, the automotive industry could still depend upon what looks like its minimum of reasonable prosperity—namely 4,000,000 cars a year. With European conditions making marked progress

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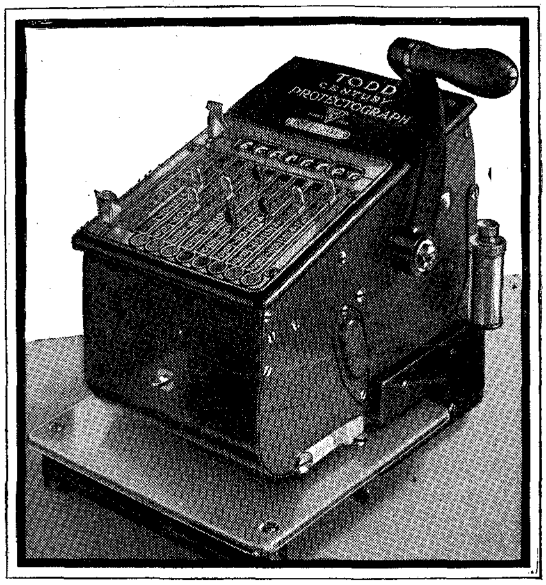

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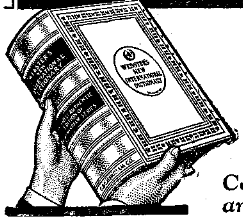

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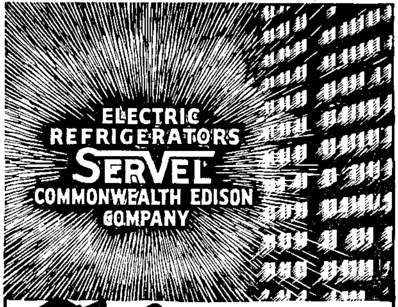
INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

toward financial stabilization and industrial recovery, present prospects are for continued large expansion of exports of American automobiles.

CHEWING-GUM FOR ALL PEOPLE

GUM-CHEWING, originally an exclusive American pastime, disfavored in foreign countries, bids fair to become a world-wide habit, according to trade statistics which show that in 1927 exports valued at $1,586,770 were sent from the United States to eighty different countries, ranging in amounts from seventeen pounds for Paraguay to 1,053,496 pounds for the United Kingdom. In 1926 the larger total of $2,194,276 was reached, an export value nearly ten times greater than that of chewing-gum shipments in 1914. It was the American doughboy over in France, to whom the distribution of millions of packages of chewing-gum meant "a relief from nervous tension, an aid to digestion, a substitute for tobacco, and in the absence of water fit to drink, a mitigant of thirst," we read in *The Review of the Pacific*, published by the American Trust Company of San Francisco, who spread the chewing-gum idea to soldiers of foreign armies, and they returned home as popularizers of the habit that has so increased the trade. The growing demand has led to the establishment of small-home industries in a few foreign countries, notably Germany, Japan, and Egypt, but we are told that this competition is very small, and in the leading markets of the world the American product has the largest sales. It is further reported that in Ceylon, India, and Straits Settlements chewing-gum has begun to "replace the immemorial betel-nut, and in China and Japan its use has become fairly general." For export American manufacturers have had the gum-wrappers printed in eighteen different languages. Pacific-coast interest in the industry grows out of the mint fields of the Northwest, chiefly peppermint and spearmint; "about one-third of the Oregon and Washington mint-oil production is said to be absorbed by the principal gum manufacturers."

It takes thirteen pounds of chicle, cooked down from the basic milky juice of the chicle tree, to make about 5,000 pieces of chewing-gum. The crude chicle in twenty-five-pound blocks, dutiable at 10 cents a pound, is shipped into the United States, where the product is cleaned, refined and manufactured into the chewing-gum of commerce. Seventy-five per cent. of the total importations comes from Mexico. In 1926 the imports from all countries amounted to 12,381,000 pounds, of which Mexico contributed 9,222,000 pounds. In the same year the imports from Honduras were 1,526,770 pounds; from British Honduras, 1,304,972 pounds, and from



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Venezuela, 110,774 pounds. Apprehension of continuing supply under haphazard and wasteful gathering methods has led one American company, it is reported, to acquire 355,000 acres of forest land in Mexican Yucatan and introduce plantation methods. The original industry is said to have got its start on a capital of $55.

Growing exports, however, are small compared to growing home sales, for it is in the United States, we are informed, that chewing-gum has the greatest hold on the public and the largest consuming market is found. This country is the world's largest manufacturer of chewing-gum and a pioneer in the industry.

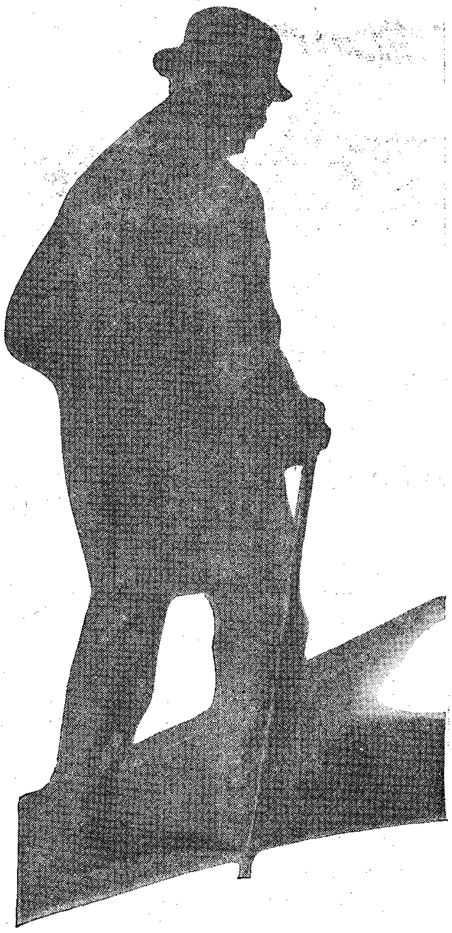
The census of manufacturers for 1925, which gives the latest available figures on the growth of the industry, places the total value of gum manufactured in that year at $47,838,150, and the number of the establishments engaged in its production at forty-one. The number of wage-earners employed in the industry was given as 2,180 and their wages totaled $2,537,509. From the same source of information, it is learned that domestic consumption is on the increase. In 1914 the per capita consumption of chewing-gum was thirty-nine sticks, and eleven years later, in 1925, the consumption had grown to eighty-eight sticks per capita, an increase of 125 per cent.

While the production of chewing-gum in 1925 was 68,913,407 pounds, its over-the-counter, or retail value, was $91,861,572, which means that more than seven and one-half million dollars was spent each month in the United States alone for gum.

THE RISING POPULARITY OF NO-PAR SHARES

ONE of the interesting developments now going on in the financial world, we are told, is the increasing favor shown to the comparatively new device of issuing stocks of no specified par value, especially by large industrial, service and finance corporations. The first law permitting no-par issues was enacted in New York in 1912, and by 1923, according to a survey by the National Industrial Conference Board (New York City), 6,723, or about 2 per cent. of all the corporations in the country, had issued no-par shares. By 1925 the number had grown to 17,543, or nearly 5 per cent. Since that year, owing to the repeal of the tax on capital stock, national figures on the subject are lacking, but the annual reports of the president of the New York Stock Exchange for the last four years show the same trend in a still more striking manner.

The shares listed on the Exchange, the Conference Board reminds us, are mostly those of the larger corporations, so that its figures especially indicate the increasing tendency of such concerns to favor no-par common stock. In 1925, only 213 issues—23 per cent. of all issues listed—were of no-par value. But in 1928 there are 399 such issues listed, or 36.4 per cent of the total. A diagram accompanying these figures, and putting them into graphic form, shows that the number of no-par shares listed



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

on the Exchange has practically doubled in three years.

Railroads are making little or no use of no-par stock, so that, eliminating them from the count altogether, nearly 43 per cent. of all listed non-railroad shares are now found to be of the no-par variety. The immense growth of this method of financing is reflected also by the fact that, while the "fair value" of all outstanding no-par stock in 1925 is estimated by the Conference Board to have been less than $7,000,000,000, the market value of no-par issues listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone at the beginning of 1928 amounted to nearly $17,000,000,000.

Using the national figures obtainable up to 1925, and classifying them by States, *The Conference Board Bulletin* says further:

> The proportion of all returns ascribable to corporations having no-par-value common stock is greatest in Delaware, where it reaches one-fifth of all returns. Some other States, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maryland, Ohio, and New York, as well as the District of Columbia, rise considerably above the general average.
>
> New Hampshire takes first rank in the proportion of the total fair value of capital stock which is represented by companies which have common stock of no par value. Other States in which this proportion reaches high levels are Arizona, Delaware, New Jersey, Ohio, West Virginia, Maryland, New York, and Maine.
>
> New York is credited with 27.5 per cent. of the fair value of capital stock of all corporations, but with 37.5 per cent. of that of corporations having no-par-value common stock. Five other States besides New York are credited with a fair value of capital stock for corporations having no-par-value common stock, which is in excess of half a billion dollars. They are Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, and with New York they represent 60.2 per cent. of the fair value of capital stock of all corporations and 74.3 per cent. of the fair value of capital stock of corporations having no-par-value common stock.

In conclusion the Conference Board notes that both in 1927 and in 1928 the net gain in the number of stocks listed on the New York Exchange over the preceding year was "greater for the no-par issues than for the total of all issues," adding:

> The evidence presented is conclusive that no-par-value stock is making rapid headway, and business, at least large business, has shown itself ready to discard what has been designated as the "fiction of par value."

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 20.—The autogyro plane, invented and operated by Juan de la Cierva, which he had flown across the English Channel, crashes at Bourget Field, Paris, but neither pilot nor passenger is injured.

Emilio Portes Gil, Mexican Secretary of the Interior, is unanimously nominated by the Senate for provisional President, to succeed President Calles.

September 21.—Television, with the human voice synchronized with the pictorial image of the actor, is demonstrated in London by John L. Baird, inventor.

September 23.—More than 100 people perish in a fire in the Novedades Theater, Madrid, Spain.

September 24.—The executive board of the reactionary organization, known as the "Steel Helmet," has decided, it is reported, to inaugurate a referendum on whether Germany shall have a monarchy or continue as a republic.

Costa Rica, which withdrew from the League of Nations in 1925, will rejoin the League, announces Gustavo Guerrero, leader of the Central and South American bloc at Geneva. The decision follows the League's reply to Costa Rica, saying that the Monroe Doctrine is a matter only for the United States and the countries directly concerned.

September 25.—Emilio Portes Gil is unanimously elected Provisional President of Mexico, to serve from December 1, 1928, to February 5, 1930. His successor is to be elected on the third Sunday of November, 1929.

DOMESTIC

September 19.—The fringe of the West Indian hurricane strikes the New York and New Jersey coasts, resulting in the death of three people and much property damage.

September 20.—Governor Smith, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, in a speech at Oklahoma City, denounces the "wicked, lying, misleading, unpatriotic" propaganda against him as religious bigotry, and charges the Republicans with encouraging it.

The National Red Cross estimates that $10,000,000 will be needed to provide adequate relief for the hurricane sufferers in Florida, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and other stricken sections.

September 22.—The Anti-Saloon League of America, through General Superintendent F. Scott McBride, issues a statement endorsing Herbert Hoover for the Presidency.

Art Goebel wins the non-stop air race from Los Angeles to Cincinnati in 15 hours and 17 minutes.

September 23.—The Florida toll of death is now estimated at between 1,000 and 2,200. Porto Rican towns reporting put their dead at 210, the injured at nearly 3,000 and the homeless at 284,000. Influenza is rife.

Speaking in a Methodist Church at Lorain, Ohio, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, says that religion has nothing to do with her attack on Governor Smith, but that he is condemned for his attitude toward Prohibition.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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For the Judges?—Three bathing beauty contests will be hell.—*Yakima (Wash.) paper.*

All Muffled Up.—Maud Muller as she raked the hay, wore a darn sight more than the gals to-day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Try It Again.—

WOMAN IMPROVED
AFTER AUTO CRASH

—*Erie (Penn.) paper.*

Unprofessional.—Burglar (about to give son thrashing)—"Mind you, this is not so much for pinching the jam, but for the careless way you've left your fingerprints about."—*London Passing Show.*

Has-beens.—Men—Highest cash prices for your old suits and overcoats; also ladies.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Six-Cylinder Bruisers.—Cars driven by the two men collided near the fair grounds Sunday night and afterward had a fist fight which officers stopt.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Surprized Stars.—I do not believe there is anything more entrancing than a howling old-fashioned snowstorm in Madison Square on a starry December night.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Higher Education.—The Covode Academy in its day held a unique position and filled a crying need as to patterning an unfertilized disposition and assuaging a clemency.—*Punxsutawney (Pa.) paper.*

Tender Consideration.—Both men were examined by veterinaries, and immediately shot by Humane Society officers.—*Toronto Globe.*

Easy Cure.—White—"Do you know, I'm losing my memory—it's worrying me to death."

Brown (sympathetically)—"Never mind, old chap. Just forget all about it."—*London Answers.*

Happy Family.—New York.—Col. John Q. Tilson, Eastern Director of the Republican Speakers' Bureau, announced to-day that he had received information from the drunkards in Ohio that all of the 200,000 drunkards in the United States had decided to vote for Hoover.

He said he was advised the decision was taken largely because of Hoover's stand on the dry question. The director said he also had been informed that drunkard women will vote in the coming election for the first time.

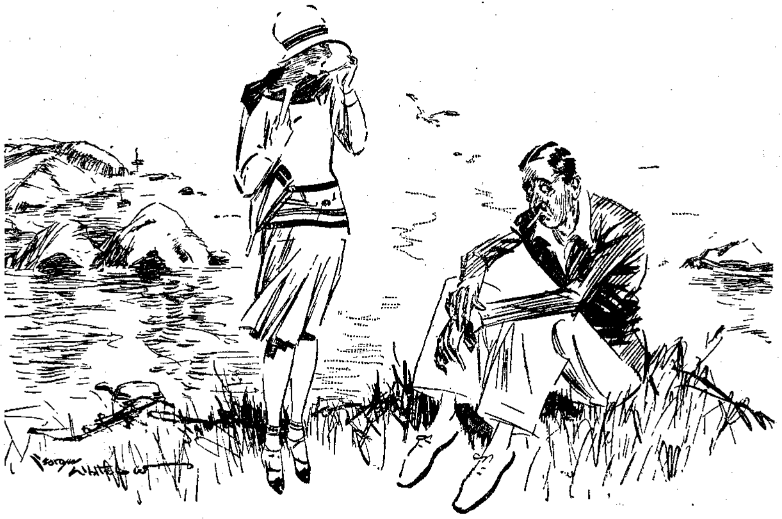
The drunkards live largely in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Pennsylvania.—*Bradford (Penn.) paper.*

All Lit Up.—TO LET—Large garage by man with four windows.—*Ad in a Riverside (Cal.) paper.*

Silver Shower.—John D. Rockefeller recently gave a children's party. A good dime was had by all.—*New York Sun.*

Ouch!—A corps of mechanics worked all night on the ear of Pete de Paolo, in an effort to have it ready for the test.—*Seattle Times.*

Jolly Party.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. —— have as week-end house pests Mr. and Mrs. Lyle ——, Jay —— and Miss Gertrude ——.—*Hoosick Falls (N. Y.) paper.*



She: "What did papa say when you told him that you couldn't sleep for thinking about me?"

He: "He offered me a job as night-watchman in his factory!"

—*The Passing Show* (London).

Bring Your Own Cushions.—First floor, large front room, sitable for two gentlemen on bathroom floor.—*Ad in the Hartford Times.*

Hot One On the Hoof.—Wanted—Irish terrier male pup, 4 or 5 months old; must be cheap. Sanitary Meat Market, Winter Park, Fla.—*Orlando (Fla.) paper.*

Megaphonic Age.—

It is easy to refrain
From a Whispering Campaign,
Which all the Rules of Candor must deplore.
If you listen every day,
You will be impelled to say,
"Nobody ever whispers any more."

The Radio draws nigh
Loud Speakers to supply
With words and music, till they make us balk.
Policemen in the dark.
Pull Guns that loudly Bark,
And even Motion Pictures learn to Talk.

Once secretly inclined,
Lovemaking you will find
Is now conducted in the Traffic's Roar,
You must, with Spirit Proud,
Be heard above the Crowd.
Nobody ever whispers any more.

—*Washington Star.*

Predestination.—William H. Winter, 4312 Benton St., and Alberta Snow, Denver.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

Here's a Prize, Girls.—Star Coupe—Best guy we have had in a light closed car this year.—*Santa Rosa (Cal.) paper.*

Got Her Man.—

BIG GAME HUNTER SHOOTS
RICH HUSBAND

Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

Base Ingratitude.—A process-server has sued Gloria Swanson for twenty-five thousand dollars for slapping him. That is not the way to feel about the touch of a woman's hand.—*New Yorker.*

Still in the Ring.—For quick sale—late model Ford touring car in first clash condition.—*Saskatoon (Canada) paper.*

Age of Innocence.—A Man, his wife and 3 blessings require a home, a place where well-bred American children are preferred to puppy dogs or parrots.—*Ad in the Hartford Times.*

Bringing in the Sheep.—The Bible school made a nice advance last Sunday. Now just a little boosing and we can add another hundred to the attendance every Sunday.—*From a Spokane (Wash.) church bulletin.*

Lucky Coincidence.—Motorist (held up for speeding)—"I was hurrying up to town to see my solicitor."

Traffic Cop (writing his ticket)—"Well, you'll have some more news for him now."—*London Humorist.*

Heavenly Peace.—Doctor—"When you take your wife's temperature she must place the thermometer under her tongue and keep her mouth closed for two minutes."

Mr. Jones—"Haven't you one that takes half an hour?"—*Chicago News.*

Fancies of Frances.—Little Frances, noticing that the buds had burst on her mother's white rose bush, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, they've popped."

Desiring to go in wading on a hot afternoon, she asked, "Mamma, can I gargle my feet in the brook?"

Seeing a robin building his nest in a tree she cried, "Look, mamma, there's a bird crocheting a work-basket."

Having heard her father say it was raining cats and dogs, she went out after the storm, and presently returned and said disappointedly. "The cats and dogs all got away and all I could find is two little red worms."

Seeing a cloudlet drifting across the sun's disk one hot summer day, she said the sun was wiping his face with his pocket handkerchief.—*Boston Transcript.*